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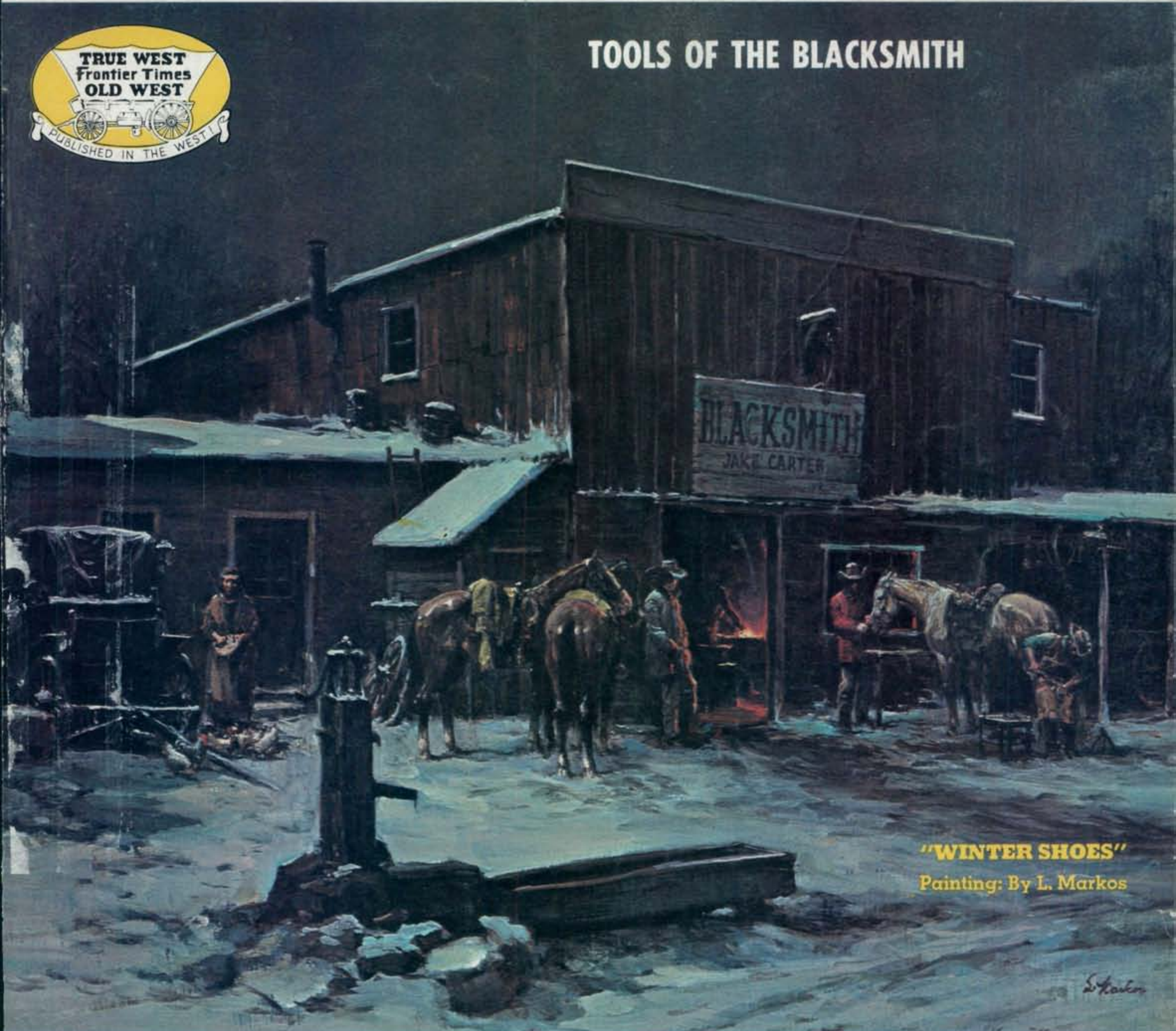

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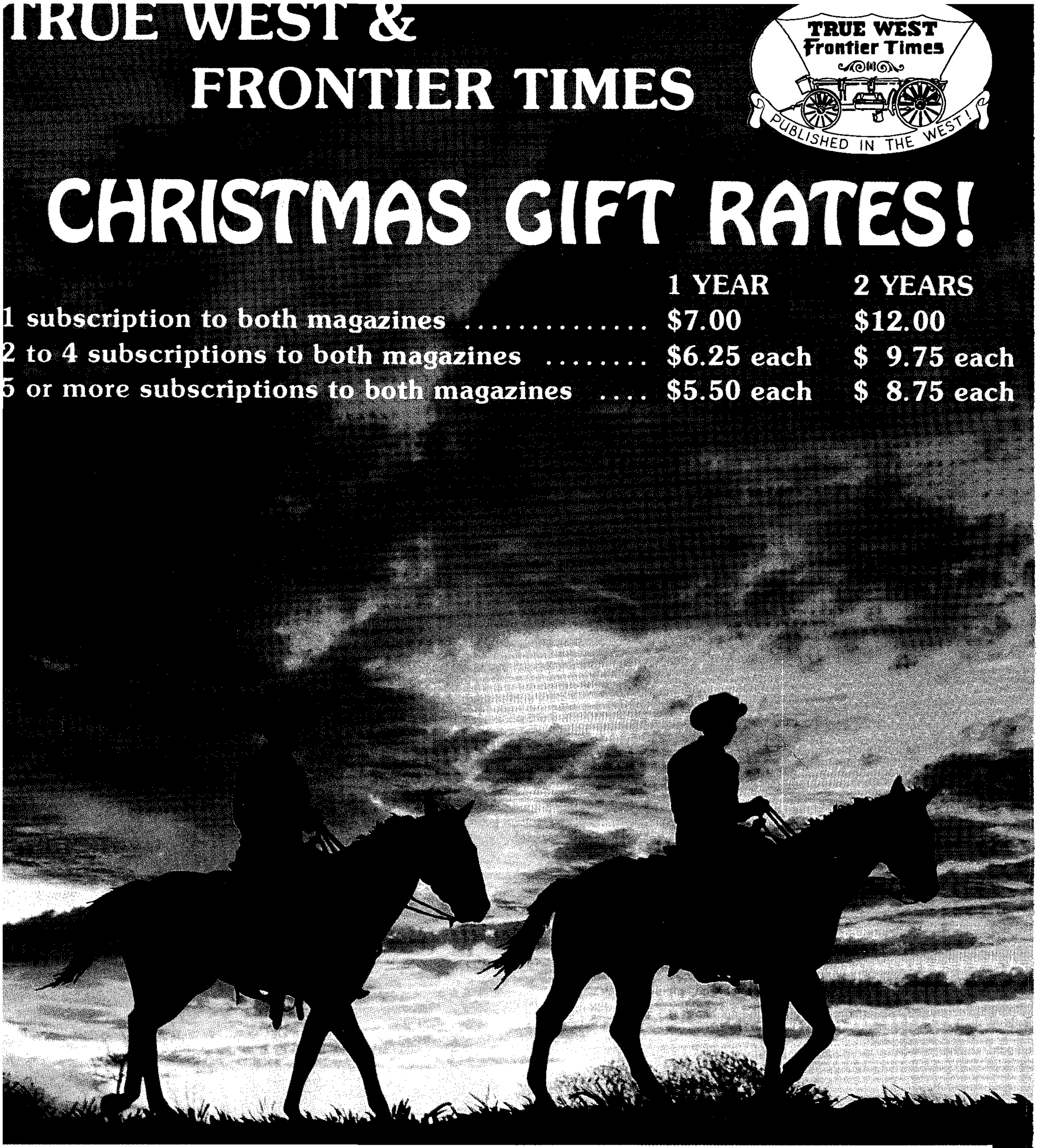

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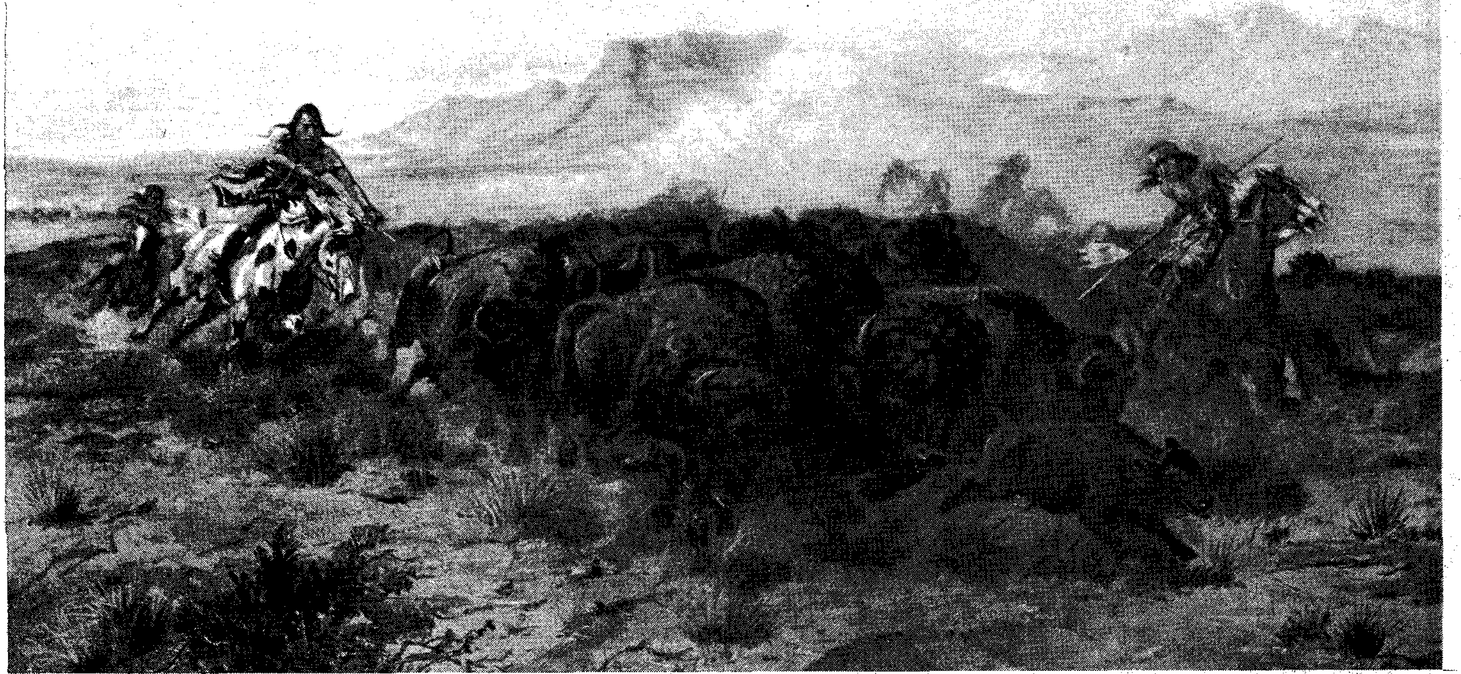

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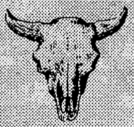
1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½



77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
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Volume 50, No. 1
New Series No. 99

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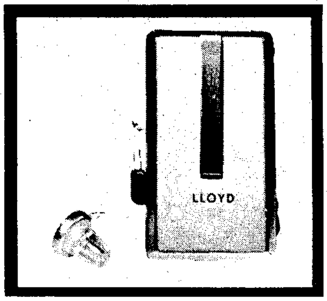

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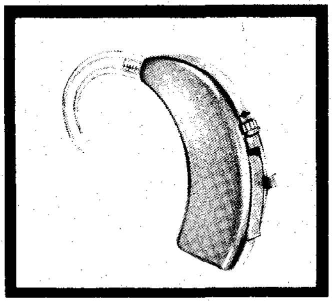

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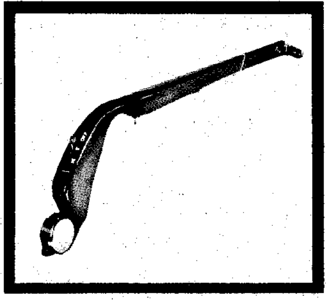

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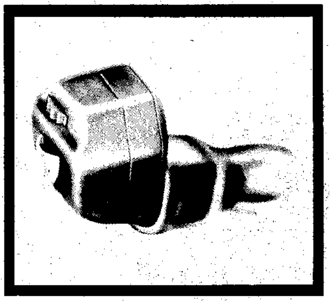

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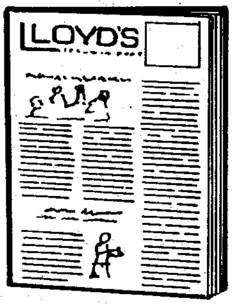

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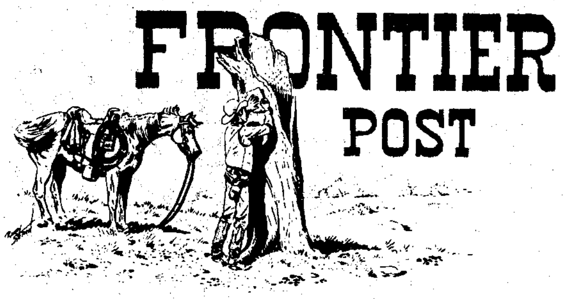
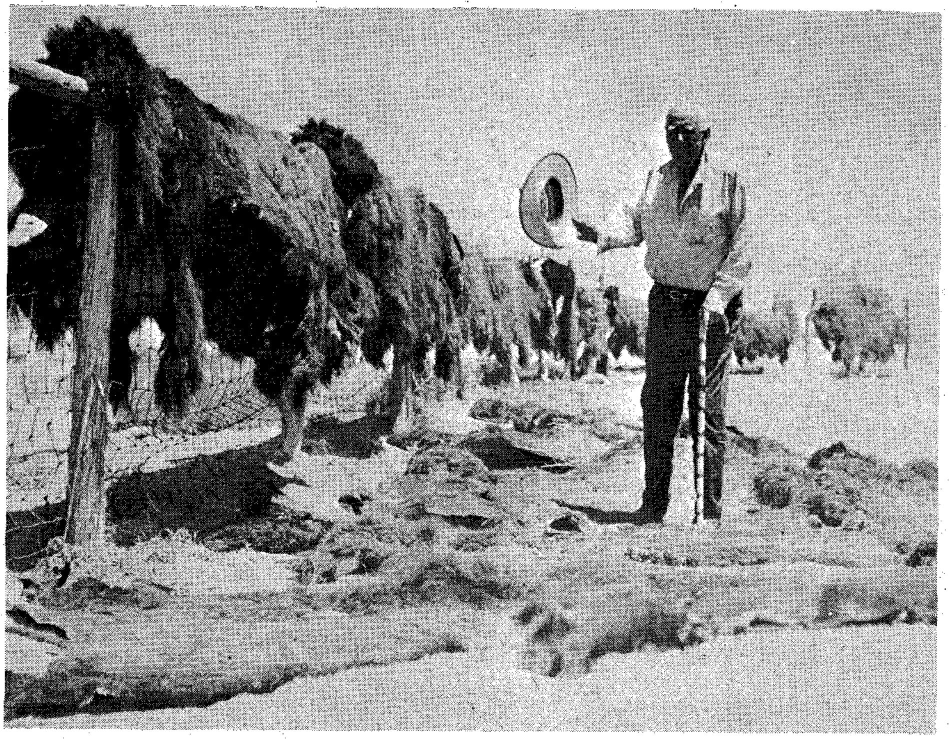


FRONTIER POST



Hackberry Johnson stands by buffalo hides on display at the Indian Ceremonial at Gallup, New Mexico in August 1972.

Word from Hackberry

Thought you all might like to know that I've had a nice letter from Mr. George Williams of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, saying that if I'll send them a good action photograph of myself they'll put it on the wall in the Rodeo Section. I consider that a real honor.

I also want to tell you that I'm going to try to make the wagontrain trip to Valley Forge to celebrate the Bicentennial. It will be leaving Texas in January and will be on the road about five months, trailing along with everyone living like they did in the early days.

I've been in the rodeo business for more than sixty years and if anybody on the route remembers me, I hope they'll come by the train and say hello to the old "Buffalo Man."

I'll also be sure to tell folks in every town that reading *True West*, *Frontier Times* and *Old West* is the next best thing to living the old times themselves.—Hackberry Johnson, 421 Walnut Street, Baird, Texas 79504

Our Canadian Readers

I look on TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES as valuable magazines and your front covers are perfect. I enjoy the stories of towns and families really more than murders and hangings. I especially enjoy the "Trails Grown Dim" column because I am always hoping to find out about my husband's Grandpa and Grandma. Imagine—his father came up to the Cariboo of B. C. in about 1905, from Oregon, never to return or write home! Even though we have one photo of them, we don't even know where they came from. His father always said his great-grandma was Cherokee, and, to me, this is quite possible to believe. Some of our girls are beautiful and have Indian features, but our children would love to find out more about their family heritage and where they really originated. My father-in-law had many strange and amusing figures of speech which were the same as those in the story by Omar Barker.

I am only a first generation Canadian and know what country my family came from, and have many stories of my father coming to the Canadian West at the age of nineteen from a city in England. He was paid for by a family who agreed to keep him for one year and teach him to ranch. It was 1900 and our cities were not here then. Calgary is only 100 years old now.

My father was a 5′ 5½″ English accountant—and he hired on as a bronc rider, breaking horses! The family for which he worked was one of London music hall entertainers, with Cockney accents! My father stuck with it anyway, and here I am.

A lot of our upstanding Canadian old-timers (I am told) were on the run from Texas and North Dakota, etc. This is still a raw, new country from Central Alberta to the B. C. border 100 miles west.—Edna Carroll, R. R. 1, TOMOXO, Eckville, Alberta, Canada

Johnny McSpadden

I would like to hear from anyone knowing the whereabouts of Johnny McSpadden who was raised around Cisco, Texas. He worked on the Boone's Mexico Ranch Wild West Show around 1915-1917. I sure will appreciate any information.—Dee Boone, 1311 W. Trudgeon, Henryetta, Oklahoma 74437

Pat Bailey's Mine

Here is one for the book. My brother got hold of a FRONTIER TIMES for May 1974. In the issue is a story, "I Saw the Gold," by Florence L. Whitted, about Pat Bailey's mine. Now I have a letter written in November 1951 which has almost the same story, same gold, same rough territory, same scenery.

I worked with, undoubtedly, Bailey's son, Glen, on Bonneville Dam in 1935, '36, and '37 and on eight units of the powerhouse in 1940 and 1942. Glen went in the Seabees in September of 1942, got out in 1945 and after a while, went back to their old places in Oak Ridge. His dad found this mine or such in 1941. Glen and his three sisters and a brother all knew of it and one of the sisters weighed the gold for him—all large nuggets—and one piece broken off the vein weighed 2-¼ avoirdupois. Nearly solid.

Glen said he was sure of $100,000 taken out by his father. Seems the old man never trusted any of them to see the exact place. Promised to let them know before he died.

This correspondence from Glen to me was with the idea of going together and looking for it in July and August of 1952; however, I never heard from Glen anymore. The last address I have from him was Mays Cottages, Kings Beach, Lake Tahoe.

I believe this could be found from the description of my letter and the story. All close enough and with the use of a helicopter, it could be located. I am seventy years old and a bit stove-up. Perhaps you could print this and someone reading it might know where the sisters are and know if Glen has died.—Albert Jacobson, 2009 Cascade, Hood River, Oregon 97031

Old Frazier Saddle

I have a saddle which I think is quite old. I am trying to find out about what year it was made. It was made by the R. J. Frazier Company, Pueblo, Colorado. I wrote to this company and found out that Mrs. Frazier closed the business in 1950 after her husband died.

There is a number (#223) on the saddle which I think is a serial number. Can anyone tell me anything about the saddle?—James Schingledecker, R. 2 Box 53, Ellsworth, Wisconsin 54011

Does Anyone Know?

Sometime after the Civil War a Zeke Sanders was said to have lived in Jack

County, Texas around Jacksboro. There is a story of a man in a saloon who pulled a gun on him, shot at him, and as he always wore gloves for some reason, the bullet just grazed the top of one of them. He shot and killed the man. The glove was in the family for a long time. The glove was cut on the back where the bullet went across it. Would anyone remember hearing their grandfather or anyone tell of it, and was Zeke Sanders the man's correct name? This is a link we are interested in finding out about.—Mrs. M. L. Sanders, Jr., Star Rt., Box 144, Ralls, Texas 79357

A Kind Word—Thanks

I always enjoy FRONTIER TIMES very much. And I think Texas people are nice. I know that from an experience my late husband and I had in the '60s. We had a terrible accident west of Jacksonville, Texas, and it had no more than happened when people stopped and helped get my husband and me out of the car. Someone tried to stop the bleeding from the cut on my husband's head, and as my right collarbone and many ribs were broken, they got an ambulance to come for us and take us to Jacksonville's hospital. After our treatment the Highway Patrol took us to where our car was parked back of the police station. The officer, seeing that I was suffering so badly, begged us to let him take us to a motel. Finally I agreed, and they paid for it all.

The next morning we were walking back to our car and some people stopped to see if we were having trouble. They made us get into their truck, took us to our car, fixed our bent axle and wouldn't let us pay a cent for it. We got on our way that afternoon. I still can't thank those people enough, they were so kind to us. I hope they will be blessed. Thanks again, friends.—Mrs. Calvin Black, Possum Trot, P. O. Box 91, Yermo, California 92398

Death of Quanah Parker's Last Child

I just received our hometown paper, the *Foard County News* of July 17, 1975, with the notice of the death of Thomas Titah Parker, last surviving child of Quanah Parker. He had died Wednesday of the previous week at the age of 81. Parker was born October 15, 1889 near Cache and on April 7, 1919, he married Helen Fisher in Oklahoma City. In 1949 he moved to the Apache area where he farmed for several years.

Foard County is where Quanah's mother, Cynthia Ann Parker, wife of Nocona, was captured, and I thought your readers would want to have this information.—Hugh O. Norman, Sr., Box 746, Albany, Texas 76430

Windmills

I have been compiling material for a book on windmills for the past ten years. Books have been written on revolvers and barbed wire, but there is yet to be produced a comprehensive study on the American windmill. I have photographs and data on the location, types and the manufacturers of more than 100 kinds; I also have windmill catalogues, parts lists and sales brochures. My book will be a "traveler's car-window guide" for

(Continued on page 64)

defy the cold!

It's 10° outside . . . Even getting colder. So you bundle up in layers and layers of heavy clothes. First with long underwear . . . then bulky, restrictive thermalwear on top.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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TROUT TIPS

Charley Page has come up with another of his folksy tales about Gunnison, Colorado. This one is *Rocky Mountain Fish Tails,* full of fun and wisdom about trout fishing. You can buy it for $3.50 from Charles A. Page, Box 368, Gunnison, Colorado 81230. Not designed as a fishing guide, it was written for pleasure reading and a subtle comedy pervades. However, you can bet that an old fisherman of Charley's experience would slip in a few useful trout fishing hints. Gunnison lies in a rich valley in sight of bully mountains where ranchers, hunters and fishermen are the ruling classes. Ask Charley to autograph a copy and I'll bet he will do it.

GOOD REGIONAL HISTORY

The excellence of *Liberty, Liberty County, and the Atascosito District* (Jenkin's Publishing Co., $14.95) by Miriam Partlow was partly made possible because of rich new material now available from papers and records from Andrew Jackson Houston, as well as the Hardin and Julia Duncan Welder sources. This large region constitutes the territory which now includes all or part of the counties of Liberty, Chambers, Jefferson, Orange, Jasper, Newton, Tyler, Polk, Hardin and San Jacinto, as well as eastern parts of Galveston, Harris and Montgomery in Texas. The reader will be pleased with excellent reviews of early colonization and the Spanish Mission period, the Fredonia Rebellion, the Texas Revolution and the Republic era. Also, there is a good description of the Big Thicket, as well as nice details about the Trinity River steamboats, the cattle and oil industries, state leaders, plus considerable local and modern history. Book quality and tone are enhanced measurably with 258 appropriate black and white photographs and drawings, 878 footnotes and 6 appendices to help keep the reader from getting lost. We have read several Texas regional histories and this one ranks among the best. Recommended.

NOT SO LONG AGO!

For relaxed reading and rib-tickling comedy, try *Dear Ellie* (Exposition Press, $4.00) by Mackay Summers. The book consists of a mother's letters from the piney woods to her daughter, with hilarious accounts of the coming of prosperity. Complications start when a welfare program provides Pa with his first job since marriage. His job paid $25.00 per week and gave Pa a substantial credit rating. Local businessmen sought his patronage. The hardware store hooked him for a new indoor toilet, a kitchen sink and the fixings that went with them. Ma's letters to Ellie carry the tribulations involved in installing bathroom and kitchen sinks, including health inspection, building codes, getting rid of the old outhouse—and with uncles, grandma, the preacher and others who didn't know changes had been made. The charitable family threw a neighborhood party to show their new accessories. Ma's berry juice had the potency to put the hardest heads under the table. The juice saved Pa's job after the boss discovered its palatable flavor and horsepower. Family social life picked up, and Pa and Ma were invited to a shotgun wedding. At an al fresco outing, Pa and a married lady were rendered incommunicado after a skunk sprayed them with his spring tonic. This is a funny story which will help the modern generation compare its values with those of a passing age.

CLASSIC REPRINT

We are especially pleased with the Centennial edition of *Northern California, Oregon and the Sandwich Islands* (Ten Speed Press, $3.95) written by Charles Nordhoff and first published in 1847. If by some miracle Charles Nordhoff should be resurrected today he would be shocked at the enormous changes in these states he explored and wrote about one hundred years ago. The book is a revelation to those of us who now can learn of the immense face-lifting that modern man has wrought on the former almost virgin landscape that Nordhoff describes in elegant prose. Numerous drawings give credence to his narrative as pictures of forests, ranges, waterways and pioneer dwellings bring reality to the changes that we know. We would hardly recognize areas he pictured except for the indestructible features of topography. Present heavy urbanization, industrialization, intensive farming and livestock raising are in contrast with simpler living of 1874. Also missing now in California and Oregon are the distinctive Indian tribes that once survived in the woodland-water economy where food and shelter were easily provided. Nordhoff would be startled at sprawling Honolulu with its skyscrapers, busy ports, airplanes and automobiles. Mechanized agriculture, purebred livestock are all new since his time. His description of the beautiful Hawaiian Islands, their lovely climate, classic harbors and gentle people provided facts for the original brochures from which a gigantic tourist business developed. Very good.

INDIAN CHILD LIFE

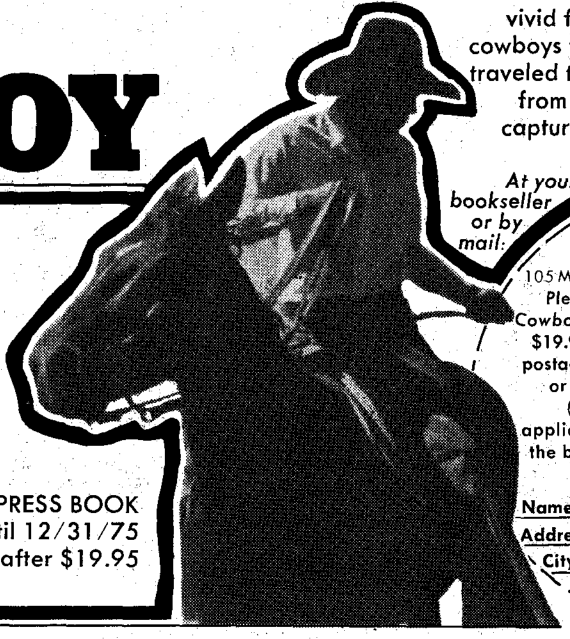
Over the years we have marveled at the gentleness of Indian parents with their children. Paralleling this is the youngsters' respect for their elders. We learn the reason for this in *Respect for Life* (Waldorf Press, $3.50) edited by Sylvester M. Morey and Olivia L. Gilliam with excellent illustrations by Warren P. Jennerjahn. *Respect for Life* is based on a report of a conference at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia on "The Traditional Upbringing of American Indian Children." We learn that baby discipline starts as soon as the infant is placed in the cradleboard. Some excellent drawings show cradleboard construction and use. When the child learns to speak, he is taught the power of spoken words and to use them tenderly and never against anyone. Strong foundations are laid in early years. Anglos can learn much about rearing children from the role Indian grandparents play in caring for them while parents are employed with household chores and earning a living. Indian parents often find the greatest child disciplinary problems when their children are in contact with modern Anglo youngsters where permissiveness and prejudiced ethnic viewpoints exist. There is much of value in this book for both Indian and Anglo parents.

SIOUX LIFE

Until recently most of the history about Indians was written by whites who lacked the savoir faire to understand Indian life and philosophy. This has been the opinion of most Indians, including Chief Standing Bear, author of *My People the Sioux.* Published first in 1928, Luther Standing Bear's autobiographical account of his tribesmen was presently republished by the University of Nebraska Press for $3.95. Born in the 1860s, the son of a Brule Chief, Standing Bear the Second attended the first class at Carlisle, witnessed the Ghost Dance uprising a few miles from the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, toured Europe with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and died in Hollywood while filming a Western movie. He was one of his tribe who succeeded in making the transition from tribal life to white man's ways, but maintained his pride in his Indian ancestry. His *My People the Sioux* is a truthful, well written account of the history, customs and traditions of this tribe. The details of Sioux living come through strongly and we found the chapter on the tipi or Sioux home very convincing. The front of the tipi is oriented toward the east or morning sun and the bulky rear end protects the people from the western trade winds. The warrior hordes of ancient Genghis Khan followed the same practice as do the nomads of the Middle East today. Very good.

MANHUNTER

Tom Horn earned the reputation of being the most dreaded manhunter of the western frontier. His numerous roles as government scout and interpreter; adopted son of Apache Chief, Pedro; scout who



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tracked down Geronimo in Mexico and persuaded him to surrender to General Miles in Skeleton Canyon; a Rough Rider; winner of rodeo championships; Pinkerton detective; and range detective for cattlemen in Wyoming, are the subjects covered in the new historical novel *I, Tom Horn* (J. B. Lippincott Company, $7.95) by veteran western novelist and historian, Will Henry. Henry retells the Horn story through a first-person narrative, as a possible newly discovered autobiography of the legendary Apache scout, range detective and executioner. The author adapts the story line presented in Tom's autobiography and that of his chief biographer, Dean Krakel. In the foregoing books, Horn is given credit for Geronimo's surrender and many other deeds that army reporters of the period assigned to other people. In written statements, however, General Nelson P. Miles and Al Sieber, Chief of Apache scouts, gave Tom excellent character references used at Horn's trial in Cheyenne for allegedly killing Willie Nickell. Horn ended his career as a detective for wealthy Wyoming cattlemen who hired him to thin out cattle and horse rustlers. Many thieves bit the dust without knowing who put them there. He became so feared by rustlers that when they learned of his presence, they saved their skins by hurrying to more healthful climates. Tom was finally hanged for killing Willie Nickell, young son of Kels Nickell, a local sheepman in ill favor with cattle interests. Dean Krakel and many other students of Tom Horn believe he was framed for this killing as a pay-off for numerous other murders where there was no legal proof of his participation. His rule of leaving no witnesses made it difficult to obtain evidence against him.

CHIC SALE SPECIALS

Backyard Classic: An Adventure in Nostalgia (Superior Publishing Company, $13.95) by Lambert Florin, dean of the ghost-town authors is a dignified version of the subject made famous by comedian Chic Sale over a half-century ago. With assistance of Ralph W. Andrews and several other friends, Florin has put together in a book a classic collection of country outhouses. While these little buildings were a practical daily necessity, they have been the subject of reams of comic writing and a source of mischief for prankish boys at Halloween. Florin and company exploits the practical value of the little house under different environments and topography. One hundred sensational photographs with salty cut-lines carry the story and leave little to the imagination. Builders indicated ingenuity in adapting their craft to the needs of the topography of the land. The mill-run outhouse was an unpainted rectangle with a door and appropriate seating for convenience. In steep mining areas, the utility was reached over an elevated boardwalk with hand rails, and some self-flushers were built over running streams. The wealthy often went in for painted architectural marvels, and artistic builders added scallops, filigree, hearts, stars, moons, and other decorations. One home owner built a risky double-decker within the walls of his house, Recommended.

LAKE PIRATES!

The Fate of the Griffon (The Swallow Press, $8.95) by Harrison John MacLean is the story of the disappearance on the Great Lakes of the new barque in the service of the Frenchman, Father La Salle in 1689. The 65-foot barque, *Griffon*, was built at Niagara Falls, New York. La Salle sent the little boat loaded with furs on a voyage to France. She disappeared without a trace. Almost 300 years later her wreckage was discovered in a narrow cove of a small Canadian island near Tobermory, Ontario. Orrie Vail, a commercial fisherman on Lake Huron, and members of his family discovered the eroding sunken hulk of the unusual and ancient craft. The author, a newspaper writer, became intrigued with Vail's discovery and began sleuthing the archives for answers as to the boat's origin. Its design and unique fittings all helped determine this was the wreck of the ghost ship, *Griffon*. MacLean's history of the *Griffon* unfolds a story of subtle piracy and murder that will interest readers who go for hangdog detective work in solution of mysteries. Collectors

(*Continued on page 61*)

"LOOK OUT, he's pulling a gun!" came a shout from the back of Dodge City's Junction Saloon the night of May 10, 1885.

At the moment Sheriff Sughrue was busy restraining Dave Mather from striking Dave Barnes who had accused him of cheating at cards, but upon hearing the warning, the sheriff whirled around.

Sughrue rushed forward and grabbed the stranger's arm and revolver. As he grappled for the gun, shots were heard in the room but the sheriff was unable to see who was shooting—or to prevent it. By the time he overpowered the stranger and was able to turn his attention to the gunplay, it was too late. Barnes, Mysterious Dave's late gambling partner, was crumpling to the floor. As Barnes fell, three more shots boomed out and Sheriff Sughrue looked up to see Josiah Mather, Mysterious Dave's brother, firing at Barnes from behind the bar. Sughrue quickly arrested both Josiah and the stranger he had disarmed, a man who turned out to be John Barnes, the deceased's brother.

The brave and decisively quick action exhibited by Patrick F. Sughrue was typical of this relatively forgotten frontier peace officer. Even the governor of Kansas, George W. Glick, commended Pat for his efficiency as an officer—a commendation of some value since it was given by a Democrat to a life-long rock-ribbed Republican.

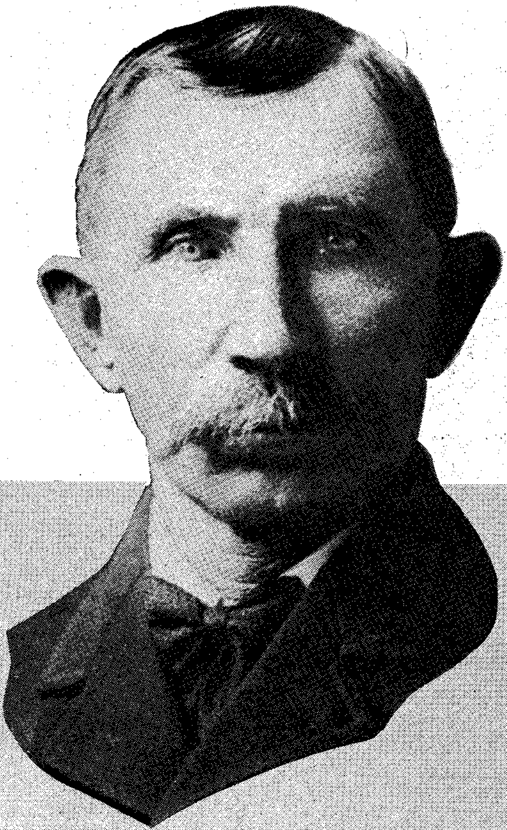
This same commendation could just as well have been bestowed on Pat Sughrue's twin brother Mike. For nearly forty years they served their adopted country in various roles—as soldiers for the Union, as Indian scout, wagonmaster, farrier and peace officer. For a time they were sheriffs of adjoining Southwest Kansas counties, Pat of Ford and Mike of Clark. Their friends and contemporaries spanned nearly the whole of the adventurous days of the West, and included Buffalo Bill Cody, Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Nelson A. Miles, Bill Thompson, Luke Short, and George A. Custer. Their own exploits were also of legendary timbre.

BORN February 17, 1844 in County Kerry, Ireland, the twins were

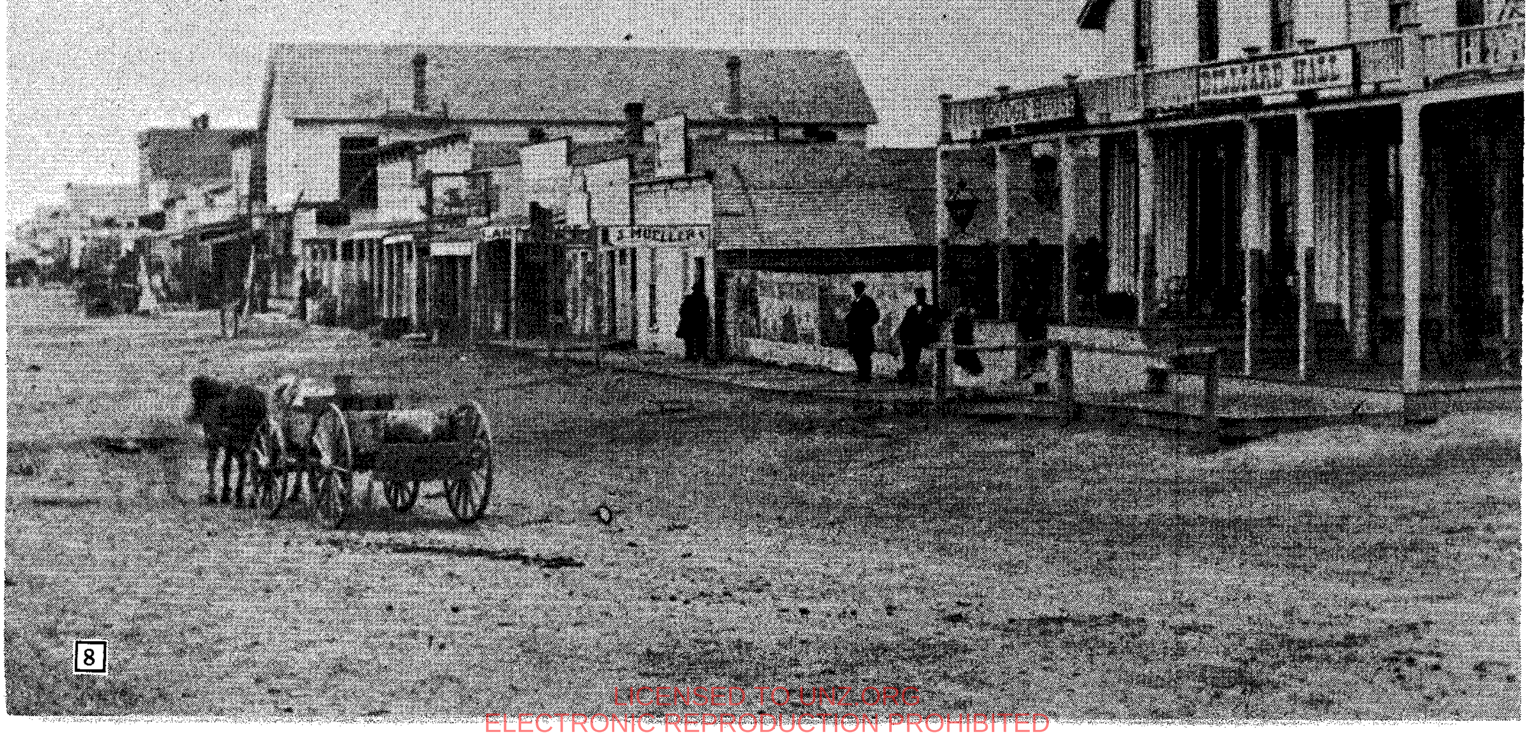
SHERIFFS PAT AND M

BY JOSEPH W. SNELL

Photos Courtesy Author



Patrick Sughrue



The east end and west end (right) of Front Street, Dodge City circa 1880.

brought to America by their parents in 1854. Their father, Humphrey L., first taught school in Washington, D. C., and then, in 1857, moved his family to Harvard, Illinois. When the Civil War broke out, Mike quickly enlisted in a local unit which became Co. E of the Seventh Kansas volunteer cavalry regiment. Whether he planned it that way or not, he was a member of the famous Jayhawker regiment, led by the most notorious Jayhawker of them all, Charles R. Jennison.

The Seventh Cavalry fought at Corinth and campaigned actively in Mississippi, Tennessee and Alabama. In 1864 it helped repel Confederate General Stirling Price's threatened invasion of Kansas.

A young man named William F. Cody also enlisted in Co. H at Fort Leavenworth in 1864. Before the war was over, Mike and Buffalo Bill had become fast friends.

Back in Illinois Pat joined Co. G of the 95th Illinois volunteer infantry on August 6, 1862. About that same time the family moved to Kansas, settling in Leavenworth where the elder Sughrue became city inspector of weights and measures, a job he held for the next twenty years.

Pat's regiment participated in the campaign in northern Mississippi during the winter of 1862-63 and was present at the siege of Vicksburg. In the bloody charge on May 19 Pat received his only injury by falling during that historic attack. The disability did not render him inactive, however, and before the war was ended many other skirmishes and battles saw the flash of Private Sughrue's rifle.

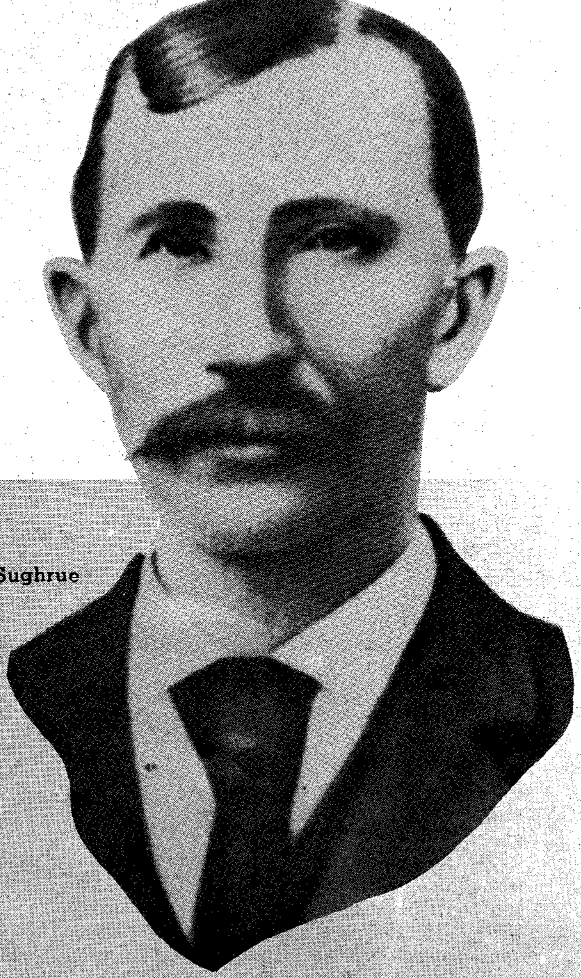
With the war finally over in April 1865, Mike was discharged on June 28 and Pat on August 17. Shortly thereafter they joined the family at Leavenworth. Pat worked as farrier to the government's horses; Mike signed up as Indian scout and wagonmaster.

While Pat's career temporarily settled down, Mike's continued in an adventurous vein. During the Indian wars of 1867 and 1868 he was with Custer and Miles, participating in many sharp skirmishes. When General P. H. Sheridan undertook a winter campaign against the Cheyennes in 1868 Mike was kept busy hauling

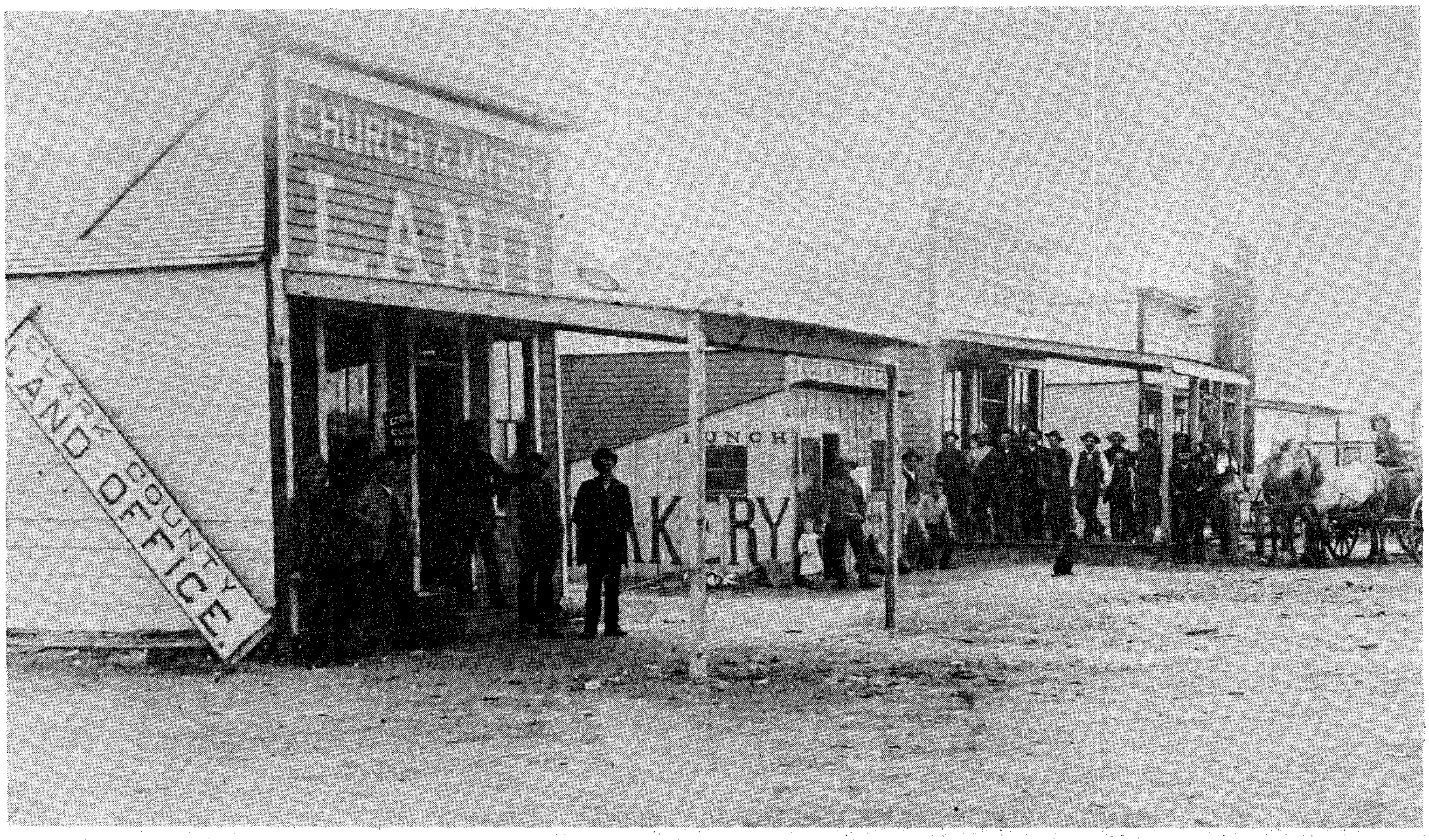
KE SUGHRUE

—twin lawmen of Kansas

All photos Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society



Michael Sughrue



Ashland, Kansas in 1886 (above) and an 1887 view of Main Street (right).

supplies to the nearly frozen and lost troops of the 19th Kansas volunteers. Afterwards he was employed to boss supply trains from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Union, New Mexico, and made many perilous journeys across the plains in the early 1870s.

Pat must have been sent to Fort Dodge as farrier sometime in the mid-1870s, for by 1877 his name had become familiar in Dodge City newspapers. Early that year he was mentioned as being a city night-watchman, so it is probable that his government connection had been terminated. On November 5, 1877 he was elected constable of Dodge township in the same election that put Bat Masterson in the sheriff's office..

At this time Pat was operating his own blacksmith shop in Dodge City. Like his twin brother Mike, Pat Sughrue believed in helping his fellow man but sometimes his beneficence backfired and at least once it nearly resulted in his death. It happened in the spring of 1877 when Pat befriended a wandering tramp named John W. Charlton. Pat furnished Jack with bed and board until he could find a job. He even gave the tramp a shotgun so he could hunt ducks along the Arkansas River.

Weeks passed but Jack Charlton couldn't seem to find a suitable job. Finally Pat located work for him but "an expression of melancholy sadness came over Mr. Charlton's face when he learned of the toil in store for him," the Dodge City *Times* reported on May 12.

Pat insisted that the job at least be given a try, so Jack bravely went to work—for one day. The *Times* reported that "the receipts of the day enabled him to drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl. Visions of duck shooting with Sughrue's gun flitted through his mind, and again he felt that happy days were yet in store for him; that life was not all a dreary desert. Vain anticipation; delusive expectation!" It seems that Pat, learning of his short employment, kicked the tramp out of his home and set him adrift once more.

But Jack Charlton was not to be treated in such a manner and he determined to strike back at his benefactor. The next morning, before Pat Sughrue got to his blacksmith shop, Charlton sneaked in and began to stuff his pockets with files, hammers, tongs, pig iron and anything else he could find. As he left the shop, Pat arrived and noticed some of his tools protruding from the tramp's pockets. Sorrowfully Pat "commenced applying a cowhide boot to our hero's person" and with every kick, some tool fell to the ground. Finally the tools stopped showing up and Pat stooped to pick them up for return to his shop. But Charlton still had a heavy soldering iron under his coat. Pulling it out he started to sneak up behind Sughrue. Luckily, a bystander yelled at Pat who moved just in time to save his skull from being crushed.

IN 1879 Pat closed his business and moved east to Fort Dodge as farrier again. Within a short time he once more pulled stakes and located in Leadville, Colorado, as blacksmith for a local mail line. While in Colorado Pat met and married his second wife, Katherine Frutzler, who bore him eight children. His first wife, Catherine Sullivan, had given him five.

By April 1880, Pat and his new family were back in Dodge where he remained the rest of his life. In the spring of 1881 and again in 1882 he was elected to the Dodge City Council, serving with the administration of A. B. Webster, mayor.

Sometime before the summer of 1880 Mike, too, had become a resident of Dodge City and in the fall of 1881 ran for sheriff of Ford County. Four others also sought the office but George T. Hinkle finally emerged victorious. Two years later, Pat, no longer on the council, ran for sheriff and was successful over the former city marshal, Fred Singer. One of the new sheriff's early acts was to appoint his brother deputy.

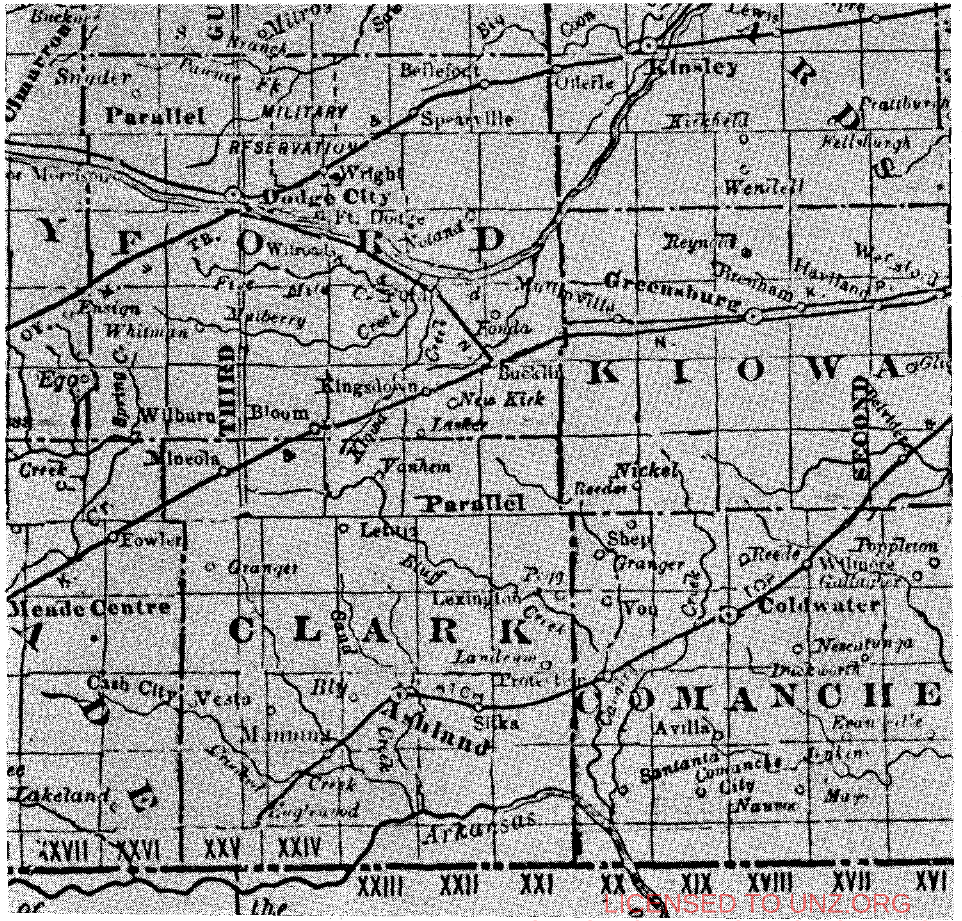
So efficient were the brothers that their Dodge City law enforcement careers were almost prosaic. Records still on file in Dodge City, however, show that innumerable arrests were made by the Sughrues, but without braggadocio, fanfare or gunplay. Outlaws were skillfully tracked down and brought in to stand trial. Mike, for instance, occasionally made the papers for arresting persons who were shooting on the city streets and on one occasion in the county courthouse. Once, when Mike rode over to Crooked Creek to pick up a troublemaker, the Dodge City *Democrat*, October 11, 1884, reported that "he traveled 60 miles, got his man, and done it all in ten hours."

Pat as sheriff was responsible for the county jail. From the beginning of Ford County's organized history prisoners had attempted to escape. Things were no different in Pat's administration and he spent a considerable amount of time relieving prisoners of saws and weapons made out of kitchenware and other suitable materials. Horse thieves suffered from Sheriff Sughrue's expertise as did burglars, potential rioters, drovers vi-

BANK
INSURANCE

olating Kansas' quarantine laws, quarreling lovers and other less interesting lawbreakers. His arrest of an Edwards County horse thief was typical. The *Democrat*, March 22, 1884, reported that the arrest had been made by the sheriff and his deputy, William M. Tilghman, who next month would become marshal of Dodge City and well on his way to an international reputation as an outstanding peace officer. "Sheriff Billings, of Edwards County," the paper said, "came up on Sunday and found his man safely in jail. Sughrue made Billings a present of him and thereby saved the County of Ford a hundred or two dollars. That's right, Pat, we don't kick; the Colonel told us the fellow was broke, anyhow."

Ford and Clark Counties from an 1889 ***Rand McNally*** **map.**


Kinsley
Dodge City
Ft. Dodge
Wright
Spearville
Military Reservation
Parallel
Snyder
F O R D
Greensburg
K I O W A
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C O M A N C H E
Meade Centre
Ashland
Coldwater
Bloom
Kingsdown
Bucklin
New Kirk
Wilburn
Mineola
Fowler
Ensign
Whitman
Eggo
Nickel
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When Mysterious Dave shot and killed Thomas C. Nixon, on July 21, 1884, Pat arrested the murderer but, as in the Mather-Barnes affair, his performance was done so quietly and efficiently that his role was barely noticed.

THOUGH the twins were kept busy maintaining the peace of their district they did find time for such social and service organizations as the Dodge City Fire Company and the Dodge City Baseball Club. When the local militia unit, named the Glick Guards, was formed in the summer of 1883, Pat was named its captain. Both he and Mike were early members of the local Grand Army of the Republic post. During this time they were in daily association both professionally and socially with such persons as Bat Masterson, Luke Short, W. H. Harris, Jack Bridges, Charles E. Bassett and many others whose fame has been of more enduring quality.

Then, in November 1884, a chain of events commenced that ultimately resulted in Mike's permanent location in Clark County. It all began on the afternoon of November 21 when five cowboys, including two named Joe Mitchell and Nels Mathews, rode into Ashland, a small town some thirty-five miles southeast of Dodge City. They commenced shooting dogs, battering down doors, and blasting out window lights. No effort was made to

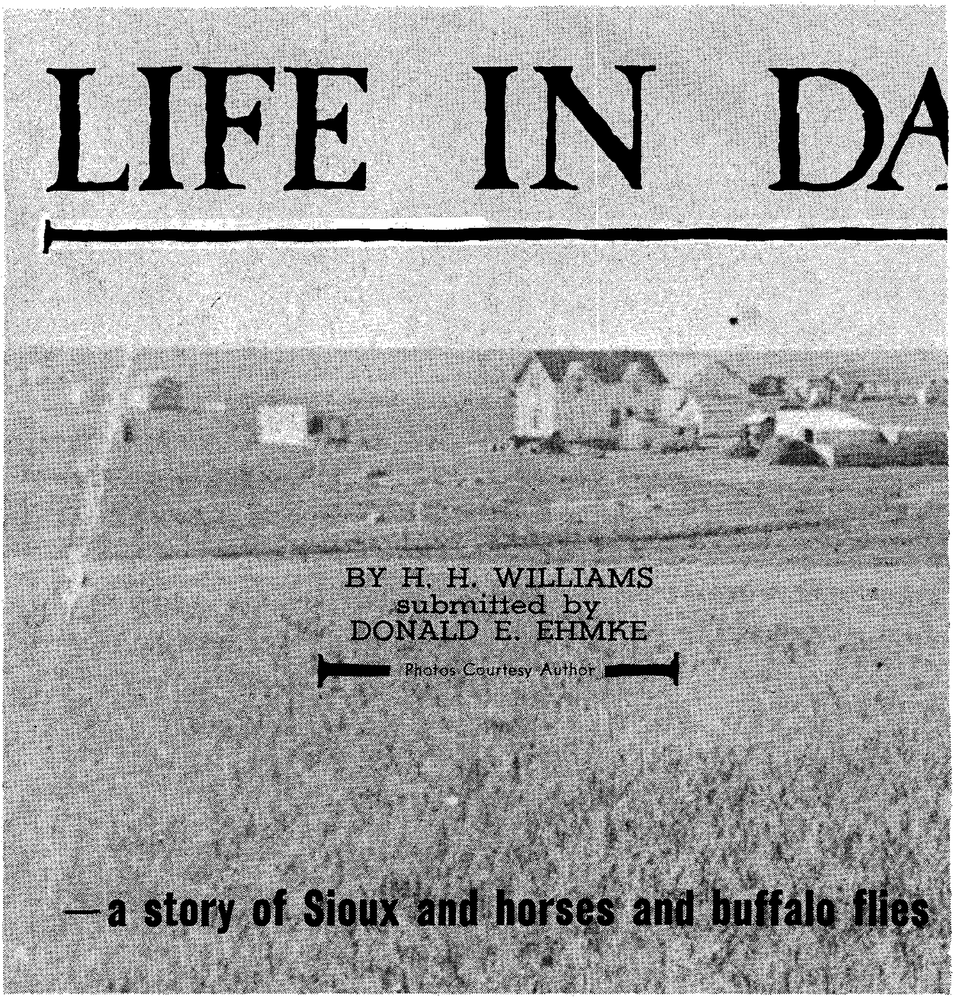
(Continued on page 48)

LIFE IN DA

BY H. H. WILLIAMS
submitted by
DONALD E. EHMKE

Photos Courtesy Author

—a story of Sioux and horses and buffalo flies



Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

MY father was a horseman in the nineteenth century when the horse was king in work, transportation and pleasure. I was born in 1881 in Dakota Territory, near what is now Brookings, South Dakota. My parents homesteaded there when the nearest railroad was thirty miles away. By the time they had proved up on their land, the railroad had built through that section and a small town had grown up five miles from us. All the land was being farmed—every "160" had a settler on it.

The country was getting too crowded so Dad started west again; this time we located on the Missouri River, *fifty* miles from a railroad. Dad had a general store in the little settlement which is now Gettysburg, South Dakota. His trade was the ranchers, and the Indians living on the Reservation across the Missouri from us.

Since the settlers in that part of the country were horse-ranchers, it was inevitable that my dad would get into the horse business. He had a small ranch just out of town with a large barn and corral where five or six cowboys worked for him. Dad would buy fifty wild broncos from some ranchers, drive them into his corral, and pick out ten or twelve to break. The sorting was based not only on color—two blacks, two bays, two grays—but also on size, build and disposition. The rest were turned loose to range on the hundreds of acres of government-owned land.

The selected few were kept in the corral until they were halter broke, then they were put in the barn, harnessed and broke to drive. That was a job, but it didn't bother the seasoned cowboys. The horses were first hitched to a heavy two-wheeled cart and allowed to go any place they wanted to. After they were completely spent, the boys would guide them toward the barn. Usually they teamed a "broke" horse with a bronc; a veteran who had gone through the same thing many times almost always got the broncs back safely. I have often seen one trying to get the wild horse to turn in a certain direction and he would spread his legs far apart and brace himself against the old-timer. The latter would put up with it just so long then, with ears laid back, he'd reach over and fasten his teeth in the bronc's neck, and twist. That usually ended the stand-off.

Bill Harvey, a Texas-raised cowboy who had driven cattle through all the western range states to Montana and the Dakotas, and Ben Savage, a cowboy from Montana, were the two who did most of the breaking. Bill was a quiet, dark, slightly-built fellow—145 pounds of spring steel. I have never seen a better rider than Bill Harvey and when he threw a rope he threw it *once.* Before you could count ten, the bronc was down with a halter and rope on him.

We had a good cutting horse called "Little Dick." He was a white-backed buckskin, with four white stockings and bald face, and was covered with brands showing he had had many owners. When Bill Harvey was up on Little Dick, the horse they were after didn't have a chance. They sure made a team; man and horse were just one.

I remember one time Bill and Ben were busy breaking horses to ride and drive, and they had some manure to haul. They decided as long as they had a pair of broncs hitched up they would combine the tasks. They hitched the broncs to the load of manure and were all set to go. And "go" they did! They lit out at a dead run, the two boys having a good time of it sitting on top of the load of manure, laughing and letting out "yippie yips" and "kye-yies."

Ben was driving; that is, he was holding onto the reins. He might as well have had a string on the moon for all the good it did. Under a dead run the broncs made a sharp turn at the same time a front wheel hit a prairie-dog hole. At that speed the wagon turned upside down, setting the broncs loose and leaving the wagon and manure on top of Bill and Ben. As my Dad said later of the boys, "They were wholly interred."

They crawled out, digging part of their load from their ears and eyes, brushed themselves off, took a big chew of tobacco and started looking for the team. Ben commented wryly, "Say, Bill, didn't we unload that last load fast and easy?"

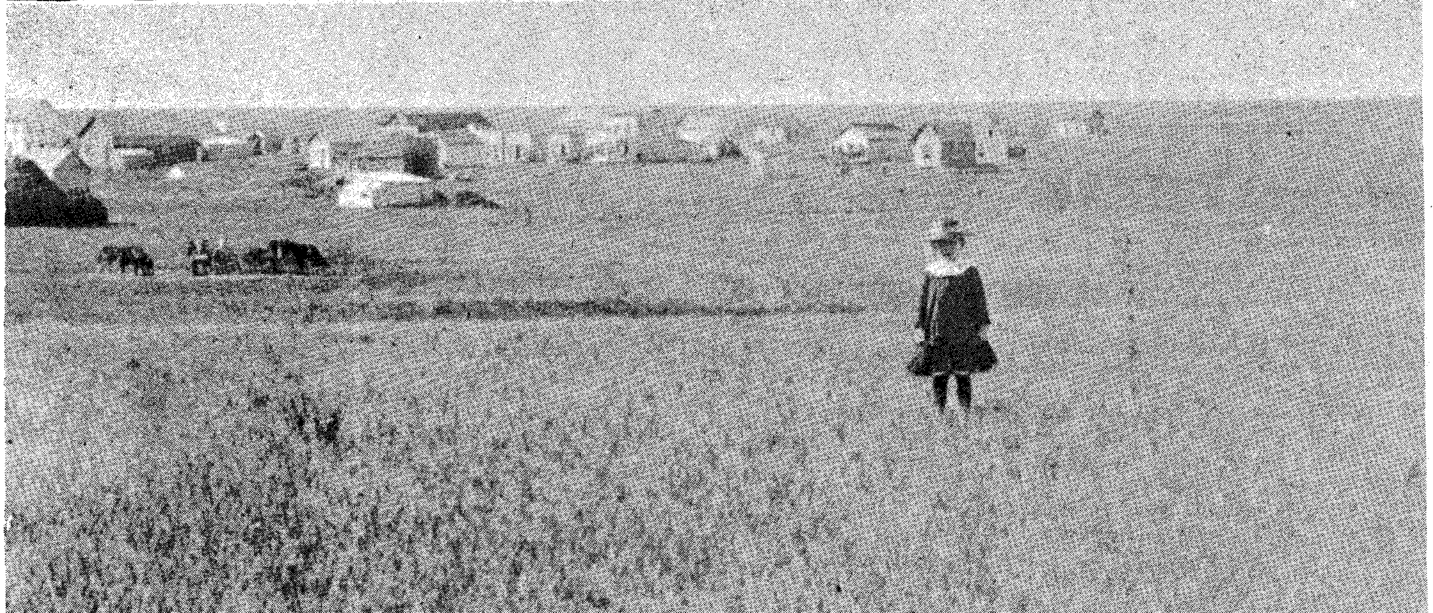
I often think of the difference in dress of today's drugstore cowboy and the real thing of those days. The Dakota and Montana cowboy's hat was gray with a stiff wide brim and low crown, not the peaked crown and floppy brim of the Mexican and Texas cowboy. It had a leather string on each side of the hat just in front of the ears. This could be tied so it would come tight under the chin; if there was no wind, the strap was worn in back and hung down five or six inches.

Boots were of fine calfskin with a medium tight top that came half way to the knees. The heel was high to keep the foot from going through the stirrup. I never did see a cowboy wearing blue overalls. They did call them jeans but they were usually gray. A good many wore wool pants, a blue cotton shirt in summer, wool in winter, and a bright handkerchief. Quite often for everyday it was a blue or red and, for dress, a silk one. Most wore smooth leather chaps, though some wore chaps of bear or dog skin with the hair left on. They all carried six-shooters, usually a Colt or Smith and Wesson, in a belt around their waists.

Our part of the country was nearly as flat as the top of a table, but there were buttes that came straight out of the flatness to a height of 100 to 150 feet. Many seemed to be shaped like a huge piece of pie, with the small point rising the highest, and would slope off a quarter of a mile to the wide part before it reached the prairie. This was a great place for the horses to climb in the still part of the day when the flies were worst. What we called the Buffalo Fly had a sting as bad as that of a bee.

It was a beautiful sight to see a herd of horses standing way up on the highest point of a butte, their manes and tails of all colors streaming out in the wind. A horse always faces the wind. Down in the flats there would be hardly a breath of air. I often puzzled how they could get

KOTA TERRITORY



Above: Gettysburg, South Dakota in the late 1880s or early 1890s. The little girl in the right foreground may be Iva Melbery Breene. Right: H. H. Williams.

up and down that sheer incline without falling, but those horses were as surefooted as a mountain goat.

Saturdays were days of fun for us kids. We spent our time snaring gophers or digging out the little white owls that lived in the same holes with the prairie dogs. They were about the size of a quail with hardly any tail. We would tie a string on one of their legs and let them fly the length of the string. When we got tired of this or the owls got too tired to fly, we would put them back in their nest, which was a hole in the ground a foot and a half or two feet deep, and put a board over the top. They ate the gophers or table scraps we brought them, and would never try to dig out.

If a boy or girl were big enough to walk they were big enough to ride a horse, and at eight or ten he or she didn't want any worn-out plug, either. We didn't think any more of being thrown from a horse than falling down on skates. Horses were cheap, so nearly every kid had one.

Some days we would ride out to where Jim Glass, Jack Martin and Shorty (the only name I ever knew him by) had our herd. You can bet your life we would be there in time for that mid-day meal. Shorty was the cook and he would give each of us a sack to fill with buffalo chips. These he would mix with dry sagebrush to make a good hot fire. So out we would go with our sacks, and they had to be full to entitle us to a tin plate of grub.

Not one of us ever thought of washing our hands before we ate. Water was a blamed scarce thing out there on the prairie—we had no wells, lakes or creeks. Water was hauled from the river.

We also had to wash dishes and though it may seem unusual, we looked forward to that task. Shorty was so small that his chaps didn't have to be rolled up to fit any of us, while the other two were so tall we'd have to roll their chaps to our knees to wear them. The guy that washed the dishes got to wear Shorty's chaps, and that was a thing well worth washing dishes for. To earn the privilege of wearing Jim's or Jack's chaps we rode back to the herd and chased strays while the cowboys played cards. Lots of times they let us wear their Stetsons, too.

Yes, we kids out there on the prairie had a lot of fun. I remember the evenings—those long summer twilights. No matter how hot and windy the day had been, the evenings were indescribably beautiful. The little ground birds hopped about, the cactus flowers opened and the sage took on the velvety blue hue known only to dwellers of the sage country.

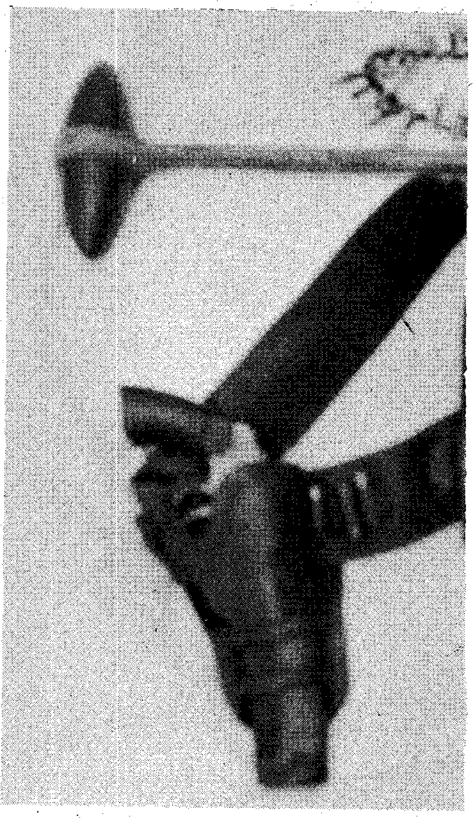
It was then that everyone from six to sixty put a saddle on his pony and rode out to enjoy God's beauty. Our little town and the country around was shaped like a giant saucer, with the village in the center. It was about a mile to the rim any way you traveled. It seems as though it was cooler up there on the rim and that was where we all went. There would be as many as fifty or sixty up there on horseback, blacks, whites, bays, grays, roans, calicos, and pintos; every colored horse there ever was could be seen on top of the hill in the evening.

MY DAD used to do a lot of trading with the "Injuns" (no one ever said "Indians"). He took buffalo hides and furs and a great many buckskin coats, vests, pants and moccasins in trade. Some of them were works of art. In addition to these items, Dad was given many things by the Indians because they liked him. He could speak their language pretty well and treated them fairly. I remember a beautiful white buckskin suit and moccasins that were covered with bright beads and quills; the seams had long fringe; and the moccasins (Sioux) had long tops that you wrapped around your legs halfway to your knees.

The Indians did most of their trading in the winter as the reservation was across the Missouri from us. In the winter when the river was frozen they could drive their ponies right to the store; we were about fifteen miles from the river. I can see them yet. Usually they came in the middle of the afternoon; there would be twelve or fifteen teams of Indian ponies, each hitched to a home-made sled with a box on it, eight to ten feet long and sixteen inches high. The box would be filled with hay and stuff they wanted to trade. There were usually two Indians with each outfit, but no women. I can't remember ever seeing a squaw on one of these buying trips.

The teams would come over the hill in a long string, one close behind the other, the little ponies trotting good and fast. I don't suppose they broke that gait in the whole fifteen miles. They would drive up to the back of the store where we had a long open shed for the horses, and if there wasn't room for all of them, the rest were tied to their sleds. After tying their horses, they picked up their sacks of stuff to sell, and their Winchesters, and marched single-file into the store. The office was just a raised place in the center of the store and the Indians made their way to this place, said "How" to my father, and handed him their rifles. Then they marched off to the back of the store.

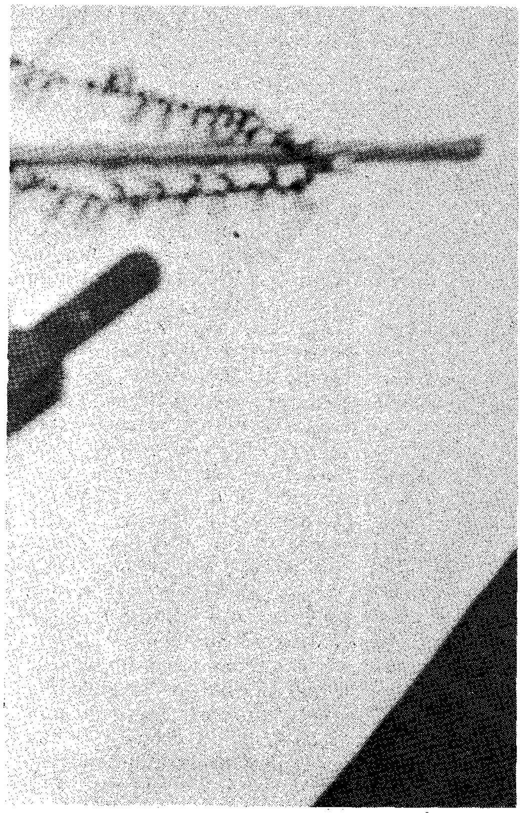
Just as soon as Dad heard that Indians were approaching he sent the clerks out to get big pots of coffee, and to carry crackers, cheese, bologna, and ginger snaps (the only cookie you could buy in those days) to the back room where the Indians stayed the rest of the afternoon. They sure could eat. About six o'clock Dad pulled the curtains and locked the doors, and the rest of the night was for the Indians to sell their stuff and to buy what they wanted. By then they had removed their heavy outer clothing, revealing buckskin suits (though some few wore white men's old clothes), and all wore moccasins and had their hair in long braids. The typical Sioux was a big man and tall, and most of them were broad and well built. They were fine horsemen and fierce warriors.

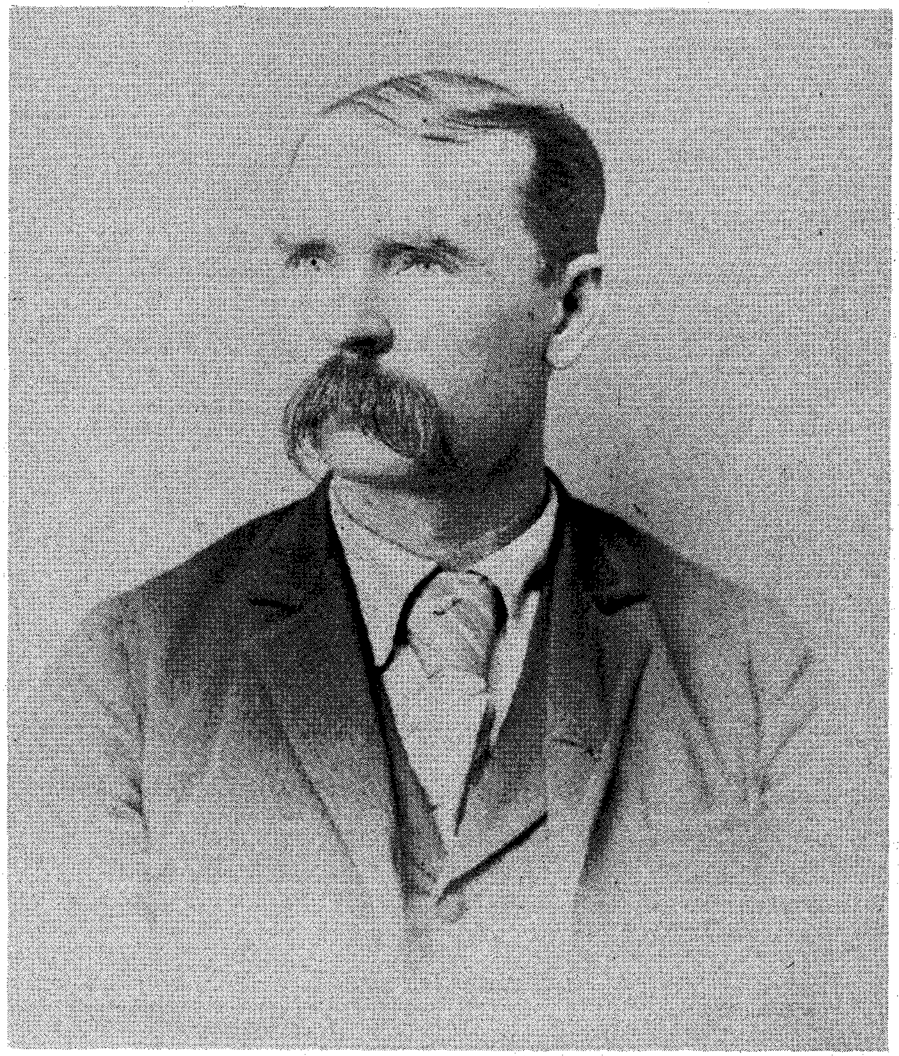


In trading, one by one they would take

Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

Potter County News, Gettysburg. The people are unidentified.





Right: Ira Williams. Above: Buffalo tooth necklace across the Indian war club that was carried in the Custer Massacre, given to Ira by a Sioux chief. The gun and holster were carried by him.

an article out of their sacks (it might be a hide, a pair of mitts or moccasins), and lay it on the counter. My dad would ask, "How much?" The Indian would reply, "Dollar." Dad would give him his dollar and place the article on the shelf while the Indian pocketed his money. Now he was ready for the next article and so on through the sack with never a question or disagreement on price.

After the sack was empty the buying began and was conducted in much the same manner. "Sugar, one dollar." Dad measured out the sugar taking care never to remove any excess from the sack. (Sugar didn't come in five or ten-pound sacks; it came in a big sugar barrel and you used a scoop to put it in the paper bag that rested on an old beam scale. You set the weight at the desired amount and poured sugar till it balanced.) For the Indian, what went in the bag was his and you left it there, tied a string around it, and passed it over the counter. He in return gave you the dollar, untied the string, and dumped the sugar in a large cloth sack, saying, "Coffee, one-half dollar."

This continued through salt and other groceries and usually included five yards of calico. Then it began again, "Sugar, one dollar," until he ran out of money. Sometimes as many as four times, "Sugar, one dollar," joined other sugar in the Indian's large cloth sack. When he was finished he returned to the back room for more coffee and food and the next Sioux took his place. This kept up until all trading was complete and generally lasted all night. If they did finish before morning Dad locked up the store and went home. Each Indian took his blanket and curled up around the big pot-bellied stove and slept until morning. There was never as much as a plug of tobacco missing the next day.

MANY INDIANS were very clever traders, though they seemed to delight in hiding their knowledge. Dad would rather miss almost anything than a horse trade, so in the morning before the Indians returned to their reservation there was always a little horse trading. The Indians would go over to our barn and look the horses over, and Dad sure gave theirs a good once-over and when they left they usually took a few of our horses and we had a few more ponies. Sometimes Dad would get the best of the trade and I have also seen him get a blamed good trimming. Yet you never heard a word of complaint out of either party.

There was one old chief who became a special friend of Dad's, and who was something of a mystery. This chief, though wrinkled and grey, was tall and athletic, and had a bright sharp look. They met on Dad's very first visit to the reservation. They were talking in Sioux about the chief's pony when suddenly the Indian noticed the Masonic emblem Dad was wearing and challenged my father in the Masonic manner.

Dad was so surprised he couldn't answer at once, but when he did the old chief came right back one step higher. This kept up, the chief doing the challenging, until Dad could go no higher and he told the chief it was out of reach. The old man shook his head and held his hand a few feet from the ground, smiled, and said, "You just a little one."

They met and traded horses often after that but never again did the chief speak any English or refer in any way to Masonry, though there can be no doubt that this old Sioux was a Mason. The last time my dad saw this man the chief gave him a beautiful war club, still treasured by my family. He said he had carried it in the Custer fight. Dad speculated often about this man. Was he an Indian who had been educated in white schools and returned to his people, or was he a white man who had turned against his own and had lived so long among Indians that he was more Indian than white? We never knew what became of him. Dad asked many times but the people on the reservation couldn't or wouldn't say, though it was evident he was respected and revered among them.

Speaking of strange Indians, one day when Dad was visiting the reservation with a group of friends, they tried to engage in conversation a group of squaws who were sitting around a fire. The only answers were grunts. They were about to

An 1885 photograph of Bill Harvey, on Little Dick, when Bill was foreman for Ira Williams, Dakota Territory.

leave when someone noticed a pair of crutches beside one of the women. She looked and was dressed like the others, her hair in two braids, a blanket around her shoulders. Dad asked in Sioux who owned the crutches. She answered in English that she did.

Upon questioning she explained that she was a white woman; that as a girl of ten she had been taken during the New Ulm uprising. Her parents, brothers and sisters had been massacred. Along with the Indians she had traveled mostly by boat to the Missouri, then up the Missouri to the reservation. It took many months and the cold wet weather caused her to have rheumatism. She was asked if she had ever tried to return to her own people. She replied that she had no people and nothing to go back to. The Indians had been as good to her as they knew how. She had been taken by a young brave, had married, and had a family. It was just another incident in the taking of the West.

There was another queer circumstance. The Government had an Indian school on the reservation and had hired a pretty white teacher named Cora Bell Fellows. Well, Cora Bell married a young Indian chief. He was a handsome specimen of man, over six feet tall, straight as an arrow, who spoke only Sioux. They lived on the reservation for a while but Cora finally got a job for them in a side show and they left. I always thought she was an adventuress, that she hadn't really married for love—or had she? Anyway, she was the only white woman I knew of at that time who married an Indian man, though there were many trappers and soldiers who married Indian girls.

INDIANS were like kids when it came to money; it would just burn a hole in their pockets until it was spent. They would buy something they especially desired if it took their last penny and they didn't have a thing in the house to eat or any good idea where their next meal would come from. At one time fine buggies became the passion of every Indian man, and a government check was awaited with great anticipation.

One Indian got himself a nice open buggy. Another saw it and went him a little better—he got a buggy with a top on it. The next Indian acquired a fine two-seated surrey, about the most elegant thing in buggies and the best for style and comfort; but even he was outdone. A smart old Indian saw a beautiful shiny black hearse. It had more fringe, and in addition it had big black plumes all over it; besides that, it was glassed in with lots of room to lie down if he wanted to, and a high seat for a driver. When they were all out in their buggies it was a sight to see—shiny single-seaters, the top carriages and the stylish surreys. But the fellow with the hearse was really "top dog." The hearse was hitched to a pair of Indian ponies with old harnesses which were more rope than leather; a young buck sat up on the driver's seat; and inside, a wrinkled old Indian rode on a bunch of hides smoking a corncob pipe, or more startling, taking his ease stretched out like a corpse.

Not all Indians were that irresponsible or impetuous. One of the largest ranches in that country was owned and managed by a full-blood. He hired a white man to keep his books and do his correspondence, however. The white bookkeeper married one of the Indian's two daughters and they were given 500 calves and 500 colts by her father, and it was rumored that he would do the same for the second daughter if the white suitor had a good character and sharp business sense. I'll bet he had many offers, but I never heard if the second daughter married.

Saturday was the day the ranchers came to town to do their trading during the summer and fall. It was also the day that cowboys had their good times. Every ranch had a fast running horse or two and each week there were some good races. Although there was no prize money, a cowboy could bet his last cent on his own ranch favorite. There were usually six to ten horses in the race and sometimes an Indian pony. Some of those little horses could really run; they were ridden bareback without even a blanket and the Indian up was a real horseman.

The horses would be lined up at the starting line and it would be a standing start with the sound of the gun and whoops and yells from the crowd. We had a circular track, but no grandstand, no seats and no admission. If a big race took place between some long-standing rivals, someone might pass the hat with the proceeds going to the winner. Bill Harvey rode for Dad.

At first it was all running races but eventually as some doctor or merchant would get a pretty good trotting horse, harness racing began to be promoted. They used big high two-wheeled carts and it was a serious business, believe me.

Dad used to ship broncs, after they were well broke, to various Eastern cities, and at times he would pick up a few big draft mares that were too pavement-sore to stand the city streets and use them for brood mares. He got them cheap and in a few months on the soft prairie with no shoes, they were as good as new and highly desired by the ranchers.

We had a barn by our house in town that held twelve or fifteen horses and it was here that Dad kept his trading stock. I always made a daily trip to that barn to see what was new.

One day I was looking a new bunch over and came to a slick-coated, rangy black with two white stockings behind. He looked real good to me but there were no saddle marks. It was Saturday and I decided I'd hitch the new horse to the sulky and drive out to the races. I had a friend, Harry Burt, whose father owned the lumber yard. He was about my age (eight or nine years) and liked to hang around on Saturdays because his father didn't have any horses and there was usually one of ours he could ride or, if I drove in the old sulky, he could go along. He was with me that day.

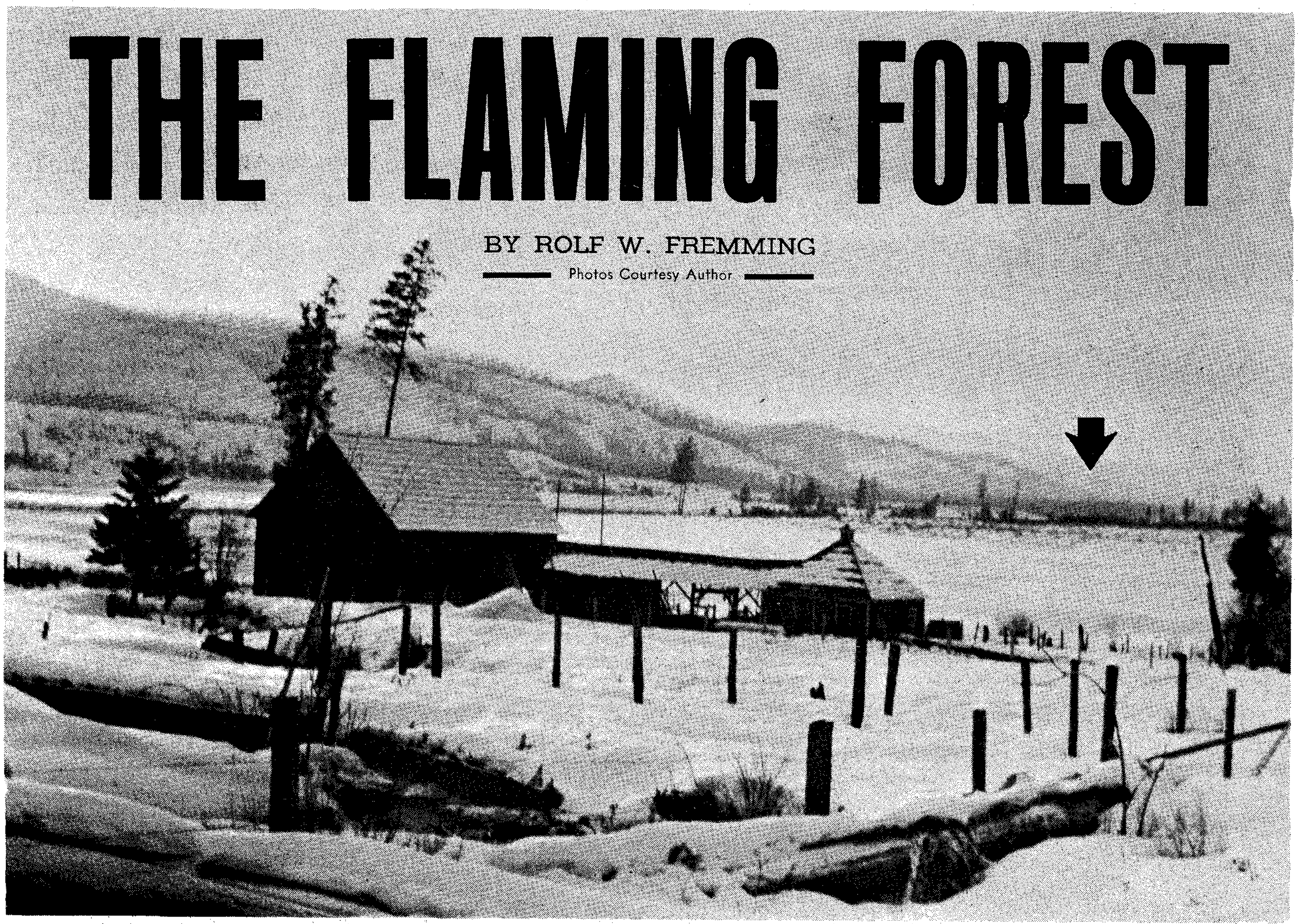
"Old Boots," as we decided to call him, went real fine. I didn't drive to the starting line because I was pretty sure that was where my Dad was and I wasn't anxious for him to see me. I found a nice place facing the track at the first quarter mark and we hadn't been there long when

(Continued on page 56)

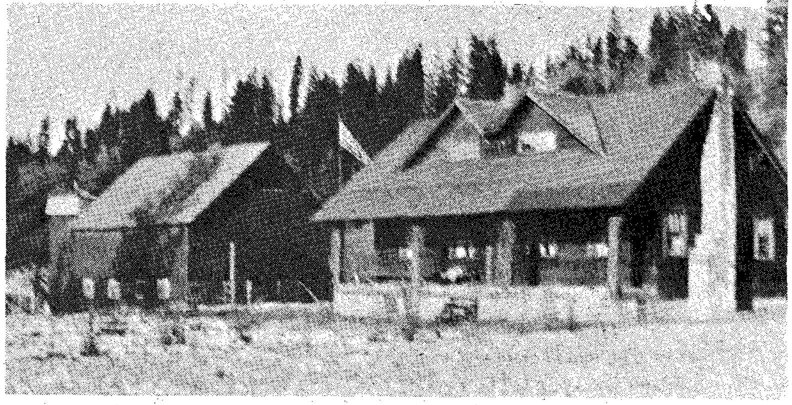
THE FLAMING FOREST

BY ROLF W. FREMMING

Photos Courtesy Author



The Northwest in 1910 was a world of fire and cinders—as if a madman were leaping from valley to mountain putting everything before him to the torch!

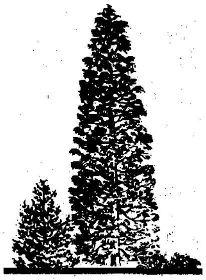


The arrow is where the first tree burst into flames. All of the area pictured across the river, center background, burned. Only the barn had been built at the time of the fire. Timbered ridge (inset) behind the barn. This house, also, was a later addition.

OUR STOCK RANCH was on the northeast bank of the Pend Oreille River in northeastern Washington. The town of Newport was six miles upstream. The day of August 20, 1910 was utterly weird. At noon it was almost dark as night. There was a bronze metallic sheen to the sky, caused by forest fires burning in other areas, but none was near us. There was also an unusual wild wind which made high waves on the river.

The hillside range was dried up from the long hot summer so our stock were near the river. Due to the strange weather and our general uneasiness we decided to round them up and bring them into our open pasture. My father, older sister, and I accomplished this by early afternoon. We also milked the dairy string early.

Just before six o'clock we saw a tree burst into flame on a ridge-top about five miles west of us across the river Pend Oreille. That river at our place was 900 yards wide. In a few minutes the whole ridge-top was afire for several miles from a large fire coming up the far side.



The wind had grown to gale force, and in less than fifteen minutes spot fires were showing up on the mountain behind our ranch. (These spot fires had jumped over five miles.) Our first need was to get the horses and cattle out of the barn. The horses were easy because they went out the leeward side; the cattle were different. They had to face into the wind with the bright glow of the fire confronting them. They refused to move and each cow had to be clubbed out.

At this point Hugo Lulich and his sister who were returning from Newport, arrived and stopped at our place. They lived about three miles beyond us. They knew they couldn't make it farther with the wagon due to fallen trees. Hugo unhitched the team and rode on to their place on one of the horses. Miss Lulich stayed at our house and looked after my younger sister and the house. She was very worried because another sister, Mrs. Dienhardt, lived under the mountain across the river where the fire was raging. Her fears were justified. Her sister perished in the flames.

Spots began breaking out on our place. Mother and my sister Ivy took pails of water and wet sacks into the meadow to beat out spot fires in the stubble. Father

(Continued on page 50)

LADY BOSS OF THE GREAT DIVIDE

On the theory that anyone who can run a house successfully can run a mine successfully Nellie Upham visited Montezuma and took its measure . . .

BY NELLIE C. SAVICKI

Photos Courtesy Author

Left: Nellie C. Upham. Below: The Great Divide, under which she proposed to engineer two transportation tunnels.

SUNSET was casting its spell on the western slope of the Great Divide the evening the bus stopped to let me off at Loveland Pass. I ate a late dinner at the only restaurant there and began making inquiries. The mining town of Montezuma and a certain old log cabin were my goal.

I soon discovered that Montezuma was a good six miles away—six mountain miles—and there was no bus service. Years ago it would have been possible to hire a team of horses.

I owe a great deal to the hospitality of folks at Loveland Pass and particularly to the postmistress, Mrs. Vera Jeffrey, who carried the mail up this six miles of mountain road each day. She had a heart to match these mountains and a tremendous faith in people. She never hesitated in taking me, a complete stranger, as a passenger. We left promptly at 7:30 the next morning.

By the time we had traveled the six miles, I caught a bit of that magic faith. Vera Jeffrey had come to Loveland Pass with only a few months to live, but miraculously had found healing and had been the postmistress ever since. She told me about her adopted son, an Indian, whom she called Chief. During the skiing season Chief operated a ski lift near Loveland Pass, but he was always restless to return to his mountain retreat, the house where he lived in Montezuma.

It was because of Chief and his jeep that I was able to visit a few of the mines where so many years ago my dad had worked and where a most remarkable woman, my Aunt Nellie Upham managed more than fifty mines. There were no more burros left; any traveling now was by jeep or on foot.

Montezuma, secluded and surrounded by six mountain peaks, was practically deserted. Two hotels built at the turn of the century had been destroyed by fire. An occasional prospector may still wander through, although the mining claims have become deserted one by one.

After lunch Chief took me on a tour of inspection of some of the deserted diggin's and also to the log cabin I had yearned to see again. Before crossing the bridge leading to the cabin he got out and examined the supporting girders. I had crossed this same bridge many times as a youngster.

The cabin seemed to stand as sturdy as when our family left it over fifty years ago. This was the cabin of my dreams, the home my dad had helped build. The logs which had been so carefully peeled were well preserved. Memory had not failed me; it was just as I had visualized. It seemed such a short time ago that I ran to meet my father each evening as he came home riding his burro.

Our mail-order bathtub was still in the woodshed where it had been brought about 1910 by mule train. Perhaps there had been plans to divert water from the turbulent mountain stream to the bathtub; if so, the dream was never realized. Nevertheless, having a bathtub when you are the only family in town with such a precious possession is something to be remembered.

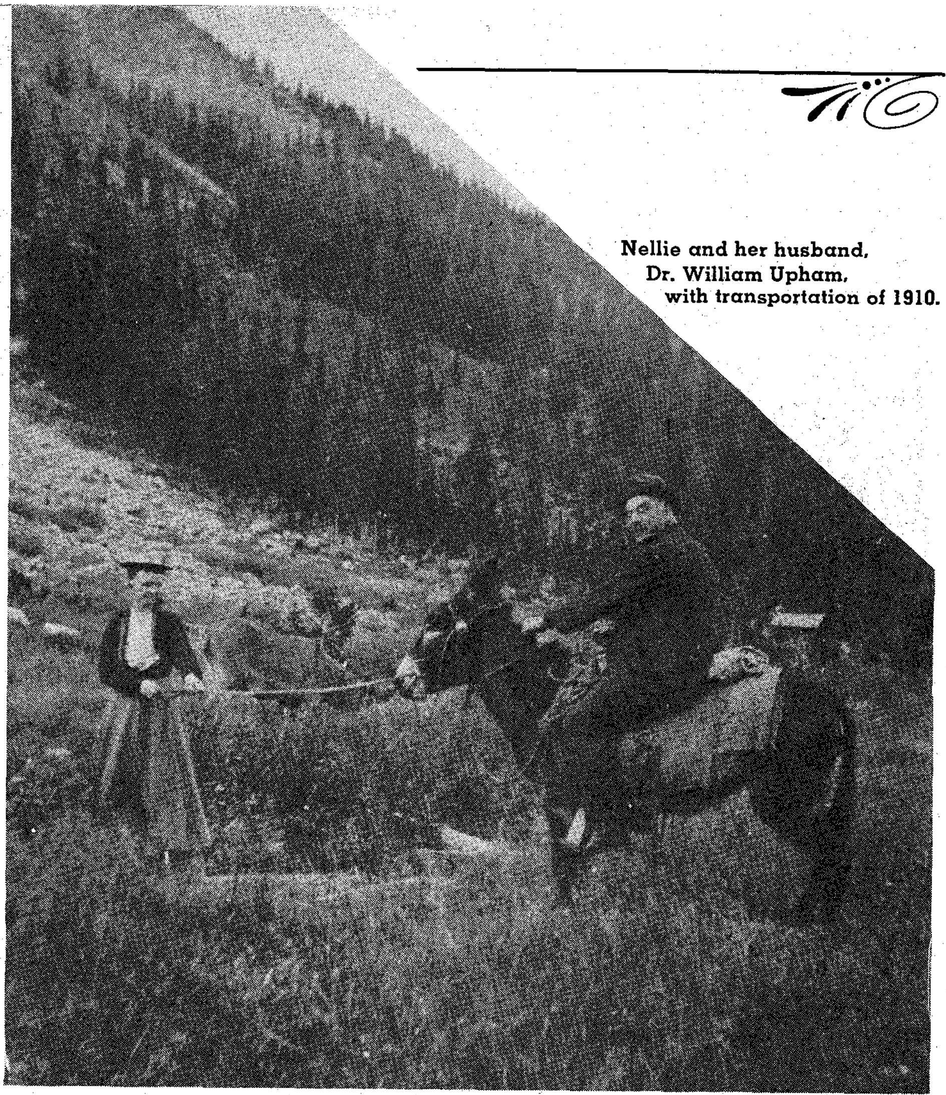
Just seeing the cabin again brought back many memories. There was that memorable day when Mamma sent me for a loaf of bread. How carefully I walked in the center of that bridge. There were no railings and the swift moving rapids of the water below were treacherous. That day a powder magazine exploded and there were some real fireworks near enough to be a threat.

Earlier that summer I had tried crossing the stream on the root of a tree, much to my chagrin. It was a narrow escape, but I was able to crawl ashore, soaking wet and chilled. A few yards farther and I would have been swept into the rapids. I was too scared to cry.

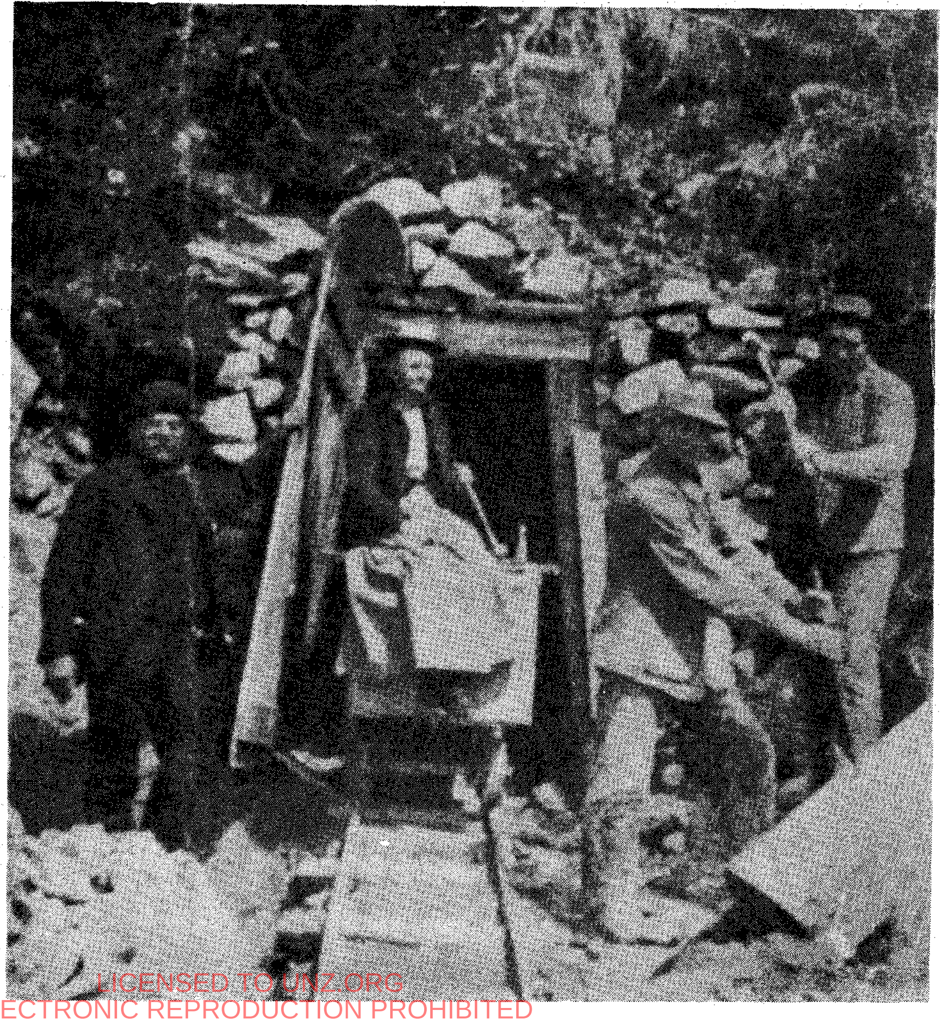
My first-hand experience with the mountain stream made me determined to keep my distance. To this day I prefer the inside lane of a bridge.

BUT most of all Montezuma will always be associated with memories of my famous Aunt Nellie. She was in the forefront when women were just beginning to venture into the business world. For several years she was the only woman delegate to the American Mining Congress.

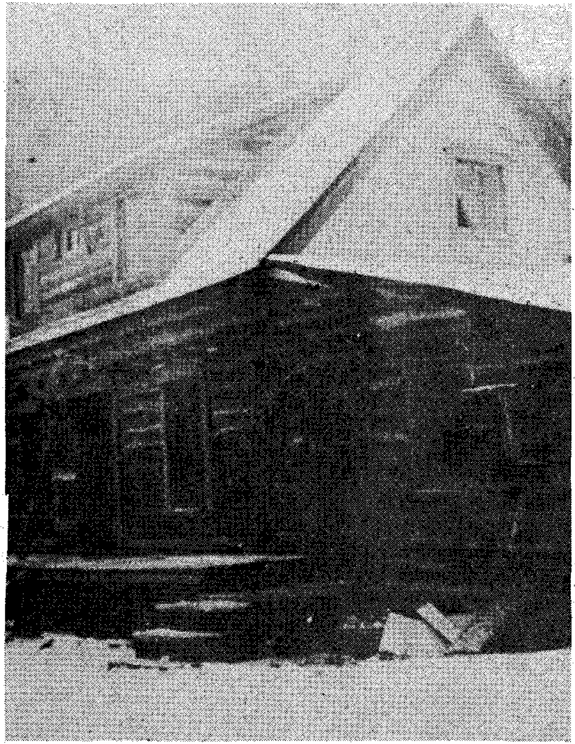
Aunt Nellie was the antithesis of what one would expect a woman to be like who supervised over four dozen mines. Though she associated with the miners she never lost any of her femininity. She was dainty in her size 1½ shoes. She bought "samples" of the best

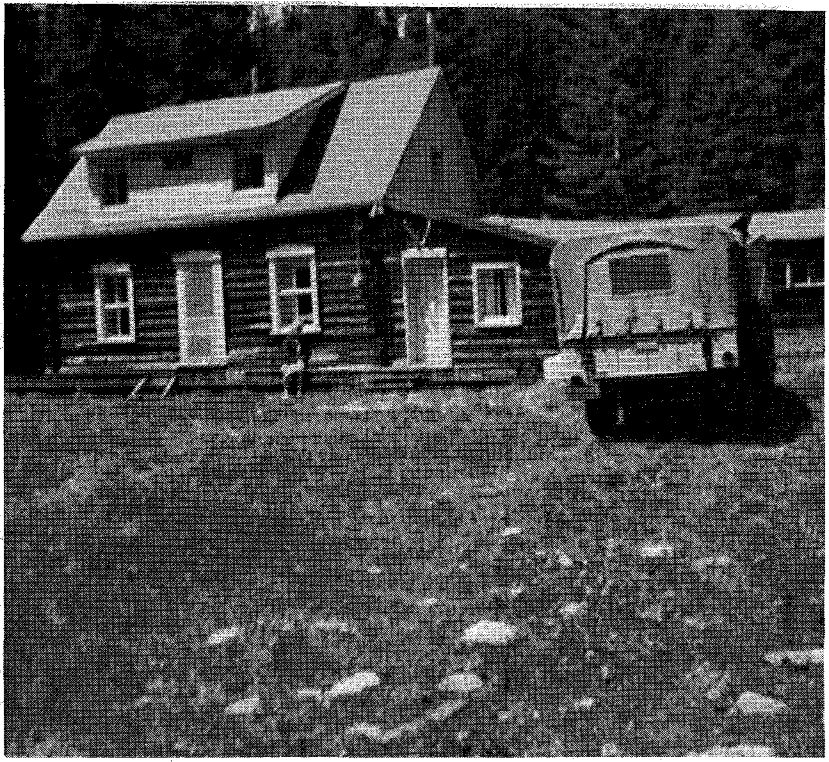


Nellie and her husband, Dr. William Upham, with transportation of 1910.



Right: Mrs. Upham directing work at her company's mine.





The log cabin at Montezuma (left), 1910-12. The same cabin in 1967 with more modern transportation.

shoes, because few women had feet so small. Ruffles were always a part of her attire, and lavender or purple her favorite colors. She was artistic with her handwork, whether it was a crazy quilt she was embroidering or a piece of china she was painting.

On special occasions Aunt Nellie would send us some new clothes. I particularly remember a pongee skirt and a matching georgette blouse and a pair of lavender stockings. On another occasion my sister Caryll and I each were given embroidered white dresses. The clothes were always exquisite and a little different than what other girls wore. My high school graduation dress was the last gift.

Tunnels and rapid transportation were a part of Aunt Nellie's dreams and plans. I don't believe any proposed tunnel would have been too great a challenge. In 1913 the Argentine Tunnel Railway was her chief interest. It was to connect with the Colorado Southern Railroad which came into Dillon (8,815′ elevation). The new line was to follow close to the Snake River and flank the trail over Argentine Pass (13,286′ elevation), then tunnel through at the 11,000′ level. This was to be a more direct route to Denver.

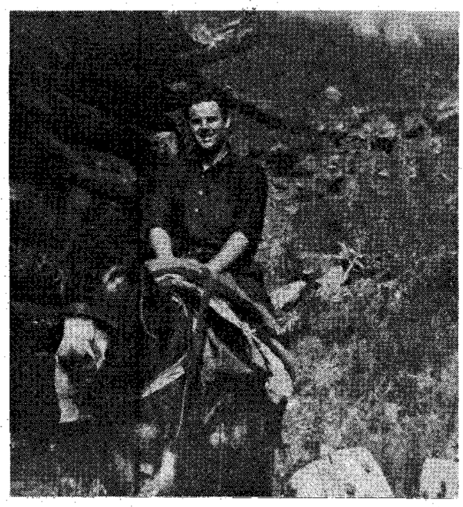
At another time there was talk of a Vidler Tunnel which would pass through the main Continental Divide. The trip from Leadville to Denver would be shortened by nearly 100 miles. The Vidler Tunnel on completion would have a length of 7,500′ and a maximum depth of 2,400′. I'm certain it was driven 1,200′ from the Clear Creek County side, but whether it was ever completed I do not know.

There had been dreams also of better transportation to Montezuma, but today one can only reach the old town around the last bend of a six-mile road seldom traveled.

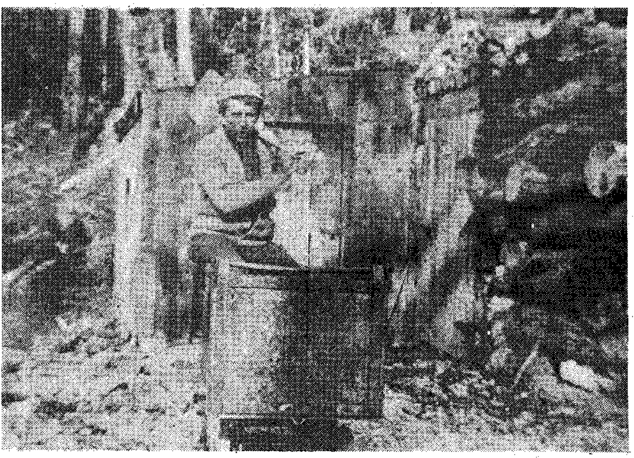
Among a few remaining mementoes is a magnifying glass which Aunt Nellie used to identify specimens of ore. She would hold a piece of ore in her hand and examine its rose, silver and yellow glints.

"This yellow ore that you think is gold

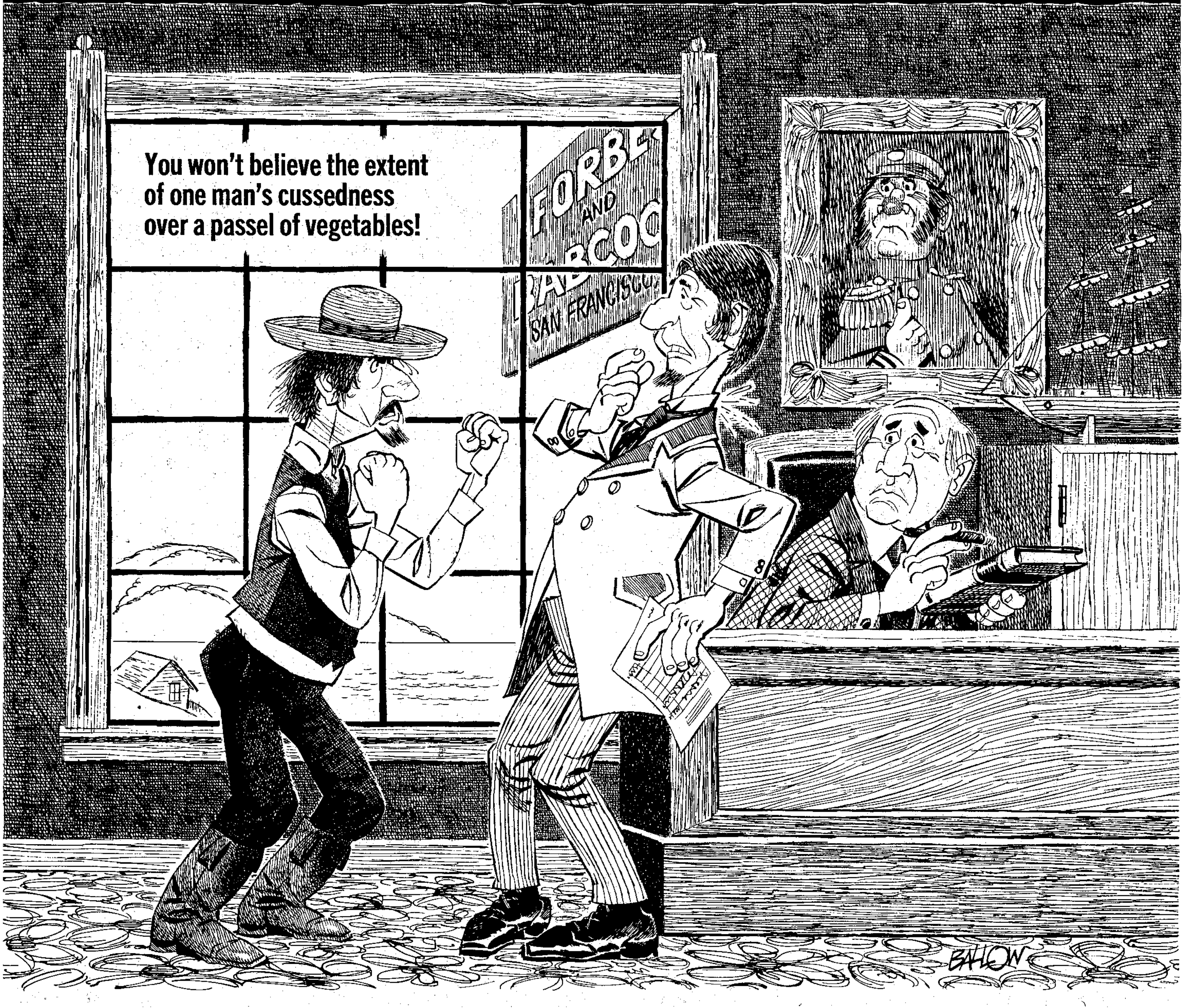
(Continued on page 51)



Scenes at the mines, above, left and below. The men are unidentified.



THE 17-YEAR ONION AND POTATO WAR



You won't believe the extent of one man's cussedness over a passel of vegetables!

BY MARIE LYNCH

Illustrated by Willard Ballow

NO, the onions and potatoes were not warring—they were too smart. The same could not be said for their owner, who raised the devil about them—with anyone handy—for almost two decades.

Why he did it is hard to say. When parties were appointed to inquire into his sanity, they reported that he was sane but "actuated by a fiendish malignity, a love of notoriety and the expectation of extorting money by blackmail." Surely anyone who could wage such a prolonged fight in the case of constant defeat, must have derived a certain pleasure from the long struggle. The source of his income is not known, but he needed a steady supply of money to support his many lawsuits, even if he operated on a "pay as you sue" basis.

Before the end of the affair, the embattled owner had brought suits against a newspaper, several grand juries, steamship agents, attorneys, two or three judges (including two on the Supreme Court), district attorneys, and even court clerks.

It all started in California in 1854 when a Frenchman, Alfred Moulin, shipped several sacks of onions and potatoes from San Francisco to Panama on a mail steamer. During the voyage the ship ran out of fresh provisions, and the captain appropriated the onions and potatoes for use in the dining room. Since, in those days, the scourge of long ocean journeys was scurvy, the captain acted very sensibly—or so he thought, assuming that he had commandeered just plain, ordinary onions and potatoes. He soon learned differently.

WHEN the steamer returned to San Francisco, the curtain went up on the first act of the melodrama. The scene was the office of the steamship company which owned the fateful vessel.

The agents, Messrs. Forbes and Babcock, readily admitted Moulin's claim and offered what they considered full compensation, basing the amount, no doubt, on the current market value of such vegetables.

"What about two or three hundred dollars?" asked Mr Forbes.

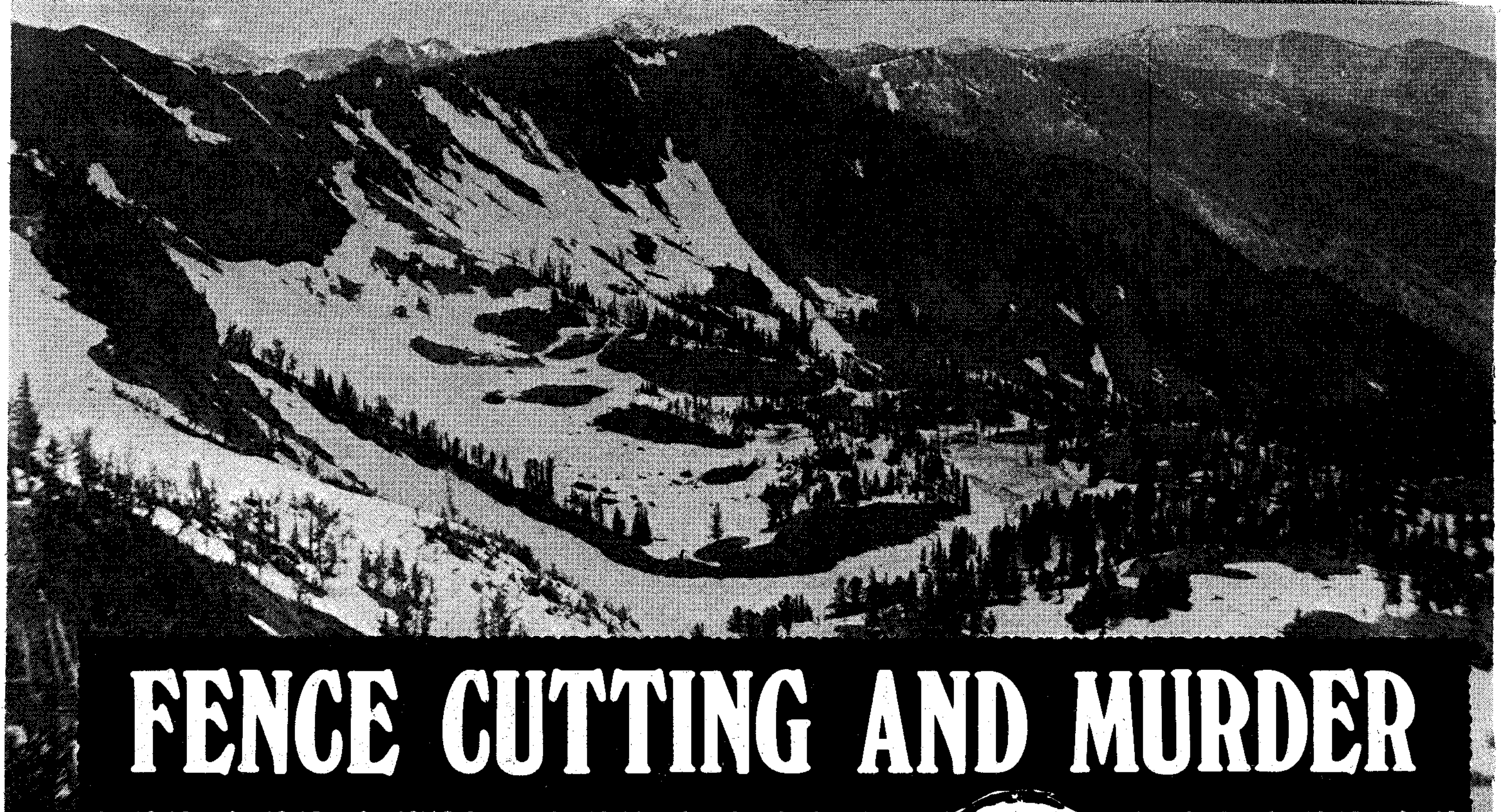
"Not on your life," was Moulin's indignant reply. "It is more like two or three thousand."

Upon being refused such an outrageous sum, Moulin promptly threatened the agents with physical violence—a threat he repeated from time to time over the next two or three years until the agents, in desperation, had Moulin placed under a peace bond.

A little thing like a peace bond did not prevent Alfred Moulin from continued harassment of the agents, even after they advised him to obtain a lawyer and start suit.

"Who needs a lawyer?" demanded the

(Continued on page 35)



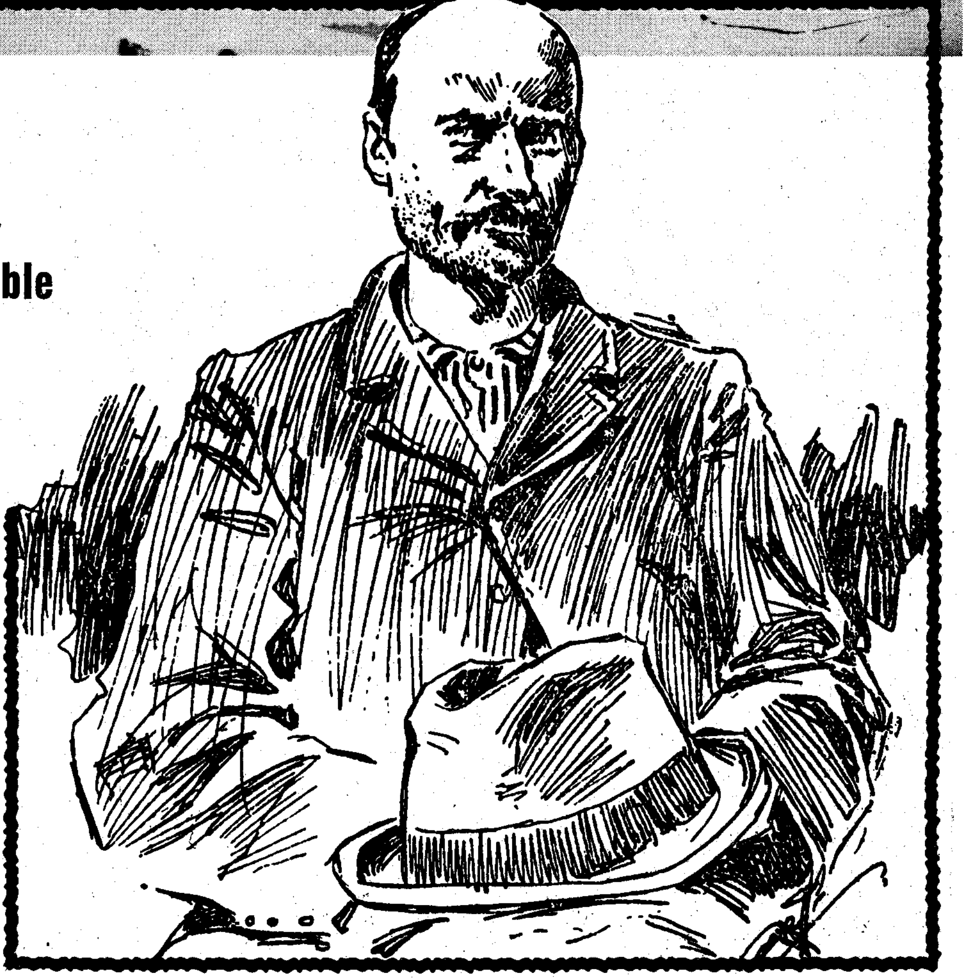
FENCE CUTTING AND MURDER

Wesley Andrews photo Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

When a man's property was all he had, the defense of a boundary was virtually interchangeable with defense of self...

BY LARRY WARREN

Photos Courtesy Author



Above: This sketch of Kelsay Porter was made by an artist of the Morning *Oregonian* of Portland, one of the Pacific Northwest's leading newspapers. Top: General view of rugged Pine Valley, where the tragedy occurred.

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to imagine a more lonely region than Pine Valley, Oregon, in the 1890s. Situated in the panhandle of southeastern Union County, it was hemmed in by barren hills and had no link with the outside world except a wagon road to Baker City, some thirty miles to the west.

There were several villages closer by, of course, but these were hardly more than outposts where farmers could trade. The nearest was the hamlet of Pine and, farther west, the once prosperous community of Sparta, whose gold mines had yielded millions of dollars in past decades. By the nineties, however, the output had virtually fizzled out and Sparta's population had dwindled to sixty.

One might wonder why anybody would choose such a remote area as a place to farm, what with all the more desirable locations in the county, including the fertile Grande Ronde Valley to the northwest where general crop failures were unknown and where "civilization" could be enjoyed in such towns as Union City, the county seat; and La Grande, center of the thriving Blue Mountain country. But some people prefer isolation, and it was apparently for this reason that Kelsay Porter took up farming on Pine Creek, a tributary of the Snake River to the east.

A native of Indiana, Porter migrated to Pine Valley sometime in the 1880s. He was rather shy, keeping to himself most of the time, but he was always ready to help a neighbor and was liked by the other settlers of this out-of-the-way community.

Only when the Mache family took over the farm next to his, did the 46-year-old bachelor's peaceful existence cease. Trouble started brewing in the winter of 1895. The Mache family consisted of Benjamin and Mary, both middle-aged, and their seventeen-year-old son, Benjamin, Junior. Some years before coming to Pine Valley, the parents had operated a hotel at Telocaset, a small town to the northwest.

THE FIRST INKLING of difficulty between Porter and the Maches came when word spread around the valley that they had argued over a cow and that Porter had forbidden the Maches to use his field as a road to and from their place.

Since there was no other convenient route, the Maches continued to drive their rigs or ride horseback across Porter's property, whereupon the slightly-built, bearded bachelor nailed up his fence to keep them out. This failed to do the trick, though, as the Maches pulled off the bars, threw down the fence, and went on their way.

Porter complained to Justice of the Peace Compton in Pine about the trespassing, and wanted the Maches prosecuted. Compton advised him that nothing could be done.

The situation grew more serious a short time later when young Benjamin Mache and his pal, "Six-Shooter Bill" Rockwood, who had served a term in the Oregon State Penitentiary for horse-stealing, chased Porter through his own field, firing pistol shots in his direction. After Porter reached the safety of his cabin, the two youths went to the barn and took his harness.

Such harassment was apparently done for the purpose of either driving Porter off his land or forcing him to allow the Maches to resume using his field as a road.

It may be difficult for many people of this day to understand the reasoning of pioneers to whom property rights were supreme. A man's property was all he had in the struggle for survival in a frontier environment, and when his property was in danger he took whatever means he could to protect it.

A person might ask why, under the circumstances, Porter failed to take further steps to have his dilemma solved by law. One can only conclude that having been discouraged by the local justice of the peace, the only authority available, Porter must have felt it would be useless to depend on legal help. The district attorney and the sheriff were fifty miles away in the courthouse at Union City—too far to be concerned with trouble between a couple of farmers.

And so, on the cold, clear afternoon of January 1, 1896, Porter rode his horse through the snow to Justice of the Peace Compton's home in Pine with news that became a sensation not only in the county but throughout the entire state.

Porter seemed greatly upset. "The Maches are all dead," he said. "They came onto my property again today. I'd nailed up the fence, but they cut it down and drove through. Mache and his wife were in a sleigh and the boy was riding a horse.

"I was shoveling snow off the roof of the shed next to the barn and I called to Mache and told him to put the fence back up and keep off my place. He stopped the sleigh and yelled, 'You lie! This is a public highway. If you fence it up again, we'll kill you!' Then he drove on.

"Then the boy rode up on his horse. He drew a pistol and fired three times at me. He barely missed my head."

Porter then ran to his cabin, he said, got a Winchester repeating rifle he had borrowed from a neighbor for self-defense, and fired several times at young Mache. One bullet dropped him to the ground and sent his horse galloping away.

The gunfire also startled the two horses pulling the sleigh and they bolted toward Pine Creek, but a bullet had struck one of them and the sleigh stopped at the edge of the creek as the wounded animal fell dead. Mache's body rolled off the sleigh and into the creek, and his wife's body remained in the sleigh, Porter said.

"I knew they were all dead," he went on. "I didn't mean to shoot Mache and his wife. I meant all the bullets for the boy. He wanted to kill me and I had to kill him first. I'm sorry about his parents."

FOLLOWING the recital of the triple slaying, Justice Compton accompanied Porter back to Pine Valley, obtained the help of several neighbors and proceeded to the scene of the shootings. By now it was nearly midnight and the party carried lanterns. They found young Mache's body nearly 300 feet from Porter's barn, a .44-caliber Colt revolver on the ground nearby. Several of the chambers contained empty shells.

Another hundred feet away, at the edge of Pine Creek, was the sleigh with one horse dead on the ground and the other still hitched up. Mrs. Mache's body was in the sleigh, and a short time later the men recovered her dead husband from the creek.

The three victims were taken to Porter's cabin pending the inquest, and Porter moved in temporarily with friends. Young Mache's horse was found at the Mache farm the following morning.

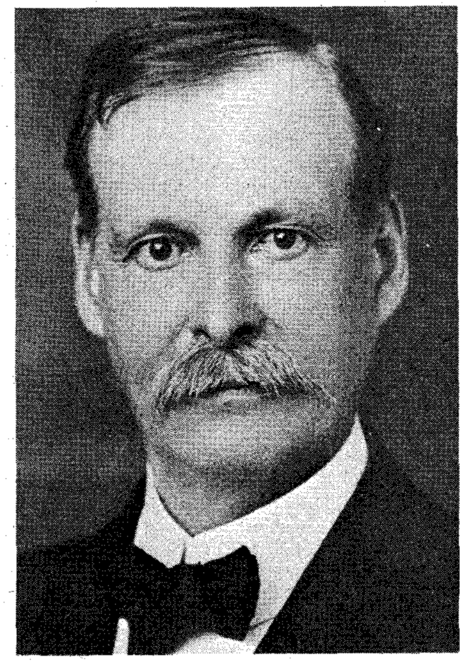
When Sheriff J.F. Phy received word at Union City of the triple homicide he assigned Deputy J. H. McLachlin to accompany Dr. E.R. Lang, the county coroner, to Pine Valley and assist in the inquest. In talking with the neighbors, McLachlin learned that Porter was well regarded by all the valley settlers and had their complete sympathy. Young Ben Mache certainly deserved what he got, was the universal opinion, and it was unfortunate that his parents were accidentally killed in the crossfire. Everyone seemed certain that Porter, the mild-mannered bachelor, would not be blamed for the deaths—that the inquest would result in a decision of justifiable homicide.

However, after thoroughly examining the victims and gathering other information with Deputy McLachlin's help, Dr.

Union City, Oregon in the early days.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

District Attorney John L. Rand



Circuit Judge Robert Eakin

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Governor W. P. Lord

Lang stunned the valley folks by ordering that Porter be held for a preliminary hearing before Justice Compton at Pine. The settlers were further shocked when Compton bound Porter over to the grand jury on three counts of homicide.

Porter was taken to the county jail in Union and on February 4 was indicted on three charges of first-degree murder. The citizens of Pine Valley could hardly believe what was happening. Didn't a man have the right to protect his property or even his life? They vowed to do everything possible to prevent what they believed to be a gross miscarriage of justice. Their first move was to raise $100 for his defense and obtain the services of two of the most prominent lawyers in the county, J.M. Carroll and Charles E. Cochran, to oppose District Attorney John L. Rand and his deputy, T.H. Crawford, the prosecutors.

Days before Porter's trial began, Union City's normal population of some 800 began swelling through the influx of persons from all over the county, since the triple homicide had proved to be the sensation of the decade in that region. Pine Valley and nearby communities were well represented by supporters of Kelsay Porter, the first man in the county's history to go on trial for his life.

HAVING BEEN INDICTED on three charges of first-degree murder, Porter went on trial on Wednesday, February 12, for the killing of Benjamin Mache, Senior. The courtroom and corridors were packed by spectators, as well as reporters from many parts of the state, including Portland, nearly 300 miles to the west.

According to one newspaper account of the proceedings, "Porter has had his beard nicely trimmed, dresses neatly, and presents a dignified and reserved appearance as he sits before the tribunal that is to try him for his life."

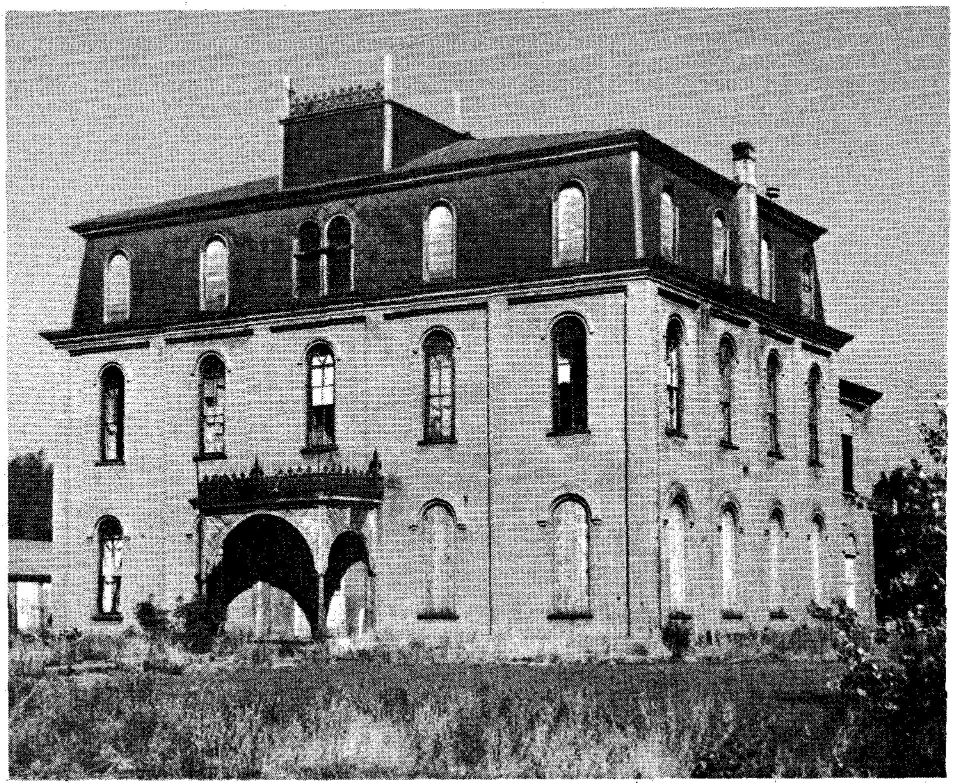
It seems safe to assume that the all-male jury was quite sympathetic toward him as defense witnesses from Pine Valley testified to the events leading up to the killings. A settler named Hunsacker said he stayed at the Mache home on the night of December 24 (eight days before the shootings) and that the elder Mache told him of the trouble he had with Porter over a cow, leading to Porter's forbidding his neighbors to enter his property. Mache told Hunsacker he was going through Porter's field and that Porter couldn't stop him. Mache also asked Hunsacker to stay and go up to Porter's with them, as they expected to have a "bunch of high life."

Thomas Ludiker testified that the Maches had asked him in December to help them build a road around Porter's place, as Porter had forbidden them access. The elder Mache said they would go through Porter's place until the new road was finished, and if Porter wanted any "gun play" he would get what he wanted. Mache said he was as handy with a gun as Porter was.

Dan Tarter testified that young Mache and Six-Shooter Bill Rockwood told him Porter had accused them of taking his harness and that if Porter did not stop talking they would "do him up."

An attempt was made by the defense attorneys to tie Rockwood into the tragedy, claiming he was on the Porter premises on the morning of the shootings,

The Union City Courthouse where the case was tried.



Robert L. Hacker photo Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Taken some years after the trial Main Street in Union City had changed very little.

armed with a rifle, but the evidence was not admitted by Judge Robert Eakin.

Several neighbors testified that the elder Mache, while hauling wood from the vicinity of Porter's place, would sit on a stump with a pistol, expecting Porter to slip up on him with a rifle.

When Porter took the stand in his own defense, he repeated what he had originally told Justice of the Peace Compton—that he had been shoveling snow from the roof of a shed adjoining the barn when the Maches cut down his fence and came onto his property; that when he protested to Mr. Mache, the boy had fired several pistol shots at him.

"I'd been afraid for two weeks the Maches would kill me," Porter declared. "That's why I borrowed the rifle. I ran to my cabin and got it. I shot at the boy . . . I don't know how many times. He fell off the horse. The bullets that missed him must've hit his parents."

The jurors and spectators seemed favorably impressed by the story told by the slight, inoffensive-looking defendant. It appeared to be the consensus that District Attorney Rand was foolish for even bringing Porter to trial. Was it not a clear case of "kill or be killed"?

Since Porter was the only eye-witness to the killings, his account seemed unassailable. But as the physical evidence was unveiled by the prosecution, the spectators looked on in astonishment, hardly believing what they were hearing.

Porter had testified that after being shot at by young Mache he jumped from the roof of the shed, ran to his cabin for the rifle, and then fired at the boy, accidentally hitting the parents. But George Lampman, one of the neighbors who assisted Justice Compton examine the murder scene that night, testified that evidence showed Porter had removed only a few shovelfuls of snow at one corner of the shed's roof, that he had sat on the roof in the snow, that there was a place in the snow where he had set his gun down, and that there were also footprints showing he had walked back and forth. From the roof of the shed, the route the Maches usually took across the field was plainly visible. Lampman said he found two empty shells on the roof of the shed and one on the ground where it apparently had rolled off.

Coroner Lang testified that in addition to a bullet hole in the elder Mache's body, there was a fracture in his skull, as though made with a blunt instrument.

Deputy Sheriff McLachlin testified there were tracks in the snow tending to show that the defendant had followed the sleigh down to the creek. Several empty shells were found there. McLachlin said also that one bullet had entered the sleigh from an angle slightly from the front and from the opposite side of the sleigh from which the defendant stood while it was passing the barn.

In other words, circumstantial evidence indicated that after shooting the boy from the shed roof, Porter had followed the sleigh down to the creek and killed the parents, although he had testified that when the couple drove away he knew they were dead, but he had given no explanation for this assumption.

THE CASE went to the jurors at 10 o'clock Saturday night, February 15. Early on Sunday morning they asked Judge Eakin for further instruction, indicating a deadlock. Then at 9 o'clock, after having deliberated a total of eleven hours, they announced they were ready to report. Court was convened and the prisoner brought in. Judge Eakin read the verdict: "We find the defendant guilty as charged in the indictment, viz., murder in the first degree."

What happened next was described by one reporter thusly: "Porter was little affected by the verdict, strange as it may seem. Ordinarily such a verdict coming to one who at all times justified his acts and entertained the highest hopes of being vindicated by the law would have been such a crushing blow that he could not have concealed the agony of his mind and conscience. In his stoic-like attitude, the prisoner was led back to the county bastille and not until he reached his cell did he show any sign of weakening. On arriving there, he dropped suddenly on the couch for a moment, holding a handkerchief to his eyes and burying his face in his hands, appearing to be contemplating the awful and hopeless condition in which his rash acts had placed him. He soon arose and as if forgetting all his troubles went to the table and ate one of the heartiest dinners the attendants had ever seen a man down."

Later in the day Porter and his attorneys consulted and decided that on the coming Thursday, the date set for sentencing, they would ask the court to grant

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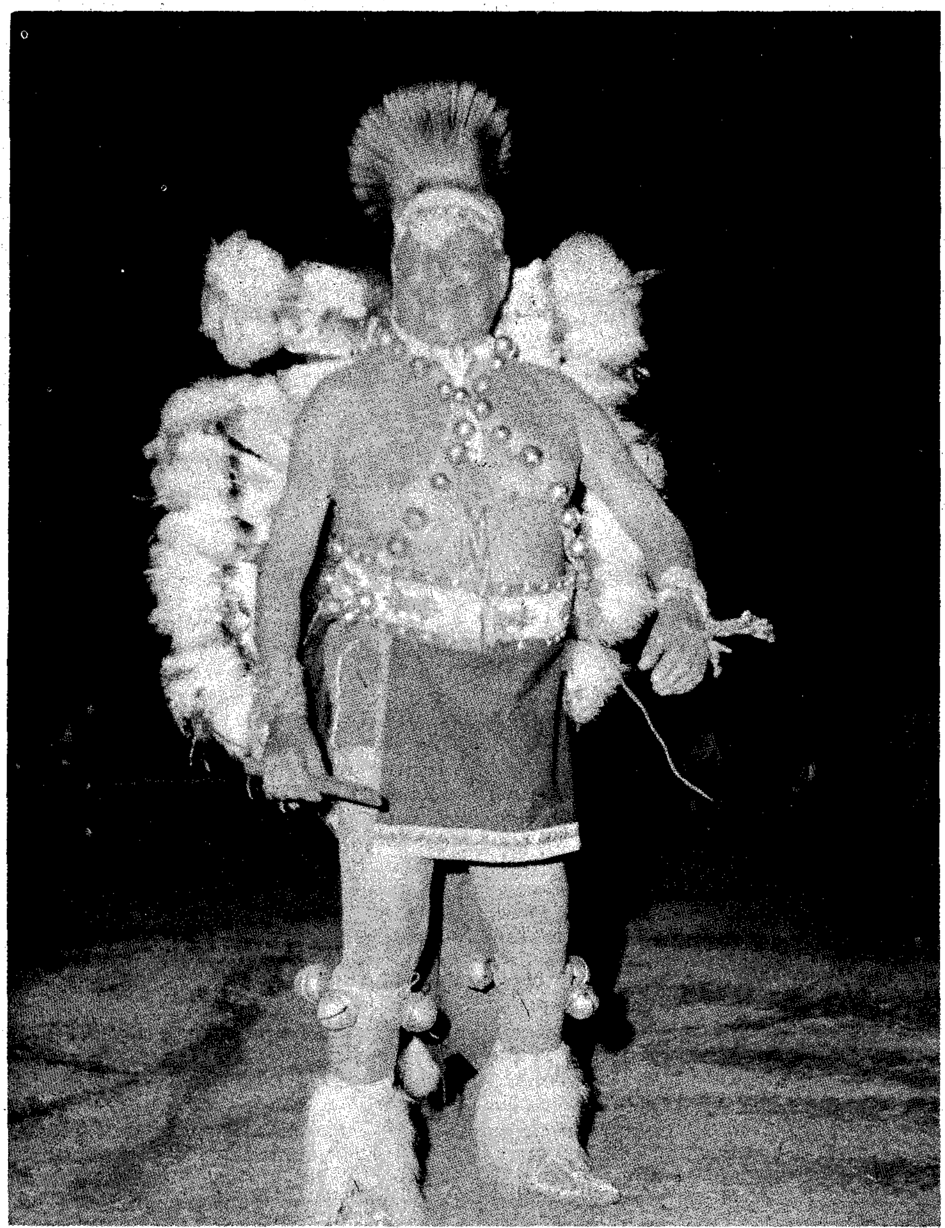
WORLD CHAMPION WAR DANCER

—the Poncas' "forever and ever" Gus Hurley McDonald

BY PAT REDMOND

Photos Courtesy Author



Left: Gus McDonald pauses for a grandstand ovation at the annual Ponca Powwow a few years before his death.

WHEN the annual Ponca Indian Powwow at White Eagle, Oklahoma was held last August, almost a half century of tradition rose like a ghost over the cottonwoods along the Salt Fork River. In brush arbors and in raised tepees young men carefully painted their faces, checked feather headdresses and tightened bells at their ankles as they prepared for the World Championship Fancy War Dancing title.

This annual powwow commemorates the removal of the Poncas from Nebraska to Oklahoma and is highlighted by the Fancy War Dancing title that a young Ponca won in 1926, along with the right of his tribe to host the annual contest "forever and ever."

Augustus (Gus) Hurley McDonald was born August 14, 1898 on the Ponca Indian Reservation in Oklahoma and at the age of three began a dancing career that was to take him before American presidents; European royalty, and the very rich patrons of New York supper clubs.

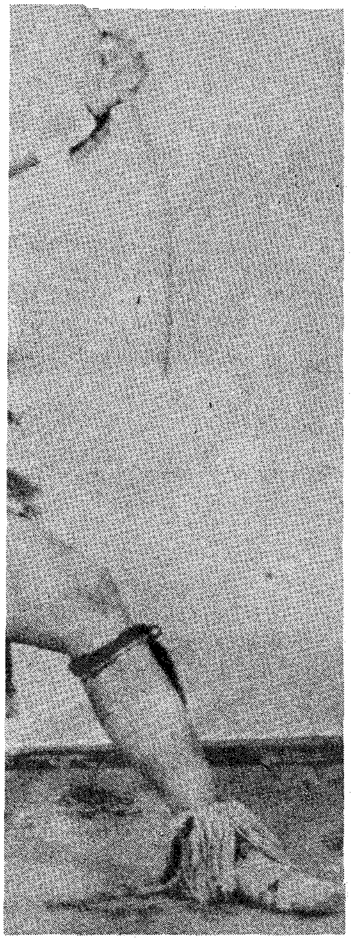
As the son of full-blood Poncas, Julie Fast Walker and Charles McDonald, Gus first danced in the tribal giveaways, a ceremony honoring various members with gifts of horses, blankets and food. The youngster's enthusiasm caught the eye of White Eagle, the last hereditary chief of the Poncas, and he was soon taken to Nebraska as White Eagle's guest to dance for the tribe's northern band.

In 1905, at the age of seven, Gus began attending the Ponca Indian Industrial School on the reservation where he sat stiff-backed and with a clean-shaven head, and learned to read and write. He later entered a public school at Rein near the reservation, riding his horse to and from school each day.

During these childhood days Gus continued to participate in tribal dances, perfecting his timing and learning the ancient legends of his people. When he was eleven years old he took part in the last Sun Dance ceremony of the tribe. There, rawhide thongs ripped through his chest as he danced around the tribal pole in search of a vision during three days of gazing into the sun without food or water.

The seemingly barbaric ritual of the Sun Dance was outlawed by the Federal government at the time Plains Indians were being introduced to methods of farming and ranching. With the old culture swept away and a new way of life emerging, Gus' father arranged for him to attend Haskell Institute at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, along with several other Ponca youths. At Carlisle, Gus was issued clothing and shoes that didn't fit him. Often he went barefoot even in Pennsylvania's harsh winter.

After overcoming a severe ear infection, Gus and his boyhood friend, David Eagle, became the first Indian Boy Scouts of America. This was in 1913. His first scoutmaster was Red Fox James. And Gus, like many other Indian youths, went out for a variety of sports, including football. But Glenn (Pop) Warner found



Above: Round dancing, with McDonald in center foreground. Left: There is no date on this earlier photo of him.

Gus too small for the team, and he was relegated to the sidelines with a sliding trombone in the school band.

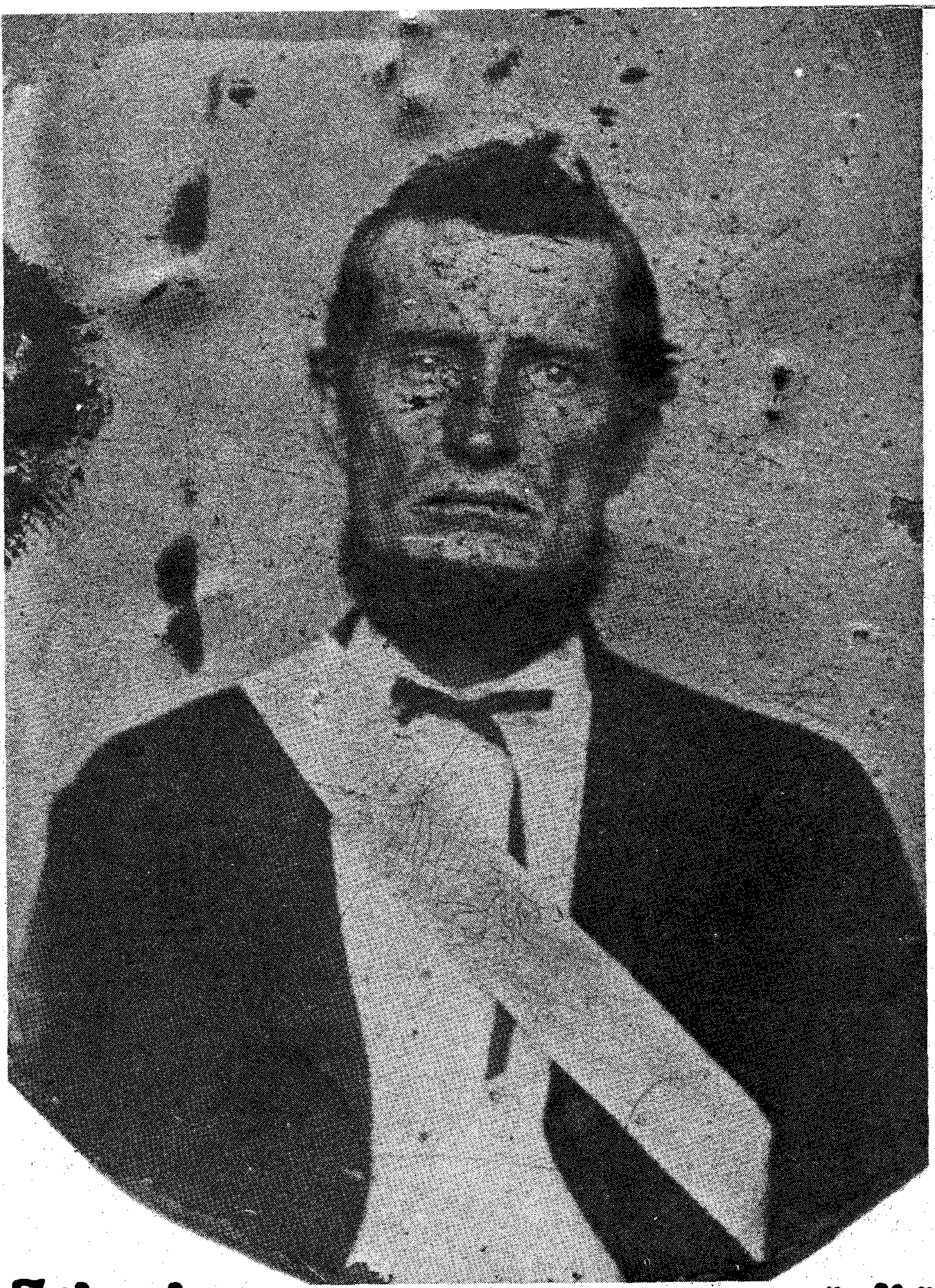
Unhappy and discouraged, the small Ponca was urged to try painting. His instructors nicknamed him "Dutch" and handed him a set of brushes and oils. Though Gus apeared to have some talent he never had the desire to become a great artist, preferring to spend his spare time dancing.

The cold, damp climate finally took its toll and again he ended up in the hospital. When he seemed on the road to recovery his father sent $200 of his lease money and urged his son to return to the Ponca Reservation.

"WHEN I got back, my parents were waiting at the train depot. The first thing they wanted to do was to take me to the Indian camp and reacquaint me with the old traditions. I got my feathers out and went 'back to the blanket'."

In honor of Gus' return, his parents held a big feast and giveaway early in 1917. "My folks gave away horse blankets, food and other things to the people. They gave away everything and I was made a life member of the Hluska Society, which carried with it the right to dance anywhere and at any powwow." The Hluska Society is an organization of fighters and dancers.

(Continued on page 56)



Left: George Culver Tennille, from the original tintype, size 1¾" X 2¾". It was taken shortly before his death and is published for the first time.

It's said the swirling edges are more dangerous than the eye of the storm. Certainly George Tennille contributed little to the Taylor-Sutton feud except to raise the final tally of the dead.

FORGOTTEN FEUDIST

BY CHUCK PARSONS

Photos Courtesy Author

GEORGE CULVER TENNILLE [also recorded as Tennelle] gained little fame or notoriety during the violent years of the Taylor-Sutton feud in Texas. Wes Hardin, Jim Taylor, Bill Sutton, Jack Helm—all derived a certain degree of immortality in "feud literature" because of their deeds. Tennille did not. He was present during the bloodshed, but he kept in the background, perhaps acting more as an advisor than a gunfighting participant.

He should not be forgotten, however, for he died violently because his kin were allied to the Taylor family when it was almost an impossibility to remain or even act neutral. Numerous others met that same fate during the feuds which plagued Texas during Reconstruction.

Little is known of Tennille's early years. He was born in Sabine County, Missouri on December 29, 1825, when that part of the country was still the frontier. The family, Tennille, Sr. and his wife Sarah Ross Tennille, immigrated to Texas with Stephen F. Austin's third colony in 1826. Twenty years later George Jr. married Annastatia Brown, but the marriage was short-lived. On July 7, 1853 he married Amanda Jane Billings.

Tennille had a better education than most of his contemporaries, and obtained a license to practice law. He taught Amanda to read and write. Apparently his father died about the time of the second marriage, and his land passed to his son. An early record shows George, Jr. deeding 326 acres located on the north side of the Rocky, a branch of the Sandies River [Sandy Creek], to Andreas Duderstadt for $407.50. The deed was recorded February 27, 1858.

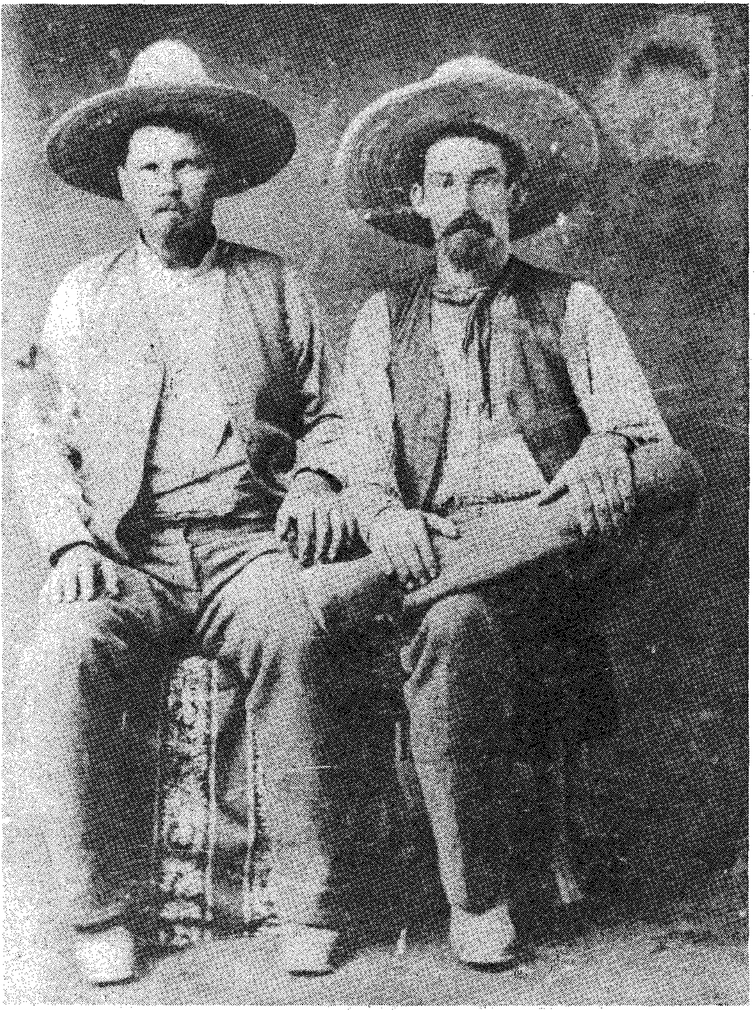
This deeding of land brought two frontier families together; a daughter of George Tennille, Jr., Henrietta, would marry years later a son of Andreas Duderstadt, Fred.

The Civil War forced all able-bodied men to change their plans. Tennille enlisted in the 2nd Regiment of the Texas Infantry, under Colonel J. C. Moore and Captain G. W. Fly for the duration of the war. Private Tennille received a furlough to visit home in January 1862. Confederate records in the National Archives reveal he deserted January 20, at Houston, and was still "absent without leave" in February. Why this misunderstanding took place is learned from additional documents in the file. It was a case of inadequate communication.

Tennille had broken a leg in 1846. For many years he was unable to walk for any length of time or much distance. When he enlisted he received assurance that he could be transferred to the cavalry since he was unable to drill but little. The arrangement was that if he, Tennille, could get two able-bodied recruits to replace him, his transfer to the cavalry would automatically follow. With this in mind Tennille returned home.

At a cost of $100 he provided two young men to take his place and mailed their oaths, with his transfer request, to Captain Fly. Tennille's furlough expired before he received a reply, and since he had not returned to camp he was listed as a deserter.

Above: Amanda Jane Billings Tennille, second wife of George Tennille.



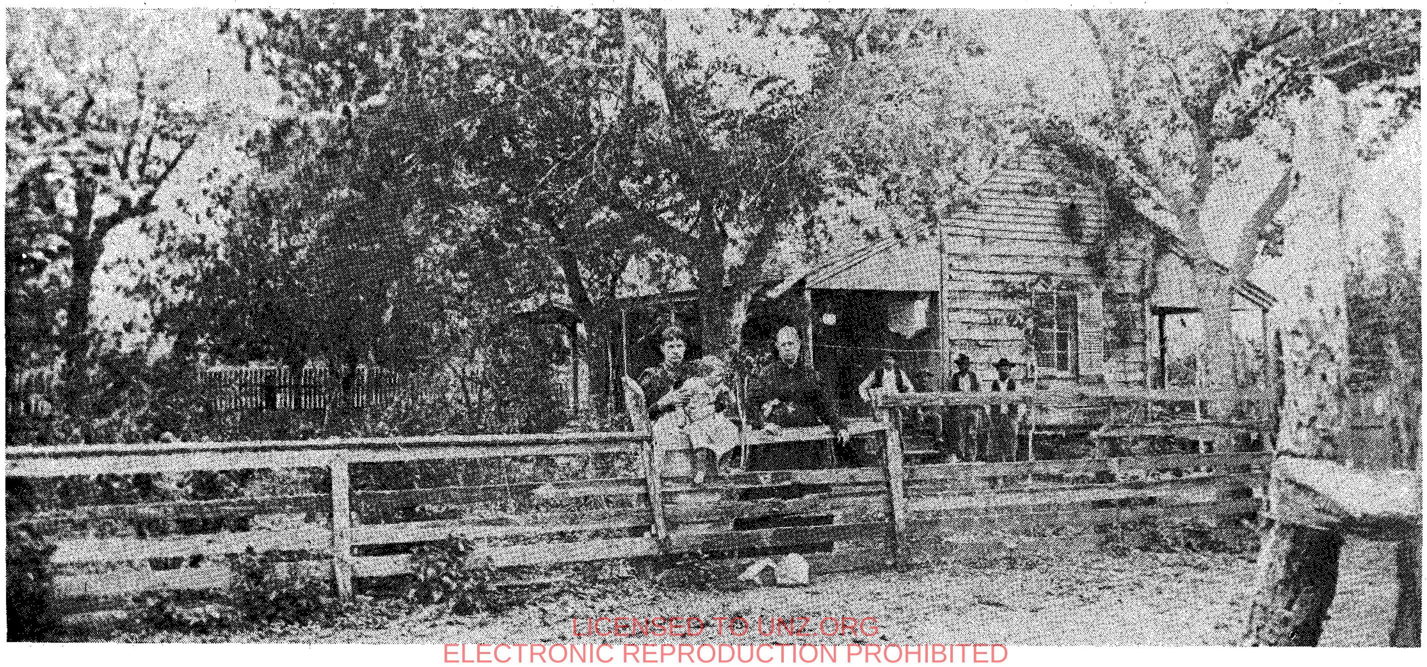
Right: Fred Duderstadt (left) and Tom Tennille, son-in-law and son of George Tennille. This photo was probably taken during the middle 1870s.

Tennille was arrested and confined at Camp San Antonio, along with a Private Simpson. Three letters are on file, two dated May 23, 1862, the third undated, explaining the details of why he was absent without permission. The letters were written by E. F. Gray, T. N. Waul, and S. N. Conley. Just how this misunderstanding was worked out is not recorded. Whether he was transferred to the cavalry, or remained in the infantry, or what action he did see in the war is not known.

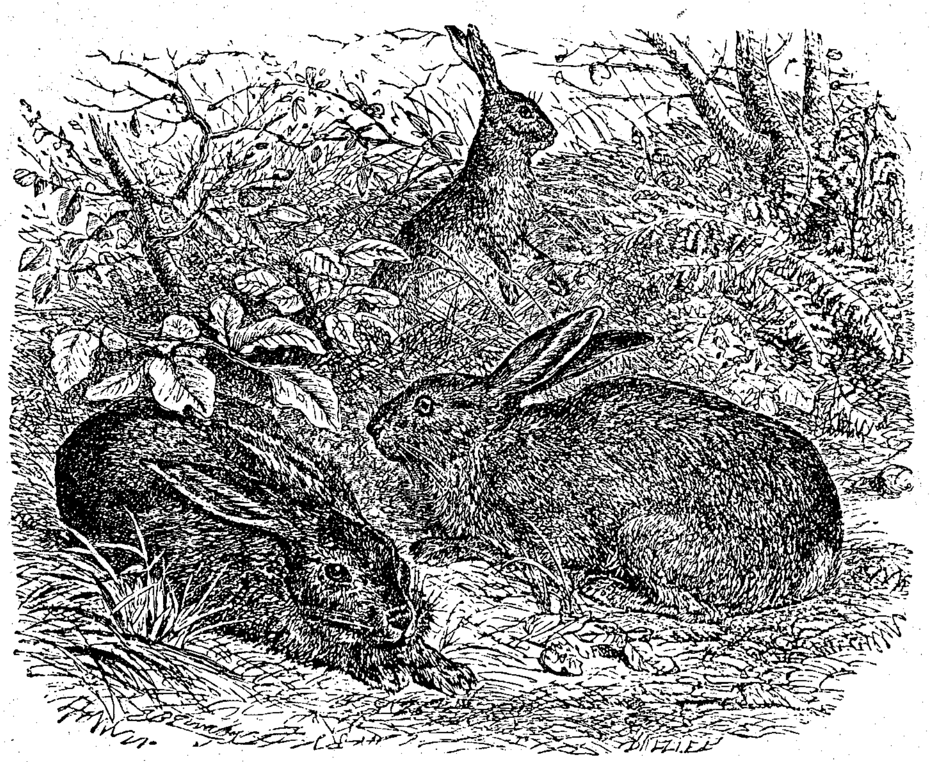
AFTER THE Civil War ended, Texas was to suffer through long years of political, economic, and social turmoil. Much of the state was still in a frontier condition. A great deal of racial and political animosity prevailed throughout. Under Governor Edmund J. Davis a bill creating a State Police Force was passed on July 1, 1870. Its purpose was to quell lawlessness but the Force was never accepted by the majority of Texans, partly because many of the policemen were black.

(Continued on page 44)

The home built by George Tennille in Gonzales County, Texas, as it appeared some years after his death. Left to right, foreground: Henrietta Tennille Duderstadt, his daughter, holding her son John; Amanda Tennille Bockius. By the house: Fred Duderstadt and James Monroe Bockius, seated; and two unidentified men. The photo was probably taken around 1895.



NUGGETS



YEAR OF THE JACKRABBIT

By Mela Meisner Lindsay

BY THE FALL of 1911 jackrabbits numbered literally in the hundreds of thousands in Western Kansas.

Everywhere one looked there were jacks loping easily along, devouring every green blade and stem available. They moved like a grey wall across the wheat fields, the oats, the millet. They fed in the pasture alongside the livestock as if they belonged there. They devastated the garden plots. They lined the corn cribs in farm yards, boldly gnawing the few ears left from last year's crop. Nothing could keep them out.

That autumn sorghum and corn stalks in the field looked like skinned saplings, shorn of all foliage as far up as the lanky jackrabbit could reach standing on its hind legs.

In desperation, our WaKeeney, Trego County farmers organized a series of rabbit drives. When they were over, 120,000 jackrabbits had been killed in that county alone. A five-cent bounty was paid for each pair of ears, as reported by *Western Kansas World.*

I was ten years old at the time, and I remember it well. There was great excitement on the day the wagons, carrying whole families, gathered on the hill just beyond our pasture for the first of the roundups Father had organized. Even the jackrabbits, who had grown uncommonly bold and lazy at this stage, bounded crazily over the prairie—dogs yipping at their heels.

In our yard there was last minute hustle. My sisters and I (our little brother was too young to help) gathered what few tin cans and leaking milk pails we could find and placed them with a wreath of wire, wire snippers, and clubs Father had put in the wagon bed. He said we girls were needed for the drive.

Father had greased the axles and tightened the iron rims on the wheels the day before; the ride would be rough. Then, with horses hitched to the wagon and waiting, Father brought his gun and we rumbled out of the yard, dust trailing behind us.

Everywhere the roads were filled with people congregating for the drive. They came by wagon, surrey, top buggy, and on horseback—and most of them were shouting and singing at the tops of their voices. Some played mouth harps. One bewhiskered fellow brought a concertina and played a lively tune before the "opening shots" were fired.

Just to get the vehicles lined up in a mammoth half-moon on the hillside was a major operation. Men on horseback rode out to meet the on-coming wagons, shouting orders: "Turn right! Turn left! Keep the sides even, fellows! Hey there! Spread out!"

Other men, closer in, directed the even-spacing of the wagons. Still others quickly looped long strands of wire from wagon to wagon. On the wire jangled tin cans, old milk buckets, and dashed-in tea kettles. The use of wire had a two-fold purpose. First, it enabled the chain of various types of vehicles to stretch out farther, covering more territory. Secondly, it was meant to brush over the clumps of grass, clanging the tin cans and thereby herding the startled jacks into the center arena.

WHEN all was in readiness, the men pointed their guns in the air and pulled the triggers. The loud staccato of bursting shells crackled across the land. The rabbit drive was on!

A mile-long semi-circle of wagons moved forward, gradually closing the gap as it went. The center arena soon swarmed with frightened rabbits. Some coyotes were among them.

At first, young farm boys on horseback showed great sportsmanship. They gave all animals escaping the stronghold a fighting chance. The frenzied jacks were making ten-foot bounds, and some zigzagged to safety.

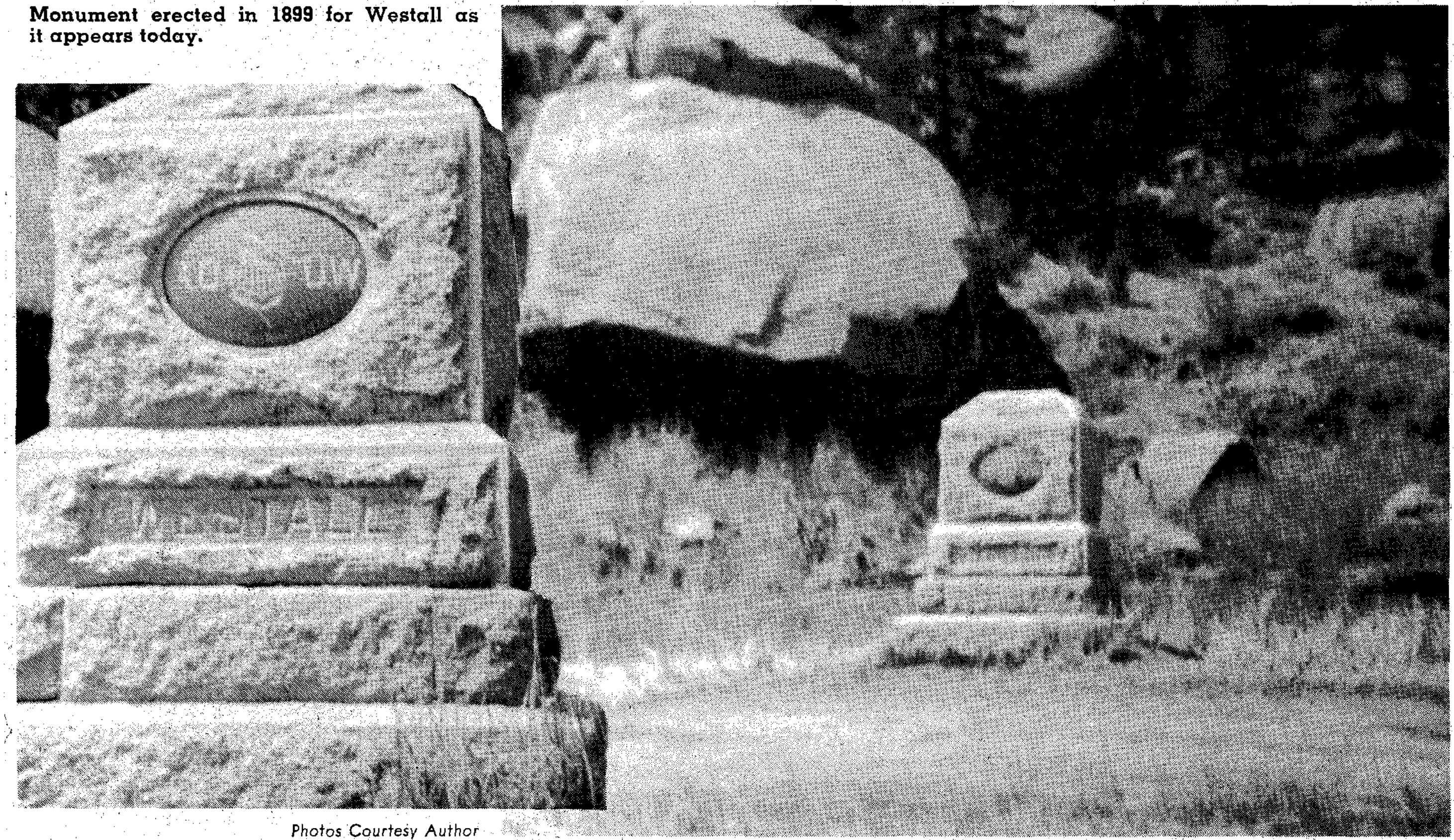
Even though the beginning of the rabbit drive had its moments of excitement for us youngsters—what with the loud sound of guns, laughter, and songs—the actual business of the round-up grew more and more sordid. Men with all manner of guns, whether they sat on the seat or were on foot in front of the wagon teams, kept up a constant barrage. They fired into the center where the game was plentiful. Others, armed with clubs, walked behind the wire that was stretched between the wagons, stopping those rabbits that tried to escape. We children had to follow behind and pick up the dead animals and throw them into the wagons.

As the drive became more pressing—the moving wagons narrowing down to a tighter circle—the cornered jacks leaped with a vengeance, striking men full in the chest and knocking them backward to the ground. The din of man, gun, club and animal grew louder and more concentrated with every step forward. Soon the wagons, wire loops removed, scraped axle against axle. Then they came to a standstill. Guns were laid aside, and clubs were used at close range for the last kill.

I, who had gone on the drive gladly, began feeling sick. A great fever raged over my body and washed hot over my face. My breakfast would not stay down. The blood oozing out from under the endgate of the wagon repelled me—I could see it even with my eyes pressed shut. I tried to hold onto the back of the wagon but I let go, and cried: "Papa . . . Papa!"

He heard me over the noise and asked me to scramble to the seat beside him. As I did, the panorama of flogging arms striking blunt wood against crunching bones overwhelmed me.

Monument erected in 1899 for Westall as it appears today.



Photos Courtesy Author

"Oh, Papa," I quavered, "this hurts me."

My father looked at my tear-stained face. "Go home, child," he said kindly. "Go home now."

What happened after the rabbit drive is another horrible memory. Father removed the ears from the rabbits and hung them up against the granary to dry. And we fed rabbit meat to the pigs and chickens. Our dogs, having gorged themselves for weeks on end already, hated the sight of them.

The hogs, on the other hand, went wild from the taste of blood. They squealed like beasts and tried to scale their pens whenever we walked through the yard. It got so dangerous we had to guard the smaller children from going near. In fact, it got to be unsafe for even Father to feed them.

To make an end of it, he took the leftover rabbits and buried them in the field —but not before they had ruined forever our memory of 1911.

"TELL MY WIFE . . ."

By Helen E. Waters

IN THE FOOTHILLS of the Colorado Rockies, near the small settlement of Foxton southwest of Denver, stands a large pink granite monument. On its face are the words, "Charity, Hope and Protection," and a shield with "A O U W." The inscription, "Tell my wife I died thinking of her . . . Westall" piques the imagination.

This monument on the banks of the South Platte River was erected in memory of the engineer on the Colorado and Southern Railroad, South Park Division, which at one time ran along the river. On August 28, 1898, where the monument stands today, William "Billy" Westall gave his life to save the crew and passengers of an excursion train.

Consisting of seven coaches, it was en route home from a mountain outing with some 450 people aboard. Westall, as usual when rounding the bend, lessened speed. But because of the steep grade and the momentum of the train, he was unable to bring the train to a stop when he realized that a summer cloudburst had deposited a quantity of wet sand on the tracks. Westall remained at the throttle, but shouted to his fireman, Joseph Nichols, to jump. Because of his heroism, the train and its passengers were saved.

The engine overturned, pinning Westall in the wreckage. Some twelve hours later he died in Nichols' arms, whispering the words which appear on his memorial—"Buddie, tell my wife I died thinking of her."

The idea of erecting the monument began in Union Lodge No. 61 of the Ancient Order of United Workmen of Denver, with the amount of contributions being limited so that the true purpose of the Order—providing for dependents of deceased members—would not be endangered. It was made of 212 cubic feet of "Platte Cañon granite, the panel in the die being of blue granite, on which are the emblems of A. O. U. W.," and was financed by the Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona brotherhood. It is 10 feet high and weighs around 34,000 pounds.

On Labor Day, September 4, 1899, three excursion trains came from Denver to the Dome Rock location for the unveiling. A male quartet took part in the program.

In the August 27, 1899 issue of the Denver *Times*, a poem by John D. Vaughan appeared as part of a news story giving advance publicity to the event. It was entitled:

WHERE BILLY SIGHED AND SMILED AND DIED
"Tell my wife I died thinking of her"

If the proposed Two Forks Dam becomes a reality, the site of the monument will be inundated. However, Ed Haley of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club said the club would work with Jefferson County to reestablish the monument on the hillside. At one time, Haley said, the club placed a plaque on the stone telling the story of Westall's heroism, but it was demolished by vandalism.

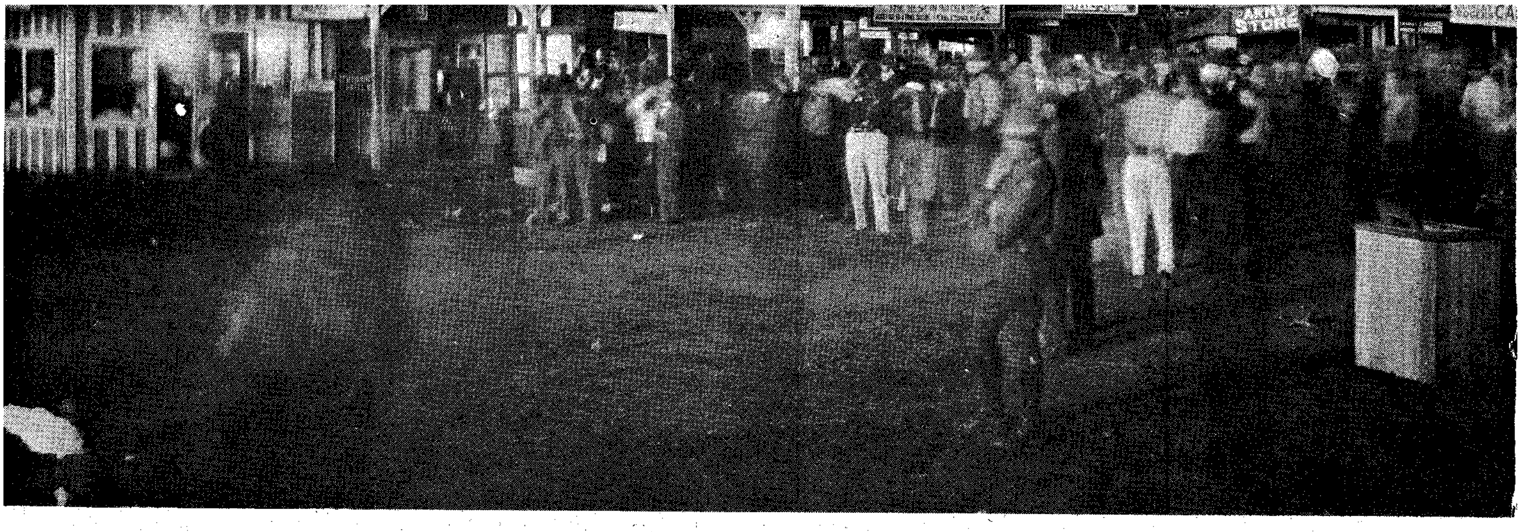
MEDICAL SERVICE AT FORTS MC PHERSON AND ROBINSON

AN important aspect of frontier army life was the medical treatment received by the soldier. Sister Mary Edmund, College of St. Mary, Omaha did a series of studies on the subject and placed them in the Nebraska State Historical Society archives. The following information on the hospital and medical facilities at Fort McPherson and Fort Robinson is based largely on her work.

Fort McPherson had an L-shaped building with one wing measuring 69'x20' and the other 56'x20'. It was painted yellow. It had beds for 24 patients and provided 450 cubic feet of air space per man. Each wing had 18 windows. There was a wash room off the larger ward, and a kitchen and dining room. The Fort McPherson hospital was larger than many post hospitals.

Fort McPherson was active in the In-

(Continued on page 42)



BASIL CLEMONS, ECCENTRIC PHO

BY BETTY ELLIOTT HANNA

Photos Courtesy Author

There are a variety of things a man may choose to come to terms with life— a scepter, a pen, a brush, perhaps a gun— but Clemons preferred a tripod . . .

WHEN gas flares lit up our countryside, oil gushed over the tops of derricks, and men battled mud, fire and constant danger to bring fluid "gold" to the surface, one man was there to capture it all in pictures.

That man was Basil Clemons, a photographer for forty years in Breckenridge, Texas, where the great oil boom days of the early 1920s brought a rush of people similar to the Forty-niner days in California.

Clemons wore ragged clothes, a beard, lived in a hovel, and bathed only when he felt like it. His home and studio were in a little gypsy wagon on wooden wheels where he slept, cooked, ate, and developed his marvelous pictures. By any standards he was eccentric, but he left a heritage of photographs of the oil boom days in that area that is priceless.

Born in East Texas, Clemons took pictures in California and Alaska before returning to Breckenridge where he lived until his death. In Canada Clemons photographed the famed Klondike gold boom and was said to be responsible for bringing the first airplane to that area. He made and developed the first pictures of that northern country by air, and later claimed his near-blindness was a result of too much exposure in the snow-covered land. As a young man he had lived in Los Angeles and Hollywood and there he had photographed and known such famous stars as Mary Pickford and Tom Mix.

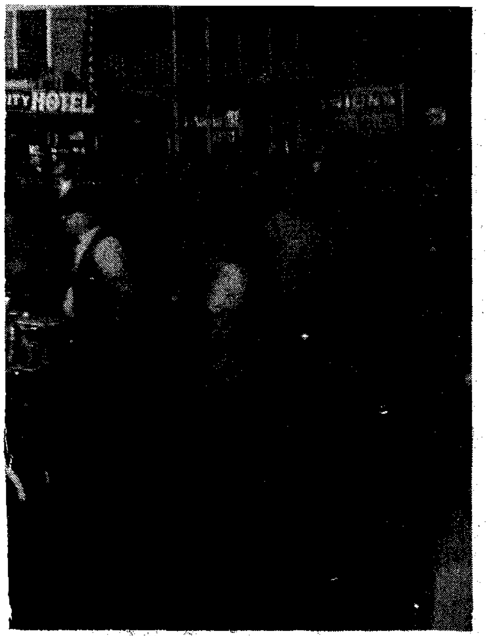
Clemons arrived in Breckenridge in 1919 and began photographing the people, places and events around him. He pioneered photography processes that were revolutionary in his day and time. He made pictures in color; he printed pictures on cloth. He was a genius with a camera but cared nothing for fame or money.

Always dressed in the same rugged jodhpurs above boots laced to the knees, Clemons recorded the city of Breckenridge with its forest of oil derricks. He accumulated one of the most complete photographic records of a town ever made. In addition to the oil scene, he took pictures of picnics, banquets and school affairs, and made magnificent portraits of some of the citizens.

At one time the Kodak company got wind of his process for developing color pictures. They contacted him, offering an impressive sum for his formula. Clemons wrote back that he was not interested and if they wanted the formula they could discover it for themselves. He wanted no one to know his secret.

Clemons would bury his chemicals in jars in the earth. When some of them needed refrigeration he would lower them into a well which he and his friend, young Frank Pellizzari, Jr., had built under a cistern. When mixing a formula, he would add and stir, and then taste until he got the concoction he wanted.

Pellizzari remembers Clemons well. He was a self-appointed "aide" to the photographer, carrying his tripod and equip-



OGRAPHER

ment, and riding along in Clemons' stripped down Model-T.

"I have had lots of flash powder blow up in my face," Pellizzari remembers.

He followed Clemons into precarious positions searching for the perfect site to take a picture. Once they climbed high atop a wooden derrick on a windy day. Pellizzari held on for dear life while handing Clemons the plates and other paraphernalia he needed.

"He was the only photographer I ever knew who would go to the church barefooted to take wedding pictures," Pellizzari said.

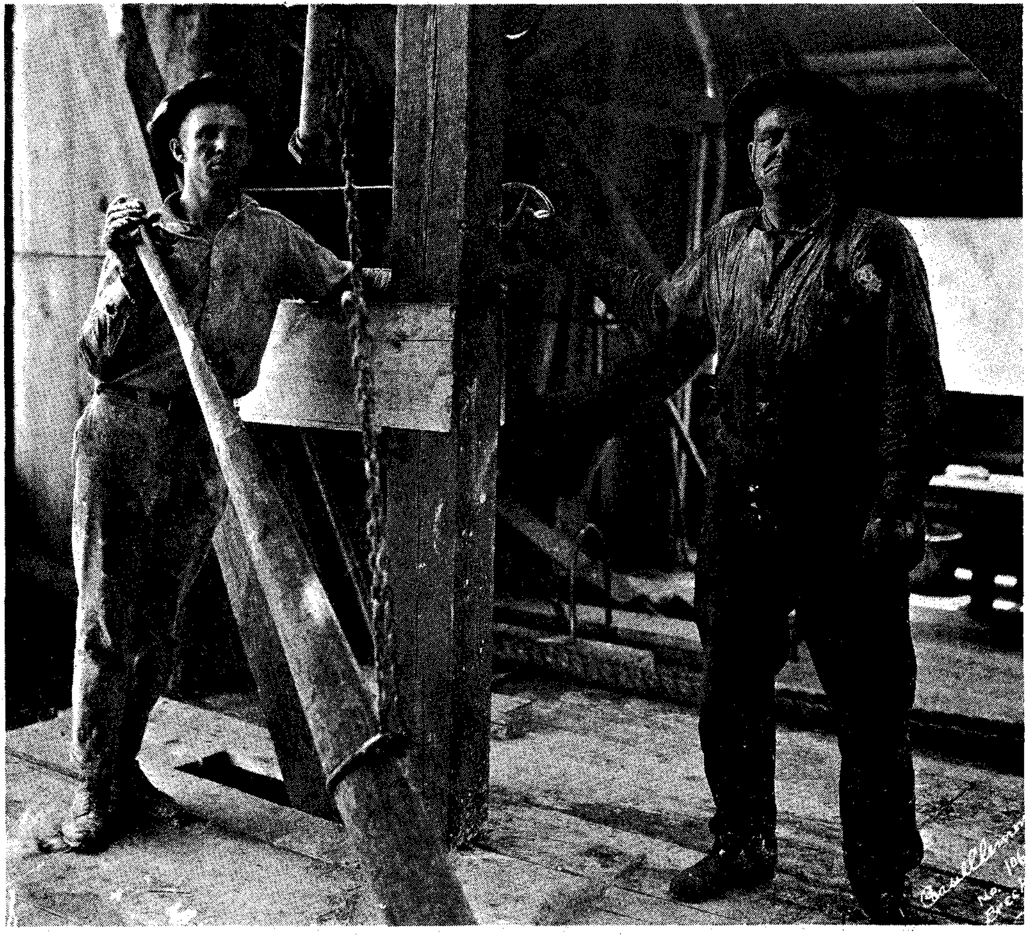
CLEMONS was seemingly oblivious to the impression he made on others. Photography was his life. If he ate, it was possum, turtle, or fish-head stew. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pellizzari, Sr. were his neighbors. She brought him food, and urged him (with little success) to bathe and wear clean clothes occasionally. Living on a small pension, Clemons spent money only for food and wood for his stove, and depended on the Pellizzaris to cash his checks and buy his groceries.

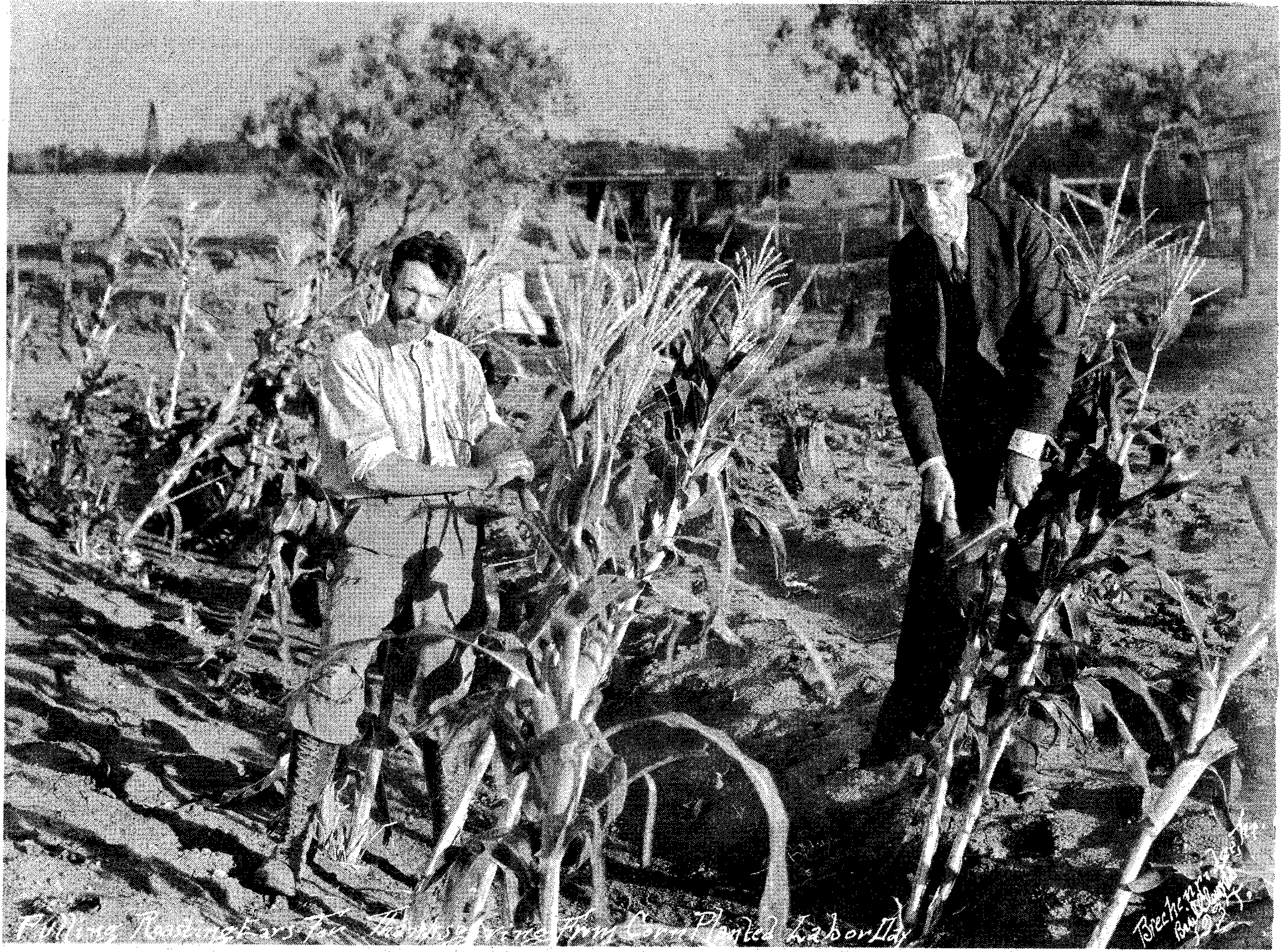
When he first came to Breckenridge the boom had just begun. A sleepy little town strung along a single dirt road, Breckenridge before oil was discovered had a population of 1,500. The few merchants catered to farmers and ranchers who came to town on Saturday and met peaceably in the old red sandstone courthouse. The first oil well was discovered in 1916. A year later two big wells were brought in, and the boom was really on. Prices soared; farmers became millionaires almost overnight; hordes of strangers poured into the county.

Suddenly the peace and quiet of the countryside was drowned in the roar of machinery and men. In one year the population climbed to 30,000 people. In only one *month* of that year 10,000 persons

Above: The 1921 original of this photograph is in color. It is of the fire the spectators are watching at the left.

Left: A scene on Walker Street, Breckenridge, Texas taken April 22, 1921 by moonlight and firelight while the crowds watched a fire that destroyed part of the city. Note the readable signs on the buildings, remembering this picture was made at night fifty-five years ago. Below: Clemons photographed the men and machinery which poured into this oil boom town. Here are two rough drillers or roustabouts in their oil-soaked clothes at work on a rig.




Pulling Roasting Ears For Thanksgiving From Corn Planted Labor Day
Breckenridge Tex.

Basil Clemons, with a beard and wearing his usual ragged jodhpurs and boots, and a friend are pulling roasting ears for Thanksgiving from corn planted Labor Day in this self-photograph at Breckenridge.

arrived in the town. They slept in tents or rented beds by the hour. When one man rolled out, another took his place. At night the town was like mid-day from lights of every description. There were flaming gasoline torches, blinking yellow gas jets, strings of electric lights as haphazardly placed as tinsel. Streamers of dust floated silently upward in the glare.

People had come from every direction, and they were a diverse lot. Drillers, tool dressers, and roustabouts headed for new wells. Drilling contractors, lease men, landmen and oil scouts were sent by their companies. Merchants and vendors, restaurant men and hotel keepers, bootleggers and thugs, lawyers and doctors, prostitutes and thieves—all flocked to Breckenridge in search of wealth from the oil pouring from the earth.

This was the era that Clemons captured—the muddy streets, the heavy machinery, the grimy roughnecks, the derricks looming like matchsticks as far as the eye could see. He took pictures of the raging oil fires that threatened the whole town at times. He caught the city at night, with gas flares and strings of lights on wooden derricks, using time exposures. He even photographed himself, using a time exposure which allowed him to pose in front of his own camera.

I was a high school student, importantly busy being editor of the school annual, when I first came in contact with Clemons. He would bring his tripod and camera to the school and pose the students for interesting shots which we used in the yearbook. I never remember seeing him without that big camera strapped across his back, and I looked into that camera dozens of times as with impatience but a friendly smile he ordered us around.

Unless the weather was very cold, he slept under a tree. He suffered from asthma, and said he could breathe better in the open air. He offered the hospitality of his home as freely and openly as if it were a mansion. Friends were always welcome to spend the night, if they would sleep on the old auto seats tucked around here and there in the "yard." He would offer a bowl and spoon to anyone he might induce to share the unappetizing-looking contents of what was brewing over the fire. He ignored dirt, heat, and cold as blithely as one could who does not recognize them at all. He really could not be bothered with luxuries, or even with what people considered the *necessities* of life. All that was important to him was his camera.

A few times I visited his little wagon-home-studio, seeking special pictures. One of those times he insisted on trying something on me that he was experimenting with—something new, he said. I posed for him in his squalid little wagon, which sat in the middle of junk of all descriptions.

Clemons took my picture and a few days later brought it to me at school. It was an excellent closeup, reproduced in a beautiful blue color on a piece of soft cloth. I still have the picture, and thirty-five years later the detail is still as clear, the fabric still as soft, and the color still as blue as in the beginning. How he did it I have no idea.

When the oil boom died down and the Depression hit, Breckenridge once again became a small, quiet town. But Clemons stayed on. He continued to take his magical pictures, but he also photographed bathing beauties, scenes of civic activities and more mundane subjects around the town. Until he became too ill, he continued to be a familiar and welcome sight in his ragged old clothes, carrying the ever-present black camera.

Clemons' photographs are scattered—owned by people all over Texas. The director of the photographic archives at the University of Texas in Austin is presently interested in his work, and maybe someday enough representative shots will be collected to enable everyone to see and appreciate the efforts of this early genius of photography.

The Onion and Potato War

(*Continued from page 21*)

ex-onion-and-potato owner. "I can handle my case better than any lawyer."

After one of these exasperating visits, Forbes and Babcock thought they had the perfect solution.

"Let's send him to New York," one of them proposed. "After all, Mr. Aspinwall should be taking some of this grief. As owner of the vessel he appointed the captain who started all this mess. We can give Moulin a free ticket, but don't make it on the same ship that the onions traveled on."

After an enjoyable passage to New York City, Moulin was shocked to learn that Aspinwall knew nothing about the case. Alfred was sure that no one less than the president and board of directors had been directing each phase of litigation in such an important matter. Not only was Aspinwall unaware of the onion-potato fracus, but worse still, he did not want to be bothered with it.

"I'll make you sorry for those words," raged Moulin, and he did. He became Aspinwall's shadow, following him on foot, on omnibuses, and in private carriages.

Finally Aspinwall could stand it no longer. "My God, this man is crazy; he will kill me!" he exclaimed. And to Moulin, "What do you want from me?"

"I want a fair price for the onions and potatoes your ship's master confiscated," was the reply.

"But I've told you I don't know anything about your blasted onions and potatoes. You'll have to go back to San Francisco and talk to my agents. I'll instruct them to do what is right."

Moulin knew exactly what to say to that. "I don't have money for a ticket."

"Dammit, we'll *give* you one. Just get out of here!"

Chalk up another happy ocean voyage to Alfred Moulin's ingenuity and perseverance.

IN due time Moulin sailed through the Golden Gate and disembarked in San Francisco. He immediately resumed his pestering of Forbes and Babcock who finally induced him to commence a suit in the United States District Court, convinced that the Court would set a fair price.

When the Court awarded Moulin a very generous settlement of $403.50, he was indignant, declaring that the produce was actually worth $3,900, plus interest. As this was in the year 1861, the accrued interest alone would amount to another $1,600. Counting two free ocean trips, those few sacks of onions and potatoes were beginning to add up to a pretty tidy sum.

Moulin promptly applied to Judge Hoffman to set the judgment of $403.50 aside, but Hoffman refused. And unbelievably, there followed two years' preparation by the Frenchman for a new onslaught against "injustice." This time Moulin appealed to Judge Stephen J. Field of the United States Supreme Court to dismiss the judgment of the Circuit Court. Judge Field refused the plea. Horrified at such a verdict, Moulin tried to make an ally out of Mr. Gorham, the clerk of the court, but the latter impatiently ordered Moulin out of the office.

The year 1864 (just ten years after the ship's cook had served the tasty onions and potatoes to his passengers), found Alfred bringing his case to Mr. Delos Lake, newly appointed United States District Attorney, and naming both Mr. Gorham and Judge Field. Again Moulin was forcefully ejected from an office, but three years later he was back, demanding that Lake prosecute Judge Hoffman as well as Judge Field.

Receiving no satisfaction, he tackled the grand jury with a complaint about Gorham, Lake, Hoffman, and Field. (Moulin never forgot an enemy, just added new ones to the list. When the first grand jury proved unsympathetic, he complained about them to their successors.)

About 1867 Moulin decided to take his case to the State Court. In the San Francisco County Court he had appeared with a huge bundle of papers and a multitude of grievances against his "persecutors." Judge Stanley, the county judge, endeavoring to end the nonsense, instructed the bailiff to throw the papers into a stove and burn them. Add Judge Stanley's name to THE LIST, and also that of one of the city's newspapers—the *Evening Bulletin!*

The newspaper was promptly sued because the editor had termed the proceedings ridiculous and absurd. There was more litigation—against the district judge, the clerk of the court, the district attorney and his assistant, Judge Field, the counsel against him in the steamship case and its agents, and numerous other persons. No wonder so many documents were necessary.

By this time Moulin had become so notorious that an inquiry was made regarding his sanity. We are not told who made the decision, but he was pronounced sane.

Until September 1871, the courts were besieged by Moulin to redress his imagined injuries. He used the most insulting and offensive language against all those he considered against him. Unfortunately, no law could be found that applied to the nuisance he made of himself. So, emboldened by his immunity, Moulin finally went too far. He presented himself to Judge Field and Judge Sawyer of the United States Circuit Court with the request that the about-to-be-dismissed grand jury be detained.

"Why?" demanded one of the judges.

"Because," Moulin replied, "I want to have you two indicted for corruption." He then started to read a long list of criminal charges against both gentlemen. That was the last straw. The long-suffering judges jointly declared him in contempt of court, fined him $500, committed

(*Continued on page 42*)

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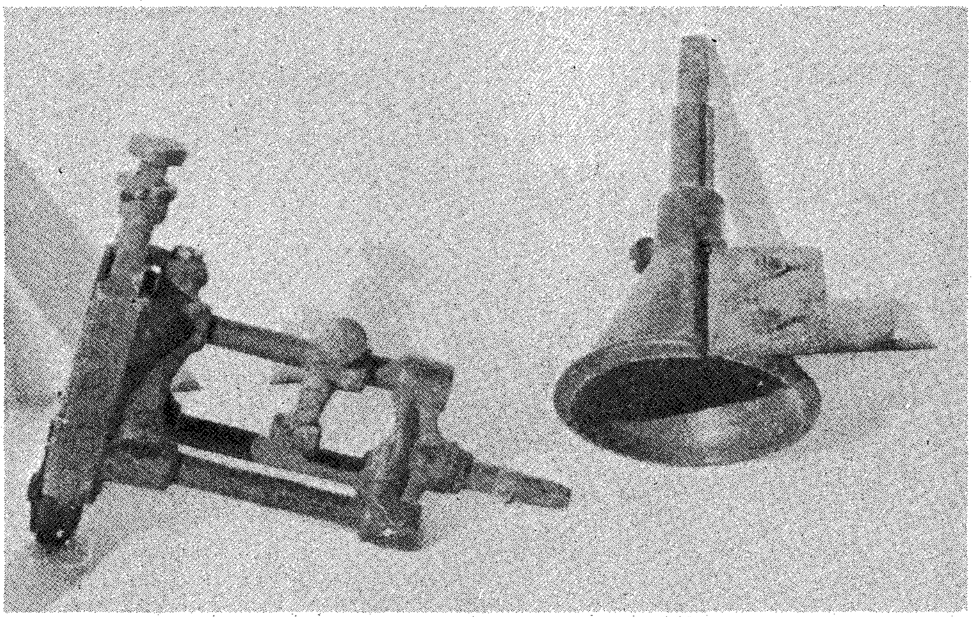
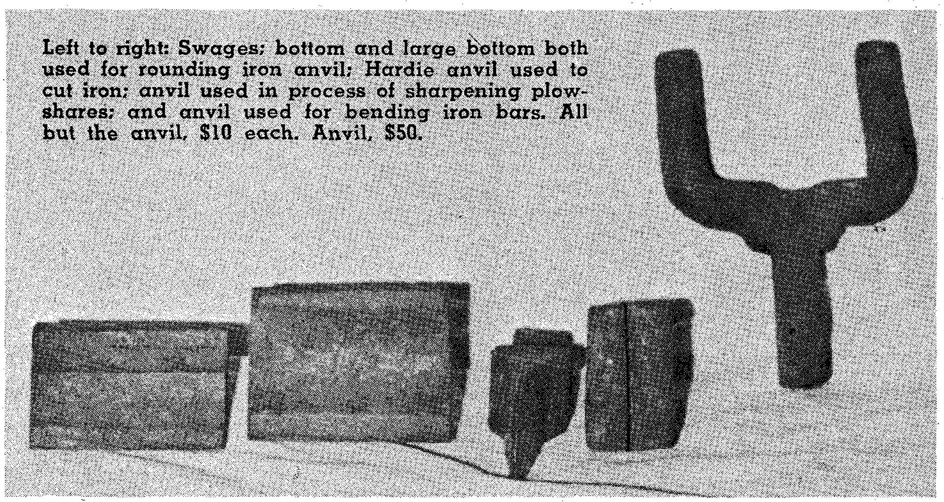
TOOLS



Vehicle-spoke tools valued at $45. The tool on the left was used to turn the spoke down to desired width and length to fit depth of the felloe. The other, cone-shaped, was used to taper the spoke to fit the hole.



Left to right: Swages; bottom and large bottom both used for rounding iron anvil; Hardie anvil used to cut iron; anvil used in process of sharpening plowshares; and anvil used for bending iron bars. All but the anvil, $10 each. Anvil, $50.

ON the frontier the most important mechanic, and usually the only one, was the blacksmith. Most often called ironsmiths, which these men actually were, they put up ramshackle shops in towns and villages and at stations and forts all along the stage roads and immigrant trails west of the Mississippi River.

Without the services of a blacksmith, few vehicles—especially the lumbering freight wagons—could have rolled for long. He could take a piece of iron and perform miracles with it, make any item needed, and with his brawny strength weld two pieces together with a huge hammer.

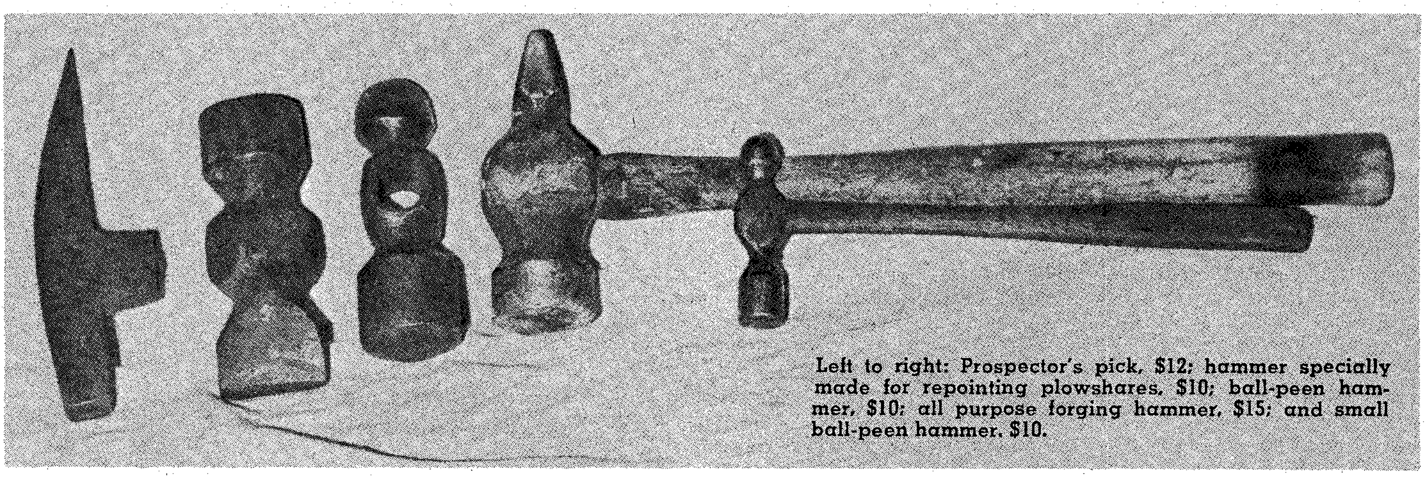
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, although referring to New England blacksmiths of his time, described them all in his *The Village Blacksmith*:

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The village blacksmith stands.
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands.
And the muscles of his brawny arms,
Are hard as iron bands.

The ironsmith's reign was from Colonial times until about 1890. Thereafter he was admired as a blacksmith, the man who could perform wonders. On the frontier and even past 1900, he made his own tools. He continued doing so after tools became available in hardware stores, confident of the superiority of his own handiwork.

Today there are few old-time blacksmiths left, who know the profession as their fathers did, and I was lucky to know one of the last. The late James A. Green of Oakdale, California was a blacksmith all his life. He was born at Warroads, Minnesota near Lake of the Woods in 1900. His father, George A. Green, was a German-trained ironsmith who set up shop in Montana Territory during the 1870s while still in his teens. Later George Green owned and operated blacksmith shops in Selah, Washington; Redmond, Oregon; and Keyes and Windsor, California.

Blacksmithing always fascinated young James. He could not stay away from where his father worked. When he grew big enough he was put to pumping the huge leather bellows at the forge, and later turning the blower handle on the manufactured varieties. Eventually he learned to make every tool required in the business. The way he explained it: "If a special tool was needed it could be turned out in a few minutes. No waiting for an order to be delivered. The hand-



Left to right: Prospector's pick, $12; hammer specially made for repointing plowshares, $10; ball-peen hammer, $10; all purpose forging hammer, $15; and small ball-peen hammer, $10.

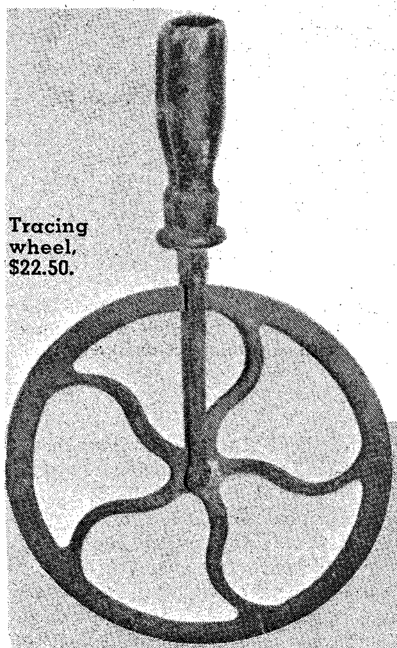
F THE BLACKSMITH

Without this early-day troubleshooter, we'd probably still be camping on the banks of the Mississippi

◆

BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author. Tools from the collection of the late James A. Green, Oakdale, California, who provided the appraisals given in the captions.



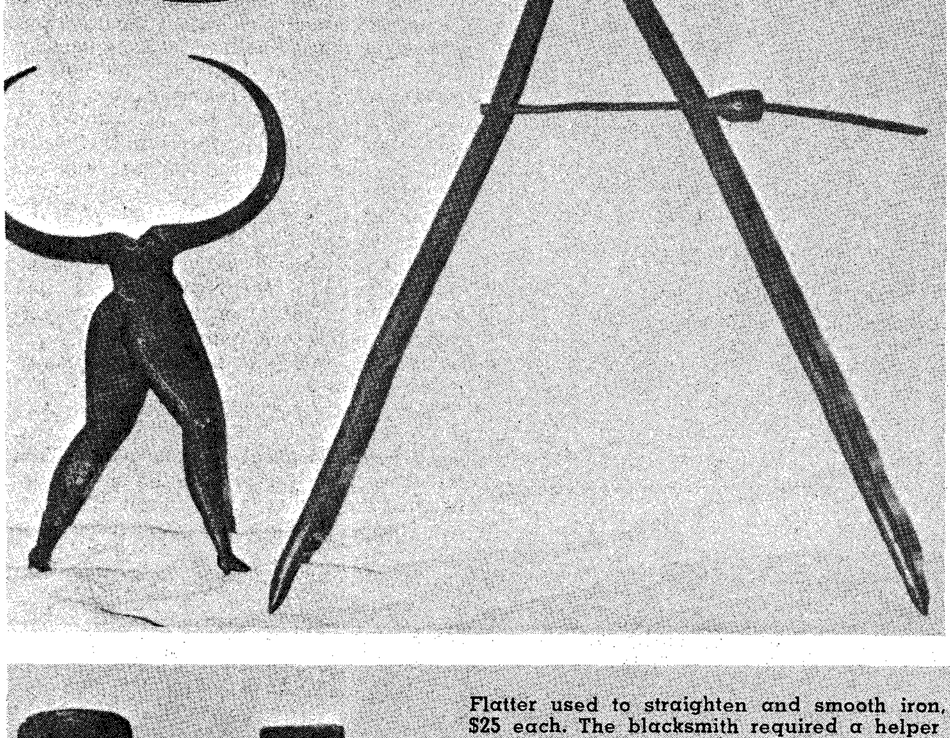
Tracing wheel, $22.50.

James A. Green

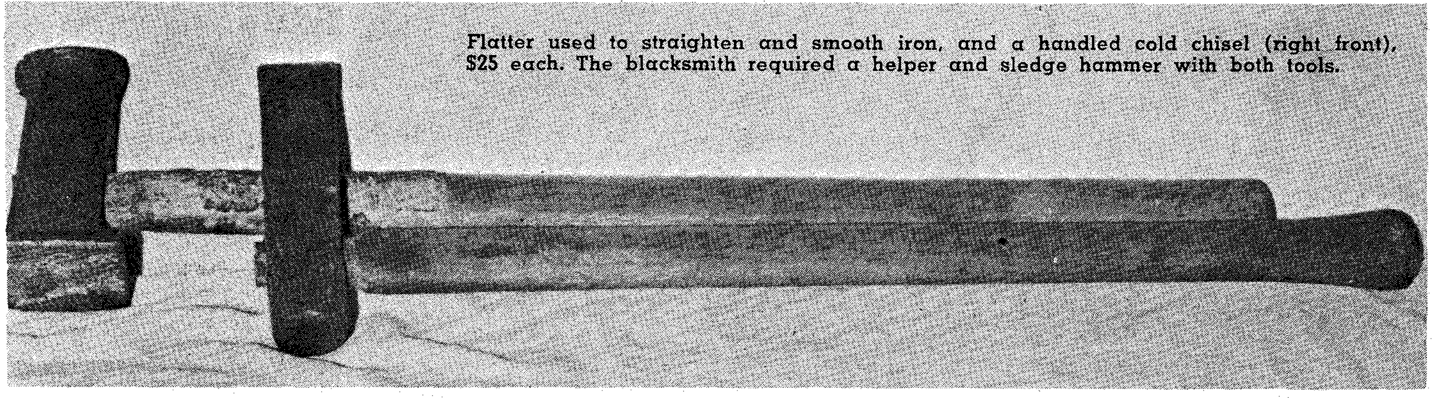
made tool lasted longer and did not fracture due to the brittle tempering of manufactured ones."

Blacksmiths tempered their tools either in lime or thick oil, and might be several days in the process. There were, however, some specialized tools that required a bit of time to fabricate. One of them was the spoke-shaving tool. The one in Green's collection was made by his father something like eighty years ago. The first section turned the vehicle spoke. No lathe was used to round it to diameter, with some higher rounded portions just for "looks." It was done by a razor-sharp blade set in an adjustable frame through which the spoke was turned.

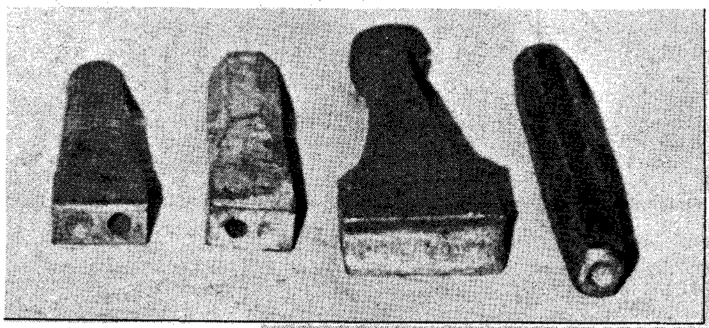
The funnel-shaped tool, also fitted with a cutting blade, tapered the spoke end to the diameter and depth of the hole



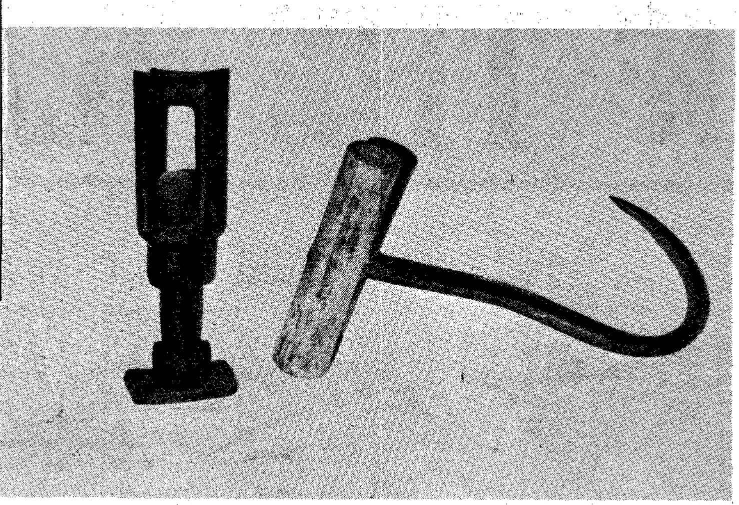
Left: Outside calipers, contain engraved work, made in the shape of a woman's legs and hips; and dividers. $45.



Flatter used to straighten and smooth iron, and a handled cold chisel (right front), $25 each. The blacksmith required a helper and sledge hammer with both tools.

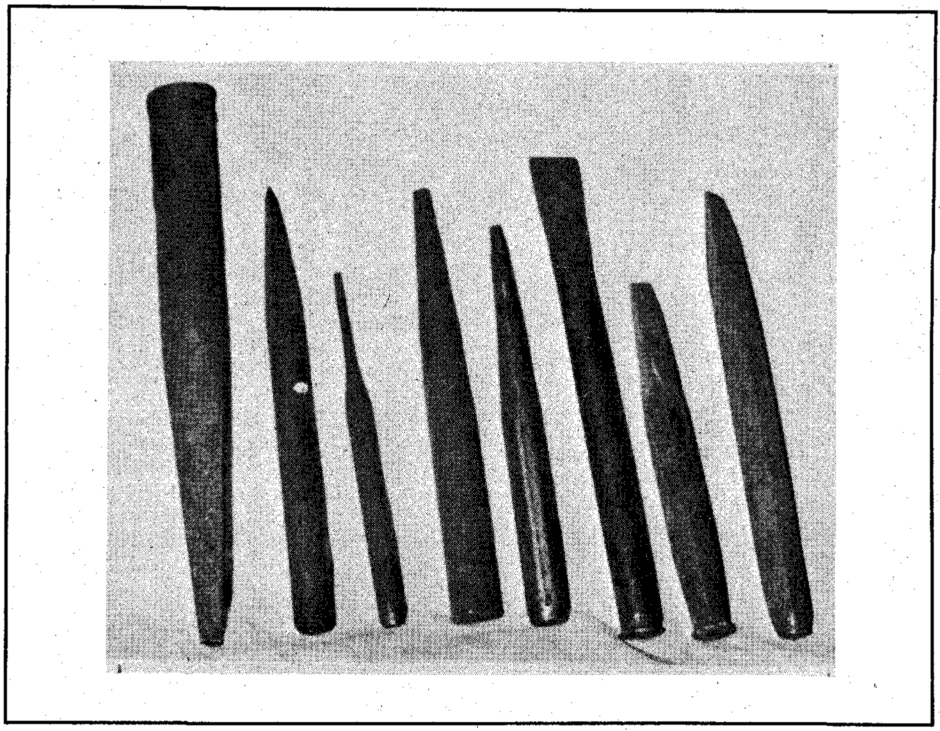


Above, left to right: Swages; two rivet setters, caulking tool, and a single rivet set. $10 each.



Above, left to right: Adjustable rings for holding smithing tong handles tight, machinist's adjustable jack, and ordinary hay hook. $17.50.

Below: Punches, left to right; square, center, drift, two tapers, flat chisel, cape chisel, and diamond point chisel. $10 each.



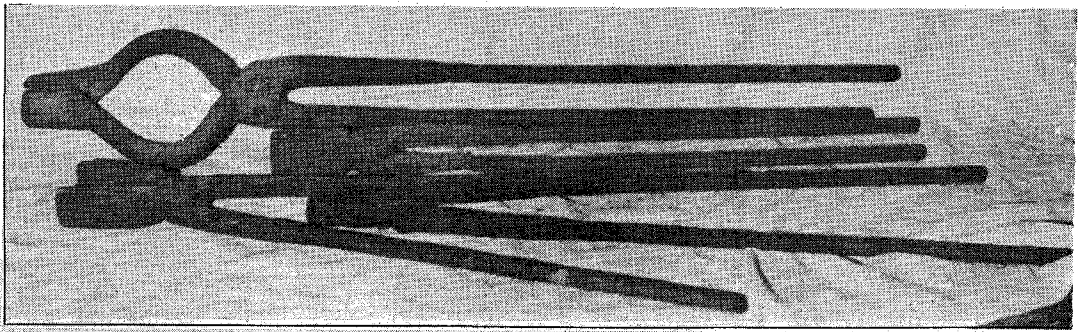
in the felloe. Both tools, used together, were something like a special wood-planer.

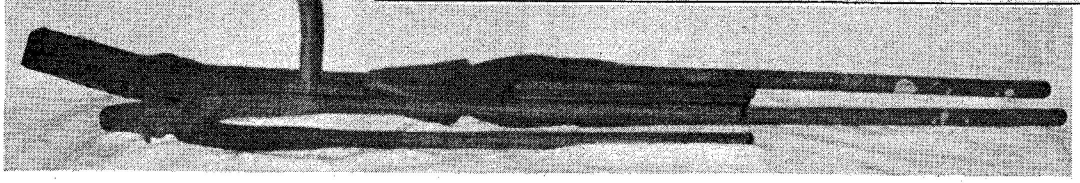
One of the most valuable tools of the old blacksmith was the swage, made for specific purposes. It fitted into a square hole in the anvil with the face up. The simple "hardie" had a face cutting edge by which iron was cut to the desired length. The bottom and top swages changed flat iron, or even square, into a round bar or rod. The bottom swage with a half-round groove went into the anvil. Over the iron above it went the top swage, forming the other half of the round rod. These came in many sizes.

For bending iron into any shape, that swage looked like a flat-bottomed U. These were made in varying sizes. There were those that set rivets, one or two at a time, in leather or metal. The caulking swage not only handled the caulk on horseshoes but did service for many other purposes.

Some early-day blacksmith contrived a swage, in several diameters and lengths, to cut the original square nails. This handy tool did away with the slow process of hammering out nails on an anvil. The piece of white hot iron used was

Right: Tongs; flat, for rounding or squaring iron; link and another flat. $50 for the set.





Left: Link tongs; plowshare (the two at bottom) and tong used for square or round iron. $40 each.

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shorter than the nail was to be, for the tapering to a point took care of excess metal. It was driven into the sloped swage and formed the nail, usually with one hammer blow.

The swage for spreading sawteeth (in the circular saws) had a face shaped like a square C. The point was placed in the C between projecting points and hammered gently to one side or the other.

ONE very useful tool cut washers; and on every piece of metal fastened to a vehicle there had to be one, or a bar against the wood for holding. The washer cutters came in many sizes, of course. The swage went over the hot flat iron, and one blow cut the washer (the outside circle and the inside hole) all in one operation.

Probably the most useful of all swages was the "block." It was indeed a large block of cast iron or steel, grooved down the sides and ends. The face contained four rows of openings graduated into different sizes and of varying depths. The openings consisted of circles, squares and oblongs. The block was used for heading bolts, especially those for carriages and wagons. The heads could be flat, rounded, or square.

There were swages for grooving and squaring round iron, to form sharp pointed caulks to prevent horseshoes slipping on ice or frozen ground; for countersinking holes in horseshoes for the nail heads, the dolly, jumper, upset, and for numerous other purposes.

In practical use the metal was placed over the swage. Only in a few instances was the swage placed over the work and a heavy hammer or sledge used as the pounding machine.

As for tongs, the list is long. There are some forms still in use, especially the horseshoer's tongs. Other blacksmith's tongs were diamond headed, curved, hooked, and one was rachet-like with an inset tongue. Some were "nippers," the jaws coming together in a way to cut off something not necessary.

One tong in a special class had grooved lips and a large round head with a curved hook. Its purpose was to round or square iron. In the same category was a link tong with a curved hook like that of a logger's peavey. It was used on plowshares, to sharpen the edge or reshape them after they had worn thin.

THE ANVIL, and there were usually several of different weights in each shop, was set on a block sawed from a tree to suit the individual operator in height. Around the top of the block ran a strip of leather, forming loops. In them the blacksmith hung his tongs and hammers for ready use when needed. The swages were usually kept in a box, if one was handy, or piled on the ground close by.

The hammers included the flatter to straighten and smooth hot iron. The cold-chisel hammer with a long handle was required as a helper. The one known as the blacksmith's hammer had a flat lower section, squared but enlarging upward toward the handle hole, and with opposite corner edges sloped off. The top slanted inward to a horizontal sharp edge.

Other hammers were the claw, riveting, boilermaker's, bricklayer's, machinist's, stone, spalling (stone and spalling are sometimes lumped together but they were different in the old days), prospector's and the several types of ball peens. Like all other hammers, ball peens were invented and turned out by blacksmiths.

The prospector's stone and spalling hammers were really developed from the ball peen. The prospector's hammer had a square face with four sloped, trimmed edges. Above where the handle fitted, the surface was simply an oval for it was never used. The handle hole was the same size straight through for easy replacement with a tree limb if the handle was broken out in the field. The stone hammer was made with a square face, very rarely with an oblong one, but it did have a vertical (in relation to the handle) cutting top. This hammer was used to trim stones for buildings, including foundations for adobes.

The spalling hammer, later used for the same purpose, had a width less than the length of the face. The top above the handle had a cutting edge either crosswise or running with the handle.

HAMMERS used for beating hot iron, for welding two pieces together which required weight and strength, ranged from the small forging hammers of 1½ pounds to post mauls and sledges weighing up to fifteen pounds.

All of the beaver traps used in the Rocky Mountains by the mountain men were hand-made. Blacksmiths produced them at such fur trading forts as Union, Bridger, Hall and a dozen others.

In the gold country, blacksmiths made the small picks and shovels used by prospectors, as well as larger ones for general purposes. They also contrived the first equipment that hurled powerful streams of water into gravel banks to recover gold.

Punches were many and for specific purposes. Among them was the square, center, drift, taper, flat, caper, diamond pointed, round, cutting, and stamping. For some of them a matrix of metal was employed. Most of them are in use today, machine manufactured.

Their use was about as their names imply. It might be mentioned that the center punch marked a spot from exact measurements for a hole to be put through, or used to drift out a rivet, brad or broken-off bolt. It was sometimes referred to as a "drift" punch.

The stamp punch had some kind of design worked into the face surface. These were without number and were first used to edge, figure, scallop and indent plain iron. Later they were employed for making silver ornaments.

Connected chains for traces, hames, ox yokes and many other fastenings, were one of the blacksmith's specialties. The earliest blacksmith did not make one link at a time and then fasten it to another until he had a chain of the desired length; instead he used flat iron, cutting out a number of connected lengths at one time, which were later worked round.

This sounds impossible even with the extraordinary skill that blacksmiths possessed. But they did it. (When a small boy, I saw an old-time blacksmith take a melon rind and, with a knife, carve out ten lengths of chain all connected when he finished it.)

Three rings of different sizes were strung together and used to hold tong handles fast by slipping the correct size over the extreme ends. There was also a small adjustable jack for lifting enormous weights by application of a bar lever, and for spreading metal items apart. The latter was done when, for some reason, a swage did not suffice.

Blacksmiths did not like the idea of throwing a cantankerous horse down to be shod, because injury—"hipping"—

(Continued on page 64)

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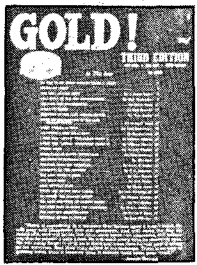
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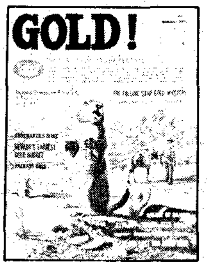
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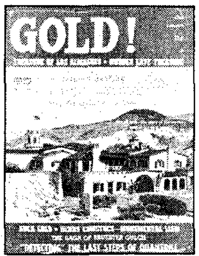
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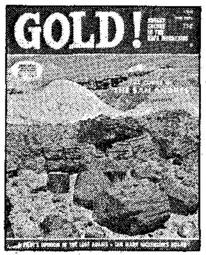
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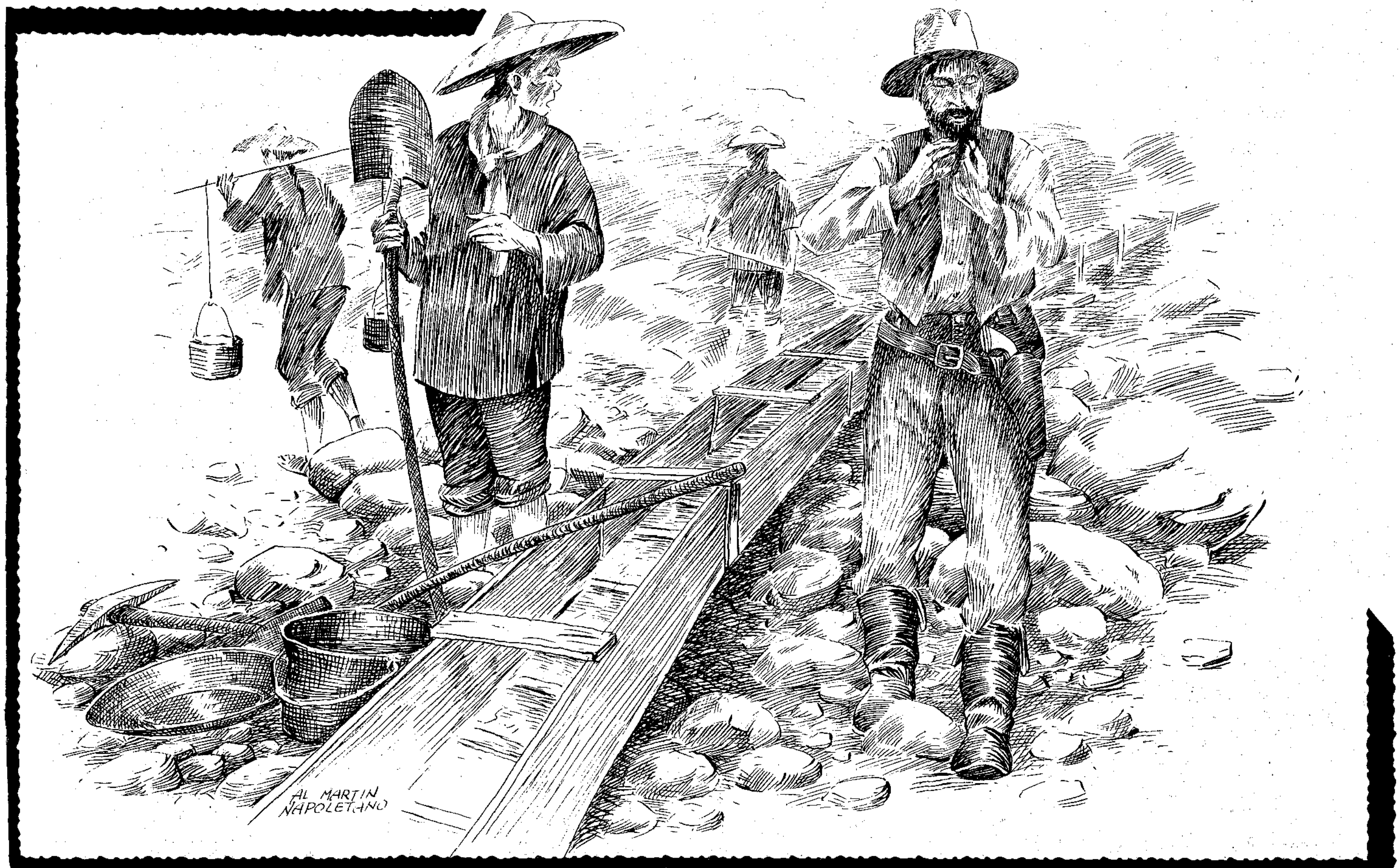

MONTANA DIAMOND

Old Ed's legendary sparkler of Ophir Gulch — was it for real?

BY JEAN MOORE

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

IT WAS the year 1883 that a miner by the name of Ed Mason took up a gold claim in Ophir Gulch, midway between the two small towns of Garrison and Elliston. One day a Chinese laborer employed by him was cleaning out the sluice boxes and after carefully scrutinizing the gravel rock for particles of gold with the thoroughness so typical of his race, a white pebble which looked different from any of the other gravel rocks, caught his eye. He had about decided it was a piece of clear crystal and was just going to let the ditch reclaim it when some instinct compelled him to pick it up and drop it into his coat pocket for closer inspection later on.

After the cleanup he showed it to his employer. "It sure looks different all right," Mason agreed. "There's a possibility it might be a sapphire as some have been found near here. When I go to Helena I'll inquire about it."

The pretty pebble reposed in Mason's pocket along with his plug of tobacco and other essentials for about a month before he had occasion to go to Helena. While waiting for necessary supplies to be packed for his return trip to Ophir Gulch, he decided to have his watch checked at Reeves watch repair and jewelry store. While there he brought out the white pebble with some loose change.

Reeves gave one glance at it and said, "I'll give you $300 for that stone." Three hundred dollars could buy a lot of chewing tobacco and beans, thought Mason, as he suddenly developed a protective interest in his new treasure and reasoned that not even an exceptionally fine uncut sapphire would, as a rule, be worth so much.

Then slowly the idea dawned on him that just possibly his pebble could be a diamond, and he also reasoned that if a man who knew its actual value would offer him $300 it would not be unreasonable to assume that as a businessman he might have figured on a twenty or thirty percent profit. He thanked the jeweler but declined to part with his pebble. By now he had more respect for it and carefully placed it in his gold pouch. He made several casual inquiries concerning the possibility of diamond mining in Montana, but the answers were all in the negative. Mining engineers scoffed at the idea, declaring there was no diamond-bearing soil or clay in that area. Exclaimed one old miner who had prospected all over Montana, "It's gold we be a-hunting in Montany, diamonds jist ain't had time tuh grow yit."

WHEN the first sample of a real Montana winter blew into Ophir Gulch, Mason shut down his placer operations until spring and figured it would be a good time to look around New York City. Upon his arrival in the big city he immediately took his pebble to a reliable diamond expert for an appraisal and to determine just what it really was. The expert was deeply interested in it and examined it carefully for a long time. He finally returned it to its owner saying, "A very pretty specimen you have here, Mr. Mason."

Mason took the remark to mean that it was not a diamond, hesitated a moment and then asked, "But what is it?" The expert seemed surprised at the question.

"A diamond, of course." was his reply.

The expert wanted to buy the diamond from Mason and made him an offer of $600, but Mason refused to sell it. He was becoming more and more attached to the stone. The expert was very curious and wanted to know about the character of the gulch in which it had been found, type of ground, etc., and then announced the

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formation was suitable for diamond bearing. As Mason left the office he was told, "You have got the finest diamond of its size in the world!"

Mason's diamond weighed three and one-fourth carats in the rough and what became of it is a mystery. A few years later an old prospector was found in his cabin dying from an incurable disease. Before his death he babbled about a sack of rough diamonds. "I've got a fortune in diamonds and there's more up the gulch," he said. Most of his friends thought the old fellow was having hallucinations, but there were a few who had heard about Mason's diamond and were inclined to take the old man seriously. After his death they searched his cabin and surrounding ground, but their efforts only uncovered the remains of a long-dead dog, an old shoe and several pieces of broken glass and pottery.

Two other persons later claimed to have found diamonds in or near Ophir Gulch and if the dying miner told the truth, there may be some still tucked away in the same gulch that once filled the pokes of eager miners with nuggets of precious gold.

The Onion and Potato War

(Continued from page 35)

him to prison until he paid it, and finally and unequivocally dismissed the case.

Even Moulin's sojourn in prison found him busy writing abusive articles to newspapers, and attempting to bring charges against the judges through petitions to the legislature. After several weeks in prison, Moulin was given his freedom because of infirm health and the judges' belief that he had been sufficiently punished.

Thus ended the saga of the onions and potatoes, and poor Alfred Moulin, who was minus not only his precious vegetables, but seventeen years of time and expense. Let us hope that he had a lot of fun.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 31)

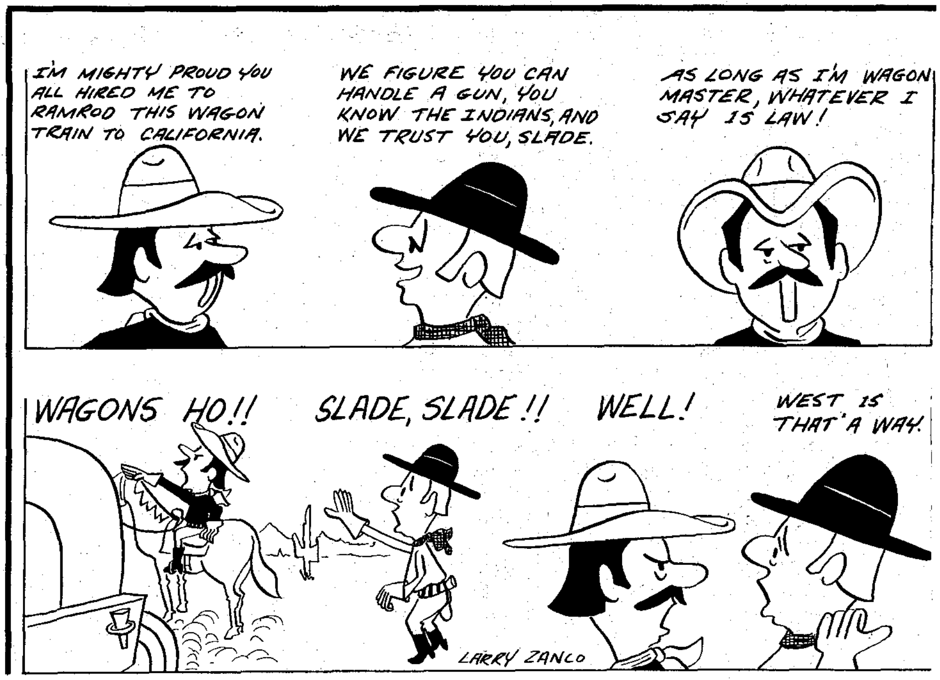
dian wars. An ambulance corps was ready for emergencies and "thoroughly trained and drilled daily, Sundays excepted, in everything that could render the service effective and give comfort to the wounded." An army ambulance of the period could bed three or seat eighteen. There were two seats set aside for the surgeon and his attendant. Large kegs of water were carried on either side of the door. Also in the equipment was a lantern, plus a folded hospital tent which could bed thirty patients. The surgeon's orderly carried a large canvas knapsack containing chloroform, opium, quinine, laudanum, sponges and surgeon's silk. There was also a medicine chest in the ambulance.

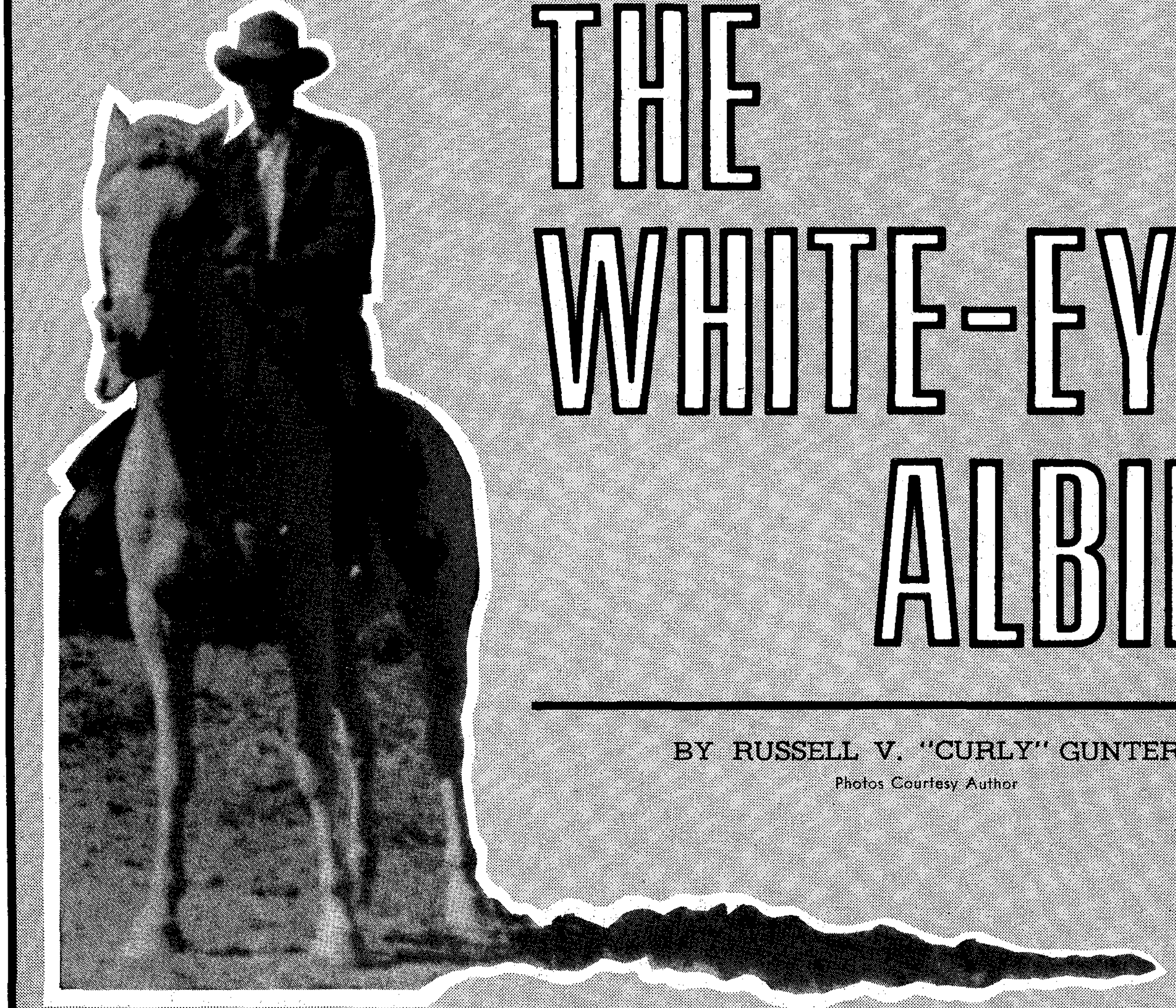
The hospital at Fort Robinson was originally comprised of four hospital tents of seven beds each. They were soon replaced by a more substantial structure. Records indicate that the hospital was quite heavily used with causes for admission including gunshot wounds, snakebites, typhoid, diarrhea, malaria, influenza and other ailments. Treatment of gunshot wounds was vividly described in an article by Roger T. Grange, "Treating the Wounded at Fort Robinson" published in *Nebraska History*, September 1964. It dealt with the treatment given the casualties of the Cheyenne outbreak of January 1879. The details of the medical reports emphasize the horrors of warfare and the surgical practices of the late nineteenth century.

The soldiers kept their sense of humor as soldiers usually do. Sister Edmund relates the words which they furnished for the bugle notes of sick call.

Are they all dead? Are they all dead?
No thank the Lord, there's a few left yet
There's a few left,
You bet! You bet! You bet!

—Courtesy Nebraska State Historica Society, Lincoln


I'M MIGHTY PROUD YOU ALL HIRED ME TO RAMROD THIS WAGON TRAIN TO CALIFORNIA.
WE FIGURE YOU CAN HANDLE A GUN, YOU KNOW THE INDIANS, AND WE TRUST YOU, SLADE.
AS LONG AS I'M WAGON MASTER, WHATEVER I SAY IS LAW!
WAGONS HO!!
SLADE, SLADE!!
WELL!
WEST IS THAT'A WAY!
LARRY ZANCO



THE WHITE-EYED ALBINO

BY RUSSELL V. "CURLY" GUNTER

Photos Courtesy Author

The horse was named "Buttermilk" because his owner figured somebody else had already skimmed off the cream. Which just goes to show how miscalculated a miscalculation can be!

Top: The author on Buttermilk. Below: Southwest portion of Saskatchewan where the author's ranch is located on the south slope of Cypress Hills, about twenty-five miles from the Montana border.

SASKATCHEWAN
Saskatchewan R.
WAPAWEKKA HILLS
L.
Saskatoon
GREAT SAND HILLS
S. Saskatchewan
Regina
CYPRESS HILLS
M

THE wildest ride I ever had was at age fifty-five when my buckaroo days should have been long behind me. There were no spectators watching from a grandstand; there were no pick-up men, or a whistle to blow. I was the lone rider on a determined horse way out in the hills of our cattle ranch on the south slope of the Cypress Hills.

That white pony almost had the conformation of a perfect horse. He was four years old and as sound as a slab of granite. I had obtained him in a horse trade, but had known something about his character before owning him, as his reputation ran before him. He had been bred from the best Quarter Horse bloodlines and raised in the foothills of Alberta, Canada.

The pony had been born an albino, with white eyes. The disposition he had displayed with some of his owners was one reason that he was not kept as a stud, and he showed up in our Val Marie district as a two-year-old.

At four years of age, this horse had very little trust in humanity left. When he came to the G Half Diamond, our ranch, he was rather thin, but his muscles stood out in their proper proportions. I rode him on short jobs for about a week and thought we were getting fairly well acquainted with each other though he tried me out on a few occasions.

The horse was hard to mount, as he would turn it on before a rider could get seated in the saddle, but he was mostly a straight bucker. I played with him in my corral until I could mount him easily.

I did not know the horse's name before he came to me, but after having him for a couple of days I gave him one of my own. "The cream is all gone," I thought, "and there's not much left but the buttermilk." That day I named my white horse "Buttermilk."

ONE bright and lovely day in early May I saddled Buttermilk intending to ride the range, as this was the calving season. My son Jack had watched me ride away from home about nine o'clock in the morning. He had watched me step off my horse and open a barbwire gate, lead my horse through, and close it again, and ride toward the north.

When I was about three miles from home I found a two-year-old heifer with a newborn calf. As we had been having some calf losses already that spring, I thought I'd like to see this little fellow get onto its feet and suck while I was there, then I wouldn't have to come back again. I sat for a minute or two watching, then I decided to dismount and put that calf on its feet. I planned to cover several sections this day, and hadn't much time to loiter in any one spot. There was no one to watch the show that was about to take place, except that heifer and her calf.

When I started to step down from my saddle, Buttermilk must have felt I needed some help getting off. He bucked, whirled to the right, and really turned it on while I was only half-way off, with one rein in my hand. I landed on my feet, but he jerked me around in circles a dozen times or more on that bald prairie. I hung onto that one rein until finally the cheek of my riding-bit broke off. The bit came out of his mouth and the bridle slipped way back on his neck. We were still whirling around when I grabbed the other rein, puffing and breathing very fast. When I was entirely winded, Buttermilk stopped his snorting and stood still. I think about one more round would have freed him, as my wind was not what it used to be. When I was breathing easier I re-set my saddle a little bit, and tightened my cinch. I looked at my bridle with the broken bit, and wondered how I could ride him any farther without a bridle. Leading a horse that distance back home, and me walking in riding boots, wouldn't be to my liking.

I thought about a shallow well in a deep coulee where water was once piped to a water-trough. It might be possible to find some wire around the cribbing-box. So we started northwest toward that spring, about a quarter of a mile away, me leading my pony with the bridle on his neck.

When I reached the coulee all I could find near the well were an old ice-pick and a crowbar. Once again I looked at my bridle, but dismissed any notions of walking home. A heavy jaw-strap was holding both sides of my bit together. I unbuckled that strap and, by putting the mouthpiece of the bit behind, I buckled the jaw strap in front. I buckled the headstall of my bridle a few notches higher and put the jaw strap in the horse's mouth. The broken bit was sticking out behind. The bottom of the coulee was on level ground, so with no chance of him bucking downhill with me I gently mounted up again. Everything went fine. As we went up the north bank of the coulee Buttermilk carried himself like a million-dollar horse. We followed a long ridge toward the north.

ONCE AGAIN I was enjoying my ride with his smooth way of stepping along. Three more little bunches of cows had been examined and I was looking toward the east at more cattle when, all of a sudden, my horse flew into high

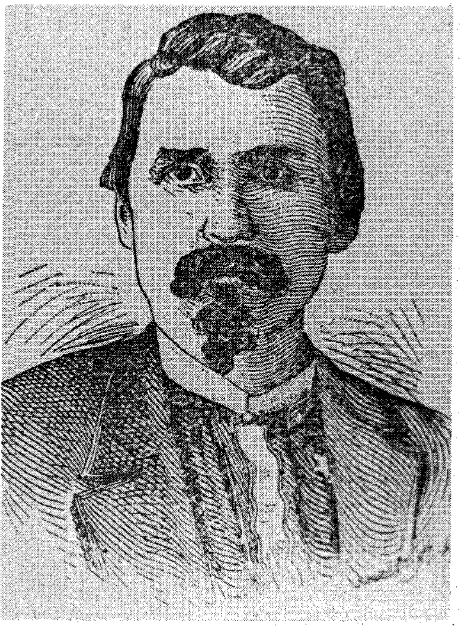
(Continued on page 59)

Forgotten Feudist

(Continued from page 29)

This reconstruction period marked the beginning of hostilities which would become known as the Taylor-Sutton feud. No one cause can be identified as more significant than another, although the actions of the State Police Force and its captain Jack Helm appear to have been the most detrimental to any possible early solution.

George Tennille's actions in the early years of the feud have not been recorded but we may assume that he at least sympathized with the Taylor group. It is not our purpose here to defend either faction or to condemn one more than the other. Victor M. Rose, who was in a position to know a great deal about the trouble, wrote the first account of the feud. It was published in 1880. Since then, many other books and articles have been written, none of which agrees in all respects. The following, therefore, is offered simply as a background for the circumstances which destroyed George Tennille. Nothing more.



Mannen Clements, a trusted friend and companion of George Tennille, and cousin of John Wesley Hardin. From an engraving originally published in the book written by Hardin, 1896.

DURING the summer of 1866 Charles Taylor was arrested for horse stealing by a posse which included Bill Sutton. He was killed supposedly when he attempted to escape. A few months later Buck Taylor and a friend of his were killed by a posse, which again included Sutton. Rose implied that the Taylor family had no alternative but to declare war on the Sutton group; Jack Helm, deputy sheriff of Dewitt County, branded all Taylors as desperadoes. So there you have it—unalterable differences of opinion.

During the late sixties Tennille kept comparatively uninvolved. Jack Hays Day, who was a feud participant and related to the Taylor family, wrote his version of the struggle in the 1930s but did not mention Tennille. Nevertheless the latter had to have clearly indicated where his loyalty lay to incur the enmity of Jack Helm.

In 1873 a young gunman, who was a valuable man to have, allied himself with the Taylor side. He was John Wesley Hardin who had waged his own war with the State Police and was worth a sizeable reward. Hardin was a cousin of Jim Taylor but it was not until 1873 that he became actively involved in the feud. He wrote a biased, but in many respects reliable, autobiography in the early 1890s. In it is some information on Tennille, although brief.

According to the book, Jack Helm met up with Hardin for the first time in April 1873, although both knew each other by reputation before that. The two gunfighters wanted, at least on the surface, to come to an understanding. Probably Helm was nervous or scared of Hardin's fighting ability and wanted him to remain neutral if he would not join up with Helm's own forces. Hardin said he agreed to meet Helm in Cuero, DeWitt County, to come to some kind of understanding. The two did meet, and Helm asked Hardin to join his company. Hardin said he and his friends wanted to remain neutral. Presumably these friends included Mannen Clements and George Tennille. A second meeting was planned.

If Hardin seriously thought he could remain neutral, it is surprising. He was well aware of the situation in DeWitt County and termed the Helm faction a "vigilant committee that made life, liberty, and property uncertain." He considered Helm the leader and Jim Cox, Joe Tumlinson, and Bill Sutton (all Helm's deputies) as next in line. Hardin estimated the Helm force at two hundred strong.

Any thoughts of neutrality were certainly washed away at the second meeting. Hardin was accompanied by Tennille and Clements. At the home of Cox, where the meeting took place, Hardin was taken aside and informed that his problems with the law would be taken care of if he joined the Helm forces. Strings attached to this offer, according to Hardin, were: some of Hardin's friends would have to be killed; and Tennille and Clements would also have to join Helm's forces or suffer the same fate.

Hardin listened and then informed his companions of Helm's plans. Obviously there had been little need to even consider the proposition.

Tennille predicted there would be an attack within a week. Hardin gives the date as April 23 that Helm and fifty men came after Taylor. The men of the Hardin, Taylor, and Clements households were all out cattle hunting, and Helm and his men reportedly insulted the women because they would give no information as to the whereabouts of Taylor. After this incident the Hardin-Taylor group got down to some deadly planning.

A meeting was called at Mustang Motte. Hardin recalled that he, Tennille, Clements, and Jim, John, and Scrap Taylor were all present. The meeting proved to be productive, as during the ensuing weeks the Hardin-Taylor group took the offensive. It is uncertain just what role Tennille had in the bloody events which were to follow, but if he was not actively participating he at least knew of them. On May 15 Jim Cox and Jake Christman were killed from ambush. Two days later Helm himself was killed by Hardin and Taylor in Albuquerque, in Wilson County. The next day the Tumlinson and Hardin forces came close to a battle but the leaders were induced to form a truce. A "peace treaty" was signed at Clinton on May 20. This was broken when Wiley Pridgen, a Taylor sympathizer, was killed.

It was not until March 11, 1874 that Jim and Bill Taylor finally achieved their goal of killing Bill Sutton. On a steamboat at Indianola the two Taylors caught up with him as he was about to leave the country. Sutton and a non-combatant friend, Gabriel Slaughter, died on the deck of the steamer *Clinton* in a brief exchange of pistol shots.

On May 26 Hardin and Jim Taylor with other friends and relatives were celebrating Hardin's twenty-first birthday in Comanche. In a street shoot-out Hardin and Taylor killed Charles Webb, the deputy sheriff of Brown County. The aftermath of the Webb killing was extremely bloody. It is difficult to determine if the revenge taken on Hardin kinfolk was because Wes had killed Webb or if it was more strictly limited to the feud-hatred proper. Relatives as well as friends paid the supreme penalty during the following weeks. Joe Hardin, Wes' brother, and Bud and Tom Dixon, his cousins, were arrested, taken from jail and lynched the night of June 5. Two other cousins, Hamilton Anderson and Alec Barrickman, were shot to death as they lay asleep, if we can believe Hardin's version. Seven others were arrested while tending cattle: Jim White, Kute Tuggle, Scrap Taylor, James Bockius, Alfred Day, Pleas Johnson, and Pink Burns, and jailed in Clinton. During the night of June 20, before there could be a trial, Tuggle, White, and Taylor were taken out and lynched, the other four having escaped.

DURING this savage period Tennille is not mentioned as being actively involved but we can be assured that he was close by, as Hardin speaks of him as a trusted friend and companion. Shortly after he learned of the lynching of Taylor and the others, Hardin contemplated leaving the country, just as Bill Sutton had done two months before. He and a companion, Mac Young, went to Gonzales to say goodbye to a friend, Tip Davis. Hardin wrote: "George Tennille went part of the way with us, and when we bid him goodbye it was for the last time." He does not further elaborate on his friend's death or make mention of him again.

Tennille apparently planned to escape the feud's violence by hiding out in Mexico. He had made the necessary arrangements with a neighbor to sell his horses and turn the proceeds over to his wife and family to live on in his absence, but he was too late in his efforts to escape. Only days after Hardin's departure, on July 8, a posse under Gonzales County's sheriff caught up with him and he was killed. The posse numbered about twenty-five men and had left Gonzales that morning. Some fourteen miles from town, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the posse reached John Runnels' house and there divided. Tennille, having seen them from inside the house, rushed out and attempted to escape through a cornfield into some woods. The field was quickly surrounded. According to the sheriff's report Tennille was repeatedly told to surrender.

A defective cartridge cost Tennille valuable time, for when his body was found a cartridge was lying by his side, with four or five indentations on it where the hammer had struck. Tennille had removed it, substituted another, and was again in the act of firing when he was killed.

Thus died George Tennille, surrounded by enemies, hopelessly outnumbered, but determined to die fighting. Possibly he did not take part in many or any at all of the previous gunfights, but he was considered a dangerous man by the Sutton forces—one who had to be done away with. If he did try to stay neutral—and evidence shows that this was a distinct possibility—then his death merely proved that during the feud there was no way to retain a neutral stance—if a man were not for a certain side then he was for the other side, in effect an enemy.

Tennille must have seemed quite out of place among the younger men of the Taylor faction. He was well educated, versed in law, and may even have been a sort of "father figure" during desperate situations. He was twice as old as many of them; for example, he was twenty-eight when Wes Hardin was born. His children were of the same generation as Hardin, Jim and Bill Taylor, and Mannen Clements. A Texas Ranger who signed himself simply "Pidge" mentioned Tennille in a letter to the Austin (Texas) *Daily Democratic Statesman*, written November 8 and published November 12, 1874. He described Hardin's forces surrounding Tumlinson's house and preparing to set it afire when the timely arrival of the sheriff effected a compromise. It was a tremendously difficult job to gather a posse to prevent further violence "for was not Wes Hardin there? and George Tennell [*sic*]? and many more, who in the impressive language of this country, were 'bad ones'?"

Tennille died at age forty-nine. He left a wife and six children: Amanda, Ann, Henrietta, Thomas, Harriett, and Nancy. Amanda, sometimes known as Sarah Jane, married Joe Clements; Ann married Jim Clements, both brothers of Mannen and cousins of John Wesley Hardin. Henrietta married Fred Duderstadt, son of Andreas and Sophia Duderstadt from whom the elder George Tennille had originally purchased land on the north branch of the Sandy.

With the killing of Jim Taylor the following December the feud began winding down. His was not the last death, and court battles would continue for many more years, but the general populace was no longer faced with choosing one side or the other.

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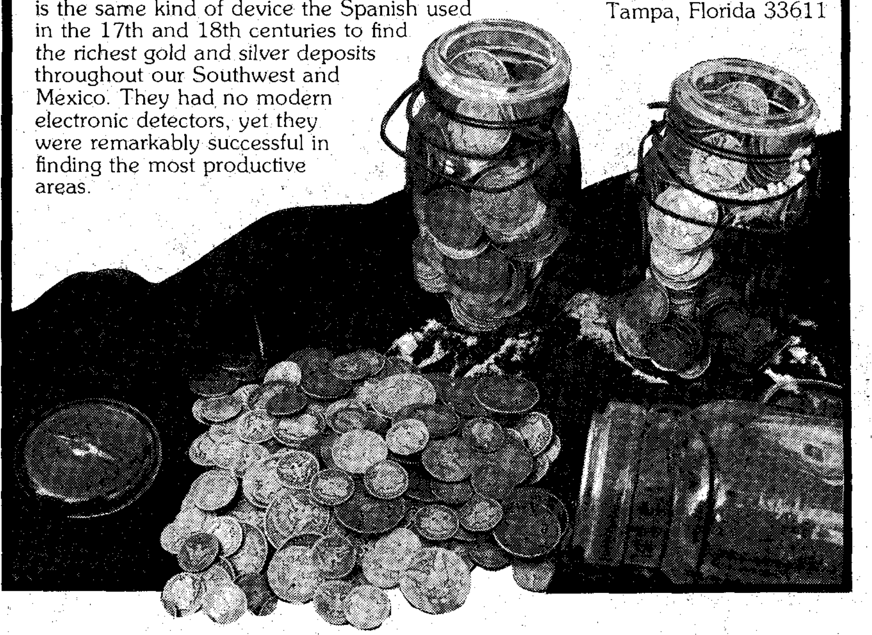

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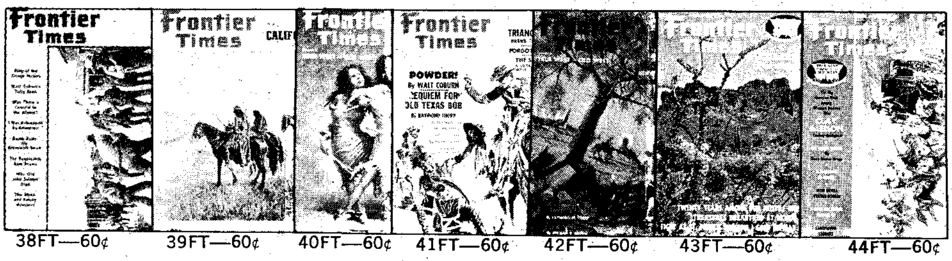

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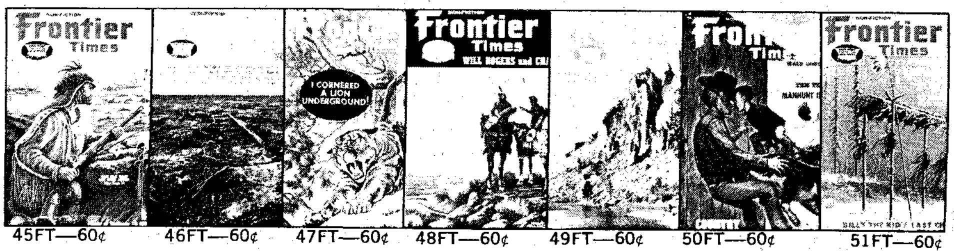

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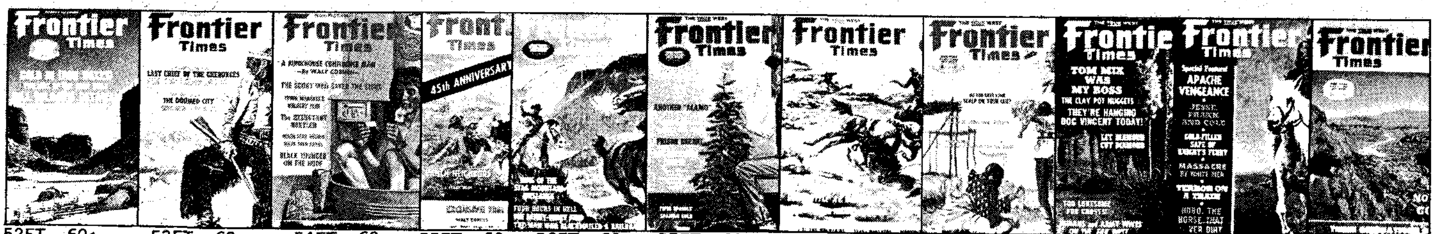

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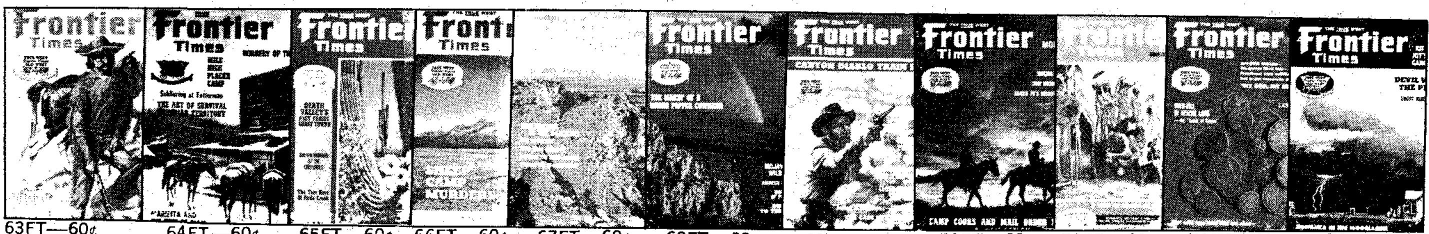

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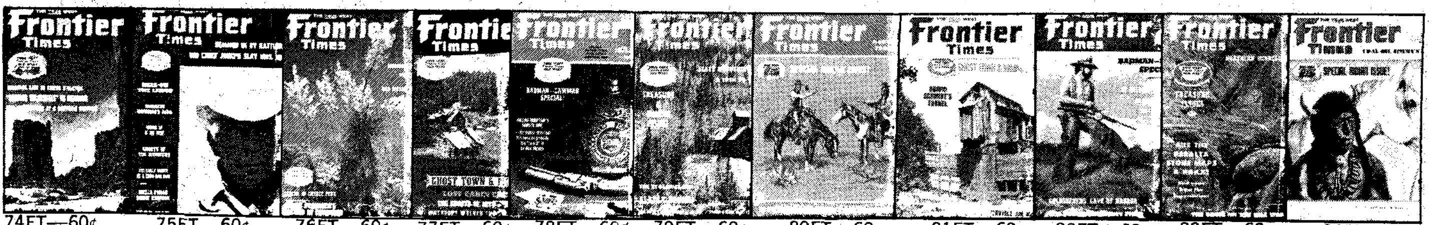

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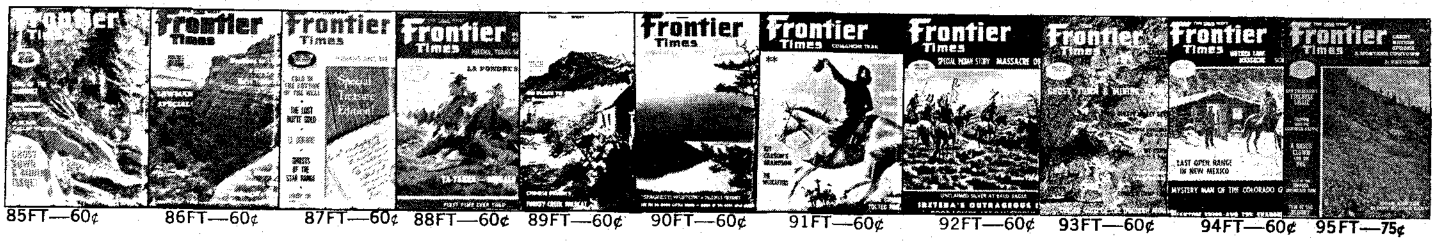

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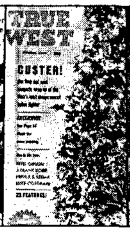
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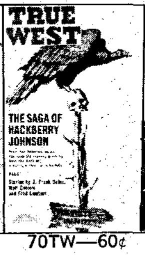
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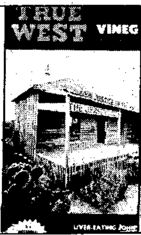
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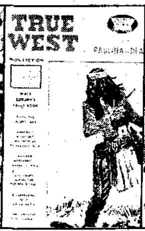
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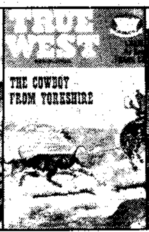
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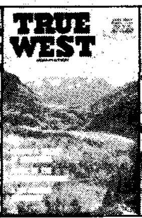
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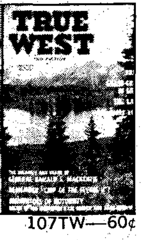
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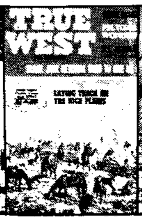
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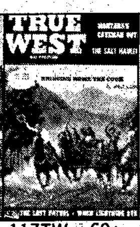
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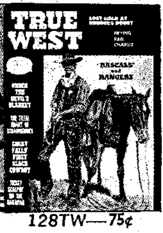
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Sheriffs Pat and Mike Sughrue

(Continued from page 11)

prevent their activities and when the failed to appear Saturday, Novembe 22, or on Sunday, the populace praye they had left the country.

On Monday, however, a portion of th gang returned and started their fun al over again, this time improving on thei former activities by pistol whipping boy and his father and roping and pullin an old man from his wagon. "That evening," reported the *Clark County Clipper* "they confined themselves to tearin down outhouses."

Tuesday the cowboys and one of thei cohorts returned and continued thei harassment. Said the *Clipper*: "By thi time the citizens had made up their mind to take the matter into their own hands there being no officer nearer than Dodg City." Yet the outlaws again were permitted to leave town unimpeded, though word of the depredations was sent t Dodge City.

On Wednesday the cowboys cappe their prior performances with murder. A twilight fell, Mitchell and Mathews approached the dug-out of a Mr. Lower whose place served as a boarding house for some of the local pioneers. Standing in the doorway the two ruffians calle to young Commodore Boggs, saying "Here, pard, we want to speak to you.' Boggs refused to move, whereupon Mitchell grabbed him by the coat collar wit one hand and shot him in the stomac with a pistol held in the other. Almos instantaneously Mathews shot Boggs friend, Daniel Adams. In the volley tha followed, Miss Fannie Hankins receive a wound in her arm. After the shooting the murderers mounted their horses an rode out of town.

As a result of the previous day's communication to Dodge City, Deputy Sheriffs Mike Sughrue and Bill Thompson ha been dispatched to Ashland Wednesday morning. Darkness was approachin as they entered Clark City, one mil northwest of Ashland. Thinking the bes place to gather information would be th local saloon, Mike dismounted and wen inside where he was told the gist of th week's happenings.

Then, as he walked back to his horse Mike noticed a rider galloping up fron the south. It was Joe Mitchell. Som sixth sense prompted Mike to arrest hin on suspicion. Hardly had the prisone been secured than Nels Mathews reine up and, not knowing the circumstances called to Mitchell to come on with him

"I can't, I'm arrested," shouted Mitchell.

Mike yelled at Mathews to surrender Answering with a pistol shot, Mathew galloped away in the night. The deputies unable to pursue the escaping murdere in the darkness with a prisoner on thei hands, went on into Ashland. They wer met by an aroused citizenry. Only "th extraordinary bravery and determinatio of the deputies . . . prevented Mitchel being taken from them and dealt wit summarily," declared the *Clipper*. Leaving Thompson in charge, Mike Sughru enlisted a large posse and began trackin Mathews though it was still dark.

Ashland became quiet and the numer

ous guards assisting Thompson seemed unnecessary; even so, they remained on duty. Then about three o'clock in the morning a crowd suddenly burst into the room in which Mitchell was being held, overpowered the guards, and made off with the captive. When daylight arrived his lifeless body could be seen swinging from a beam of Bullen & Averill's lumber shed.

Later that day Mike and his posse returned without Mathews. About the same time Pat Sughrue showed up and announced his intention of stationing Mike in Ashland to prevent any further outbreak and to continue the search for the murderer. Thus Mike became a permanent fixture in that frontier community.

MIKE had impressed the citizens of Ashland with his bravery and ability and, in spite of his failure to locate Nels Mathews, his popularity continued unbounded. In December 1884, he was made city marshal at a salary of $175 a month. When Clark County was organized in May 1885, he was elected its first sheriff and the following November was reelected for a full two-year term.

While Dodge City and Ford County were comparatively quiet in the twilight days of the cattle trade, Clark County was plagued with numerous robberies, murders and shootouts. On one occasion Mike's twin had to come to his rescue. In early March 1885, young Fred Spencer shot and killed George Warwick on the 76 Ranch near Bluff Creek. Mike, still a deputy sheriff then, was sent after the nineteen-year-old killer. As did most lawmen of those days, Mike chose to use a buggy rather than a saddle horse and took with him Doctor Parks.

As they were approaching the scene of the killing the buggy overturned, badly bruising Mike's arm and knocking his shoulder out of place. Pat Sughrue was summoned, took over the chase and Spencer was soon placed behind bars.

Just a month after he had been chosen sheriff in Clark County's organizational election, Mike was forced to kill a man in the line of duty. On July Fourth Bill West and a companion named McKinney fired several shots into a crowd of male and female celebrants who were sitting on the veranda of a hotel in Englewood, fifteen miles southwest of Ashland. For a while it appeared as though one of the wounded men would die and a search was nstituted for the probable murderers. Finally, on July 25, Mike Sughrue learned hat West was holed up at Leustrom's LC Ranch, an hour's ride out of Ashland.

Gathering a posse he rode out to the ranch and demanded West's surrender. The outlaw refused and escaped into a ravine a mile away. As the posse approached, West commenced shooting. The battle continued for ten minutes during which time West fired at least twenty-seven shots, wounding one of the possemen. Then West's firing ceased and it was learned that he had been badly wounded. The boy was taken back to the LC Ranch and given every attention but at three o'clock in the afternoon he died. Mike had killed his first outlaw.

Three weeks later Pat Sughrue captured the escaped McKinney and brought him back to Ashland for trial. Once more the twin sheriffs of Kansas had worked as a team to serve the cause of justice.

Due to a Kansas constitutional limitation Mike could hold the office of sheriff for only two consecutive full terms. Consequently he was out of office from January 1888 to January 1890, and again beginning 1892.

Mike had been elected and was serving his fifth term when he died on January 2, 1901. In addition he was still marshal of Ashland. His body lay in state in the Clark County courthouse. All day long Saturday, January 5, people passed by silently, offering a last goodbye. A guard of G. A. R. comrades remained on duty throughout the day. It was said that the procession that followed his coffin to the cemetery was "the greatest that ever attended a funeral in this country." People drove in from miles around to wish Mike a fond farewell.

"No state ever had a more courageous officer than Mike Sughrue," wrote the editor of the Ashland *Clipper* in eulogy. "The Western outlaw, even before discovered, trembled as with a chill at the sight of Sheriff Sughrue with a white handled pistol in his belt.

"As a sheriff, the most serious charge brot against him was that his treatment of prisoners robbed the jail sentence of any punishment, and some have even refused to leave when discharged. As an officer of the court he was uniformly courteous and obliging. . . . As a citizen, he was always on the side of progress and as long as he had a dollar in view would subscribe to a progressive move with more freeheartedness than a millionair. . . . He dies poor in worldly chattels, but a billionair in the affections of a confiding family and of the numerous beneficiaries of his self sacrificing liberality."

PAT outlived his twin. He had served his two terms as sheriff of Ford County well and ushered in the new era of post-cowboy law enforcement. His health was not good, however, and he spent some time at old Fort Dodge which was by then a Kansas State soldier's home.

Pat's interest in the world and especially Republican politics never waned, and at every opportunity he actively campaigned. In 1906 he was named a delegate to the Republican state convention in Topeka. It was there he met his death.

Pat registered at the Copeland Hotel just a block from the state capitol. About two o'clock on the afternoon of May 1 he left his second-floor room and walked down the hall to the elevator. The door was partially open and Pat, thinking the elevator was already at the floor, stepped through. Instead, the elevator was one floor above and Pat fell four floors down the shaft, landing in the subbasement. "The bottom of the shaft down which he fell is a mass of machinery for the operation of the elevator and the safety device to catch the elevator in case of an accident. Mr. Sughrue fell into the midst of this," reported the Topeka *Daily Capital.*

Pat's injuries were multiple. His skull was fractured, his nose, ribs, wrists, and

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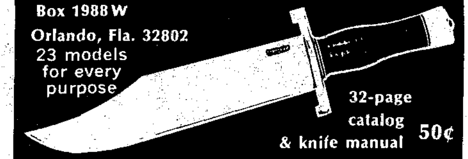

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shoulder blade were broken, and in addition he had a number of cuts and bruises over his body and head. In spite of all this his frontier-hardened spirit refused to yield and for several hours his heart continued to beat. But the injury was too much for the sixty-two-year-old-man and at last he died, ending a unique combination in the annals of law enforcement—*the twin sheriffs of Kansas.*

The Flaming Forest

(Continued from page 17)

put in and held a line from the timber fire to the east. My job was the barn. It was newly built, and full of hay.

The heavy timber frame and rafters had been peeled and framed and had left much debris around the barn. The windward side of the barn to the fire was open only by a small space for the pulley and haul line. The leeward side was widely open for large fork-loads of hay to be hoisted into the barn.

THERE was a large stream just to the east of the barn. I would fill my pails of water and put out the flames as they fell among the debris. When I remembered the whitewash spray pump and got that into action, it was much more effective and saved water. (Even today the Forest Service uses a similar hand pump on their fire-fighting water bags.)

The barn roof was half pitch, homemade shakes. Burning branches would fall on it and slide off. I would put out these fires as they hit the ground. I must have put out hundreds of them.

A young Ponderosa tree that we called a bullpine grew about fifty feet from the barn. It was about two feet in diameter above the stump and 125′-150′ high. The wind was so violent that it bent this tree until its top touched the top of the barn. I fully expected it to break and crash. Time and again I had to run under it to put out burning embers sliding off the barn roof. It never did break because it was relatively young, and after the fire it resumed its natural position.

The fight went on all night and the next day. During that day I helped my father put in a fast trench to check the spot fires that were backing down the side hill toward the house and buildings.

The effective wilderness grapevine was working. We learned that all buildings in the Marshall Lake area had burned, but all the people survived by going onto the lake in boats. Maisy Chance's pet white horse was led out into the lake but died from the flames and burning logs.

We heard that all people on our side of the river had survived, but the fate of one family was unknown. Mr. McMoran, a druggist from Spokane, had a cabin on the third bench by a little beaver pond —a pond in damp weather, and dry during extreme heat. We knew that he, his wife, and grown son and daughter were there, but we had had no word about them. About the third day, my father sent me to their place to investigate. I dreaded the trip for fear of what I might find.

I followed the riverbank and road for about two miles to McMoran Point, where a rocky ridge came to the river a mile or so from their place. The riverbank was lined with carcasses of animals that had tried to reach the water to escape the flames. Many deer, a couple of coyotes, a bear. Fur or hair burned, feet burned off; very sad. I couldn't have climbed the mountain except for the rocky ridge which had little combustible growth.

The McMoran cabin was burned. The pond was dry. But to my relief I saw four grave-like excavations in the damp soil. The father and son had dug holes, put the women in, covered them with skunk cabbage leaves and then dirt, except for their faces to allow them to breathe. Then the father buried the boy and pulled a few leaves over himself in the remaining hole they had dug. They survived, took off for the river, caught a boat, then the train at Newport and went to Spokane. They were dirty, disheveled and exhausted and had failed to communicate with any of their friends en route.

Burning timber had fallen criss-cross over the small area but none was on top of any of the holes. The only reason the family was not killed by the noxious gases was because a bit of air apparently remained in the depression formed by the pond site.

WE FOUGHT the fire for eight days and nights. Spot fires kept breaking

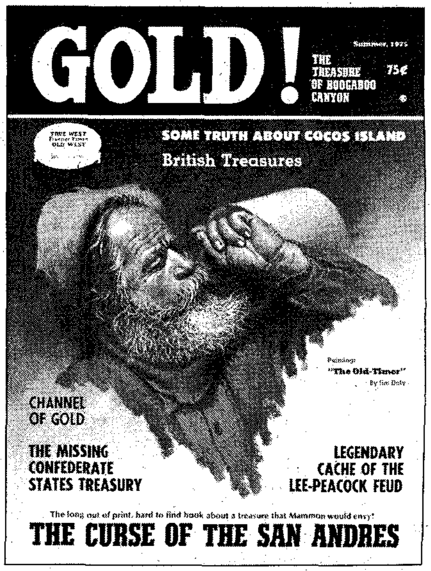
The Curse of the San Andres
BY HENRY JAMES

By popular request we'll be running this long out of print, hard to find book about a treasure that has been in the headlines for the last two years. As reported in the Gallup, New Mexico *Independent,* August 8, 1974, "There's probably gold in the hills of White Sands missile range . . . Currently publicized guesses on the value of the treasure, if it exists, run as high as $225 billion. 'They've got the decimal point out of place,' says Henry James [the author]. But he did not say how many places the decimal may be off. James, a mining engineer, did a geological investigation of the Victoria Peak area in 1949 and returned in 1950. 'I went 85 feet down into the fault, as far as I could go,' he said. 'Where there's smoke, there's usually at least some heat. There's bound to be *something* there'."

* * * *

Other articles will cover a wide area of treasure activities both in the Continental U.S. and abroad. Don't miss it!

(See GOLD! back issues on page 40)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out and the fire from the mountain kept creeping down. During that time not a one of us took off our clothes. Father and I never went to bed. When we got too tired to stand, we just lay down and dozed briefly where we were.

At the end of the eight days it snowed! Then the stories of disaster and rescue came. Across the river nearly all of the ranch homes were burned as well as the country school. Three people lost their lives—Mrs. Dienhardt, and two men. Mr. Ziegler, who lived near Calispell Lake, was trying to get to his family, a wife and nine children. He, his buggy and team burned near the schoolhouse. A man named Campbell burned at his cabin.

Dr. Phillips, one of the famous old-time doctors, had one of the first autos in Newport. There, they knew long before we did that the fire was racing toward us. He got into his car and drove down the old dirt road warning everyone to flee, and taking back a load of old and helpless people. He saved many lives. Mr. Dienhardt was warned, but he was a hard-headed Dutchman who couldn't be bothered with such rumors.

The Idaho and Northern Railroad was building downriver and had reached a point just below our place across the Pend Oreille. A man, his grown son, and his daughter lived across from us. When the work train headed for Newport to escape the fire, the crew picked up any people nearby. They went up to get these three out of their exposed cabin, but the old man refused to go. The railroadmen told him that he and the boy could die if they chose but they were taking the girl, who was more than willing! The two men followed. Their cabin burned, and they would have surely perished also.

About two miles upstream from our place was a small logging operation. They were hauling logs to the river on wagons with bunks but nothing else. They had a fat woman and a skinny man, her husband, for cooks. The loggers tied the woman's trunk to a bunk and told her to get on and hang on. They were going to race toward Newport. Even before they started, they could see that it was hopeless and to save the teams they turned west, ran the rigs over the steep bank, and swam them to a sand-bar island. The fat cook screamed all the way as they went down the bank and swam to the island, but she hung on!

While the loggers were doing this, the man had gone back into the cookhouse. When he came out, he thought everyone had started for Newport and he took out after them. He ran all the way, jumping burning trees, crossing burning bridges, and finally dropping exhausted when he came to some cleared farmland about three miles away. He still did not realize the teams and his wife had not come this way!

During the night a solid sheet of flame blew over the river. It melted the solder around the rivets on our steel boat on the bank.

A steam tug belonging to a lumber company was in the river near our place. Flames broke out on its oil-soaked planking. At last the crew ran it into a sand-bar island where it burned to the water's edge.

I don't remember when or how we ate. Not at all the first night and start of next day. After that I think Miss Lulich brought us sandwiches, maybe.

My father and I did not go to the house until the snow came. We were in a smoke-filled atmosphere until then. When the sky cleared, we could look across the river at the devastation. Barren side hills and gullies where the land had been green and pretty with many millions of board feet of timber. The fire had been so intense that in many areas there was no timber reproduction—only brush. Seeds and advanced reproduction were killed along with the standing timber.

This was the day I learned my most important lesson about forests. There is no such thing as a static, permanent forest. A forest is a crop that can and should be harvested at its prime. It can be new, adding increment; it can reach a stagnant point; it can be old, overmature where it is deteriorating and getting rotten. It can be wiped out by fire, insects, disease or windstorm. Many environmentalists do not understand this feature. They point at a forest and say leave it as it is, and expect it to always so remain.

This fire burned many thousands of acres, being about thirty miles long and fifteen miles wide. It was man-caused and could have been prevented. In addition to the loss of timber, all of the wildlife in the central part of the fire died—squirrels, weasels, mink, skunks, badgers, bobcats, lynx, grouse, pheasants, all small birds, deer, coyotes, bear and mountain lions. Thousands died horrible deaths. At the time of the fire, I was a mature young man of eleven years; my sister Ivy was thirteen, and Sylvia was seven.

Our fire was not connected to the big fire the same day in the Coeur d'Alenes and St. Regis areas of Idaho and Montana which destroyed timber, towns, bridges, and killed over eighty people.

Since 1910 I have fought or supervised the fighting of hundreds of forest fires. Never in that time have I seen anything to equal the 20th of August 1910 holocaust.

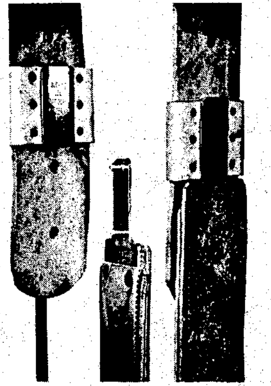
Lady Boss of the Great Divide

(Continued from page 20)

is copper," she would explain. "The brighter stuff is gold. This dark uninteresting tone—you would pass it by, wouldn't you?—is pure silver. That robin's egg blue is copper. Isn't it beautiful? This rose-colored ore is silver—ruby silver."

It must have taken a tremendous amount of determination to have spent so many days in a cabin built on a plateau at 10,000′, when "home" with all modern conveniences and comforts was located halfway across the continent. Uncle Will, Aunt Nellie's husband, was a physician in Washington, D. C.

Twenty-foot drifts isolated this part of Colorado in winter, but when spring came, before even the snow had disappeared, flowers pushed their way up to greet and enchant the young woman from New England. Violets, deep pink roses, phlox and forget-me-nots, flowers



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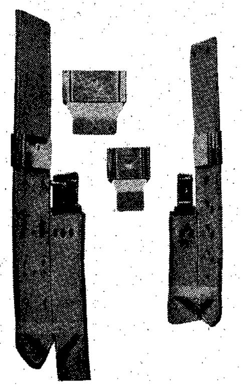

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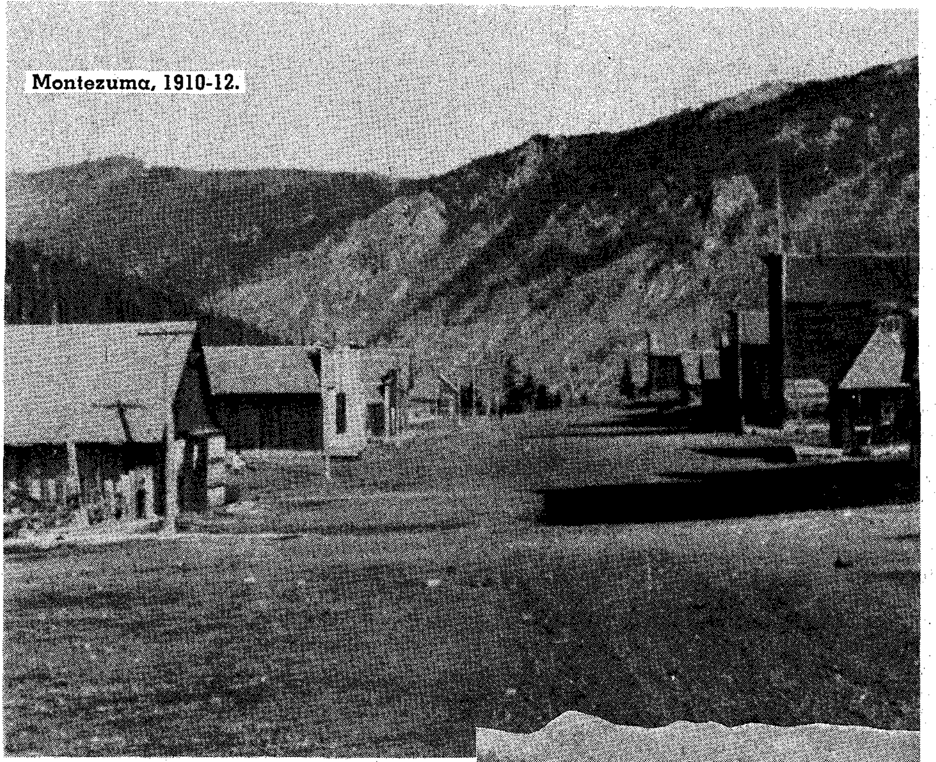


Montezuma, 1910-12.

she had seen carefully cultivated in gardens back home, here grew wild and free.

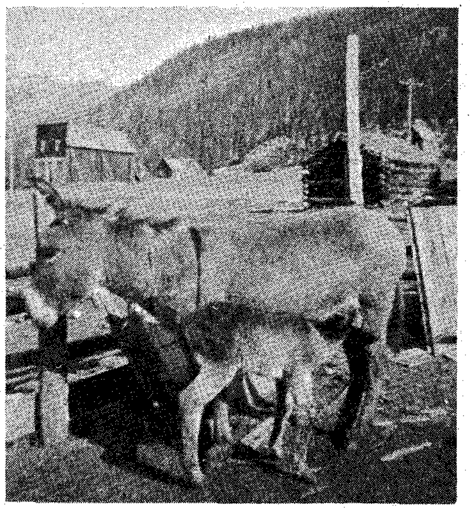
Aunt Nellie was never idle. She would play the piano or paint a picture or a piece of fine English china, or add a piece of brocade or a feather stitch to a quilt. She read thick technical volumes on mining and tunneling. She was a rapid reader who never skipped a word. Late at night after a long and tiring day she would read for relaxation, or write poetry.

Nellie Upham was respected by her business associates. Her views were valued at the American Mining Congress where she had been a representative from the District of Columbia for at least ten years. She believed in an eight-hour day for the miners, although she never limited the number of hours of her own activities. She fought for the rights of the miner and for safer working conditions, and was instrumental in the establishment of the United States Bureau of Mines.

She was a staunch suffragette, yet this woman who rode astride a burro in her short riding skirt (which she made by hand) and crawled on her hands and knees through half-constructed tunnels, was equally at ease in a pastel gown, adorned with jewelry, entertaining guests. She was conversant with all the technical know-how of her masculine cohorts. She spoke softly, but convincingly, whether to some weatherbeaten hardrock miner or to a group of engineers.

Today I sit in my rocking chair and admire the patchwork quilt—not pieced together by a little old lady but by a mining professional. Rich brocade, silks in many colors and designs, fully blended into a unified tapestry of memories. A variety of feather stitches, some pieces overlaid with intricate embroidery designs: a rose, a replica of the Washington Monument, a ribbon bearing the words "American Mining Congress," and a small black cat.

"Rocky Mountain Canaries" at work and in the corral.



I marvel at the artist who was foremost a gracious hostess in her home which she shared with her husband. Their diverse activities and careers were firmly woven together with great love.

I admired her ability and knowledge when it came to constructing a seven-mile passage through the Great Divide. Her engineering feats of over fifty years ago may have been dwarfed into insignificance by advanced scientific knowledge, but she did her bit to disprove the myth of the Cornish hardrock miners who claim it is bad luck for any woman to go underground. In the same vicinity where Aunt Nellie supervised the building of tunnels in search of gold and silver, or in an attempt to expedite rapid transportation, men have now built underground pipelines to carry water to a thirsty Denver. The original site of Dillon is now flooded by a great reservoir—a scenic lake which serves a great city, and some of the methods which Aunt Nellie pioneered in boring downward and tunneling outward led the way for the engineers who made it all possible.

High on Argentine Pass great pylons carry electric power to the homes and industry of Colorado. There are few who are courageous enough to climb to the top of this 13,532′ pass in the dead of winter. It is a hazardous job inspecting the lines, towers, and insulators, keeping the lights burning over the sky country of Colorado.

When Washington, D. C. chose its representative to the American Mining Congress, Nellie C. Upham was selected. She had remarkable persuasive ability, and representatives from all over the United States would listen attentively to what she had to say.

Nellie Upham died November 28, 1922 in Washington. But I always felt she might still "live" in Montezuma, and I had to go back and see. It is true; she is there—a deep pink rose blooming above the snow of a deserted mining town.

Fence Cutting and Murder

(Continued from page 25)

a rehearing of the case. If this were denied they would appeal to the State Supreme Court.

At 1:30 p.m. Thursday the attorneys moved for an order to set aside the verdict of the jury and for arrest of judgment. Both motions were denied and Judge Eakin sentenced Porter to be hanged April 10. The execution was stayed when the defense appealed to the higher court.

Early in November of the following year, the Supreme Court upheld the verdict, and Judge Eakin resentenced Porter to be hanged November 19.

Pine Valley residents, still believing their friend had been victim of a great injustice, quickly mounted a drive for signatures to a petition to Governor W. P. Lord requesting executive clemency—a commutation of the death sentence to life imprisonment. Persons throughout the county aided in the campaign, and the petition, bearing 500 signatures, was rushed to Salem, the state capital across the Cascades in the Willamette Valley.

If the governor had been a layman as far as law was concerned, he might have granted the request, letting his emotions guide him and doing the popular thing as far as Union County was concerned; but before becoming governor he had served twelve years on the State Supreme Court, six of them as chief justice.

On the day before the execution date, while the Union County citizens awaited his decision in subdued excitement, he told newspapermen gathered at his office that he was unable to find facts justifying commuting the sentence. He said he had given much attention to the Porter case for several days, carefully examining everything presented by Porter's attorneys as well as the statements of Judge Eakin and the citizens of Union County. He said he had been inclined to view Porter's acts with leniency, taking into consideration the annoyances to which young Mache had subjected Porter. However, the trial had not involved the death of the young man, but concerned the killing of the unarmed father, under circumstances that would not warrant executive interference with the law, and that the mother had been killed under circumstances identical with those which secured Porter's conviction for killing the father.

"If only Mache, Junior, had been killed and the defendant been tried for that offense," the governor stated, "under the circumstances he would probably have been acquitted or a different verdict rendered. At least, in that case the pardoning power would not have been hedged with so many difficulties as beset its exercise under the homicide of the father. . . .

"The executive has no right to pardon a criminal or commute his sentence from private motives, or as a personal favor, or from emotional considerations. To do so after a criminal has been convicted loosens the safeguards of society and endangers its well-being, as well as thwarts the administration of justice, and brings its judgments into contempt.

"I certainly regret that I am unable to find facts that would justify me in commuting his sentence, but with my views of official duty in the premises, unless something transpires or some consideration is presented to change my mind, I cannot interfere with the execution of the law as declared by the court," Governor Lord concluded.

He immediately telegraphed Sheriff Phy at Union City of his decision, and on the following morning, November 20, 1897, execution was carried out in the courtyard—the first hanging in Union County's history.

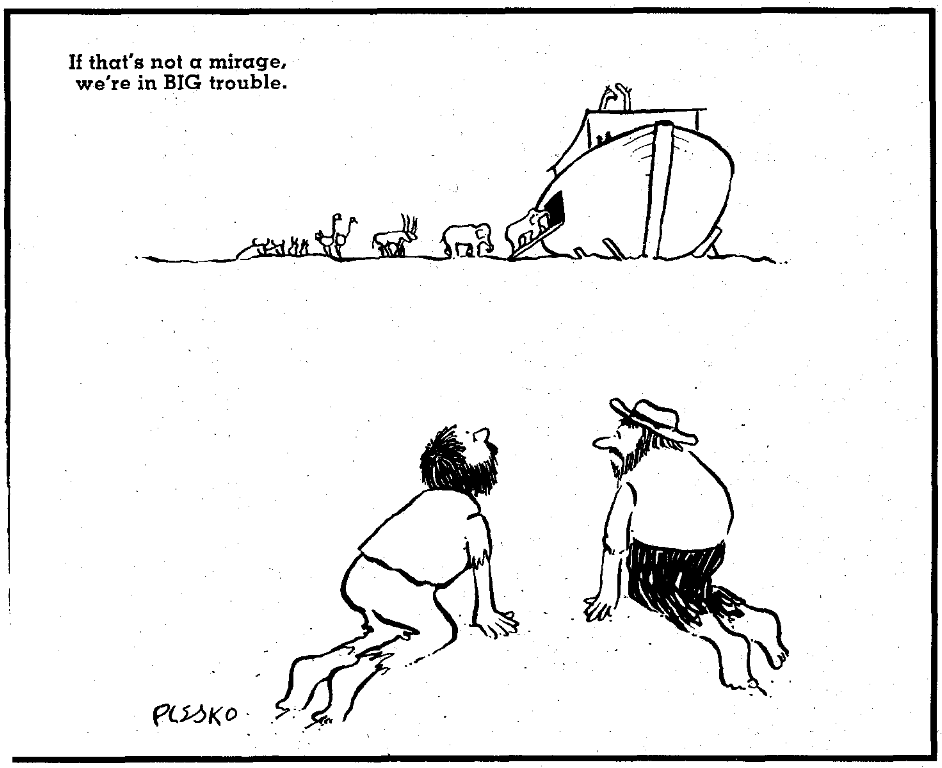
THE PORTER case stirred up more controversy than any other crime in Oregon's early days. Perhaps the fairest appraisal of it was made by the editor of the *Eastern Oregon Weekly Republican* as follows:

"Porter has paid the penalty for his crime, and words for or against him avail nothing, but it is fair to say that the comments being made by *The Oregonian* and other papers of the state show an entirely misconceived idea of the circumstances surrounding the killing of the Maches.

"Porter's acts were those of a man defending his life and his property in a way which he thought justifiable. The trouble was in his distorted ideas of justice and right, and in not fully comprehending the duty he owed to his country, his neighbors and himself, a condition fully realized by Porter himself after undergoing a self-examination within his cell in the county jail before his execution.

"Porter was not the bloodthirsty villain at heart that some of our exchanges [other newspapers] would have the public believe. Yet he violated the laws of his country and legally, if not justly, paid the full penalty."

As an historical sidelight to this celebrated pioneer-day case, two of its principal characters—Judge Robert Eakin and District Attorney John L. Rand—later became members of the State Supreme Court. Eakin served twelve years, two of them as chief justice. Rand's service extended over a 22-year period, 5½ years being as its chief.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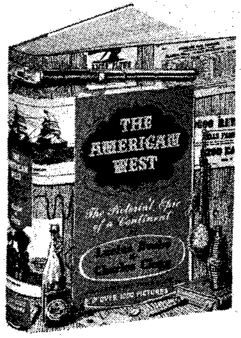

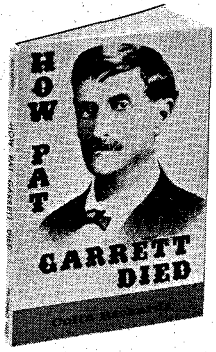

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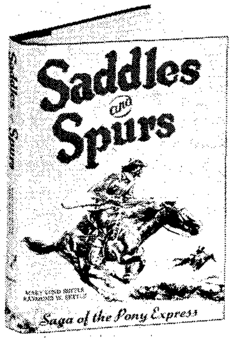

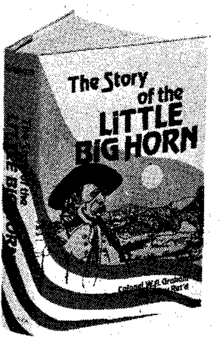

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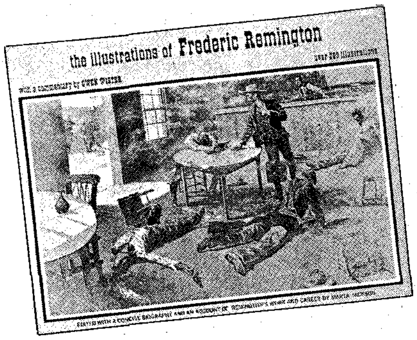

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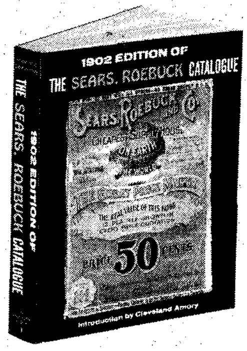

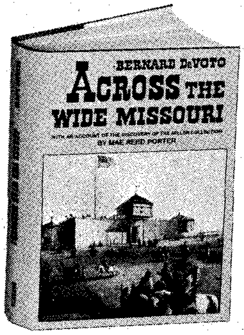

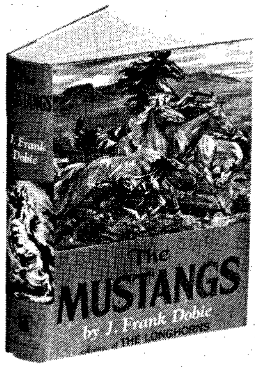

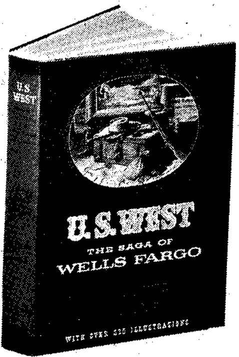

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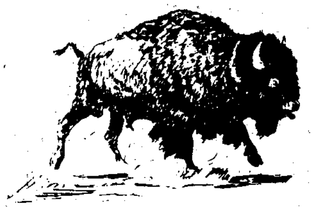

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World Champion War Dancer

(Continued from page 27)

As part of the homecoming celebration, Gus performed every dance he knew and then told his folks he would present a new dance of his own.

"I invented what I call the Feather Dance, introducing it on the Ponca Reservation. I let the folks stick a feather in the ground with just an inch or so sticking out. You keep time with the tom-tom and pick up the feather with your teeth without missing a step." Gus performed the dance and then opened it for competition. "Joe Rush was the first winner." He received a horse, a blanket and groceries, all donated by Gus' parents.

Gus' reputation as an Indian dancer caught the attention of Col. Joe Miller of the famed 101 Ranch and Wild West Show headquartered near the Ponca Reservation. Most of the Indians with Miller's show were Sioux since the Poncas had a homing instinct that proved unsurmountable after long runs on the road. But Gus agreed to go in exchange for $100 and groceries for his parents.

In New York, Gus danced in Madison Square Garden. He made quite an impression on a Washington, D.C. millionaire who invited him to perform for visiting foreign ambassadors at the Victor Building.

Later that year (1921) Gus was invited to the White House to meet President Warren G. Harding. Gus remembers having a guard jerk his hands out of his pockets as he went through the receiving line. He presented a peace pipe and a pouch to Harding and received the president's promise to visit Oklahoma and to take care of the Poncas.

While with the 101 Show Gus danced at the World's Fair in Chicago, at the International Petroleum Exposition in Tulsa, and before the kings and queens of Britain and Denmark.

When the 101 finally closed for good, Gus began appearing at private parties of the rich and at supper clubs. At the Silver Slipper, he was known as Chief White Horse "fresh from the Oklahoma prairies," and the audience was warned not to give him any "fire water."

As part of the act, Gus and an Indian girl, White Fawn, dined in the audience with a select group of wealthy dowagers, sleek debutantes and boisterous financiers and politicians.

"White Fawn was educated and very beautiful but, since we were told not to talk 'white man's tongue' in public, we couldn't converse. Our Indian languages were different. As part of the act, the manager would put his arm around White Fawn and I would appear to get angry and swing my tomahawk around. When everyone calmed down we would be served; but instead of using forks and spoons I would rip the meat apart with my hands and start eating like a savage."

The warning about fire water seemed to spur on the ladies of the audience, and Gus had more than one offering slipped to him under the table. Finally the high-rise living, the free-flowing liquor, the frenzied nights of performing began to take their toll. Gus headed for the reservation where he had a wife and two children.

Long-time friends, McDonald (right) and three-time Fancy War Dance Champion, George Watchetaker (Comanche) Lawton, Oklahoma.

HE CONTINUED to dance at area powwows, picking up $100 here and there, often winning the feather-pulling contest he had originated years before.

In 1926 he was invited to the Haskell Homecoming and a series of championship dancing contests. Though broke, Gus packed his suitcase, borrowed a few dollars from a newspaper publisher, and headed for the road to hitchhike to Pennsylvania. Unexpectedly, his father came along in a horse and wagon and when he heard where Gus was going gave him a blanket and $20. "Then when Mother came along in the car, she gave me another $20 and before I left town an uncle had added $10, and an aunt $5. So I was on my way."

Gus arrived at Haskell, registered, and attended the Red Corn Feast where he and another Ponca, McKinley Eagle, teamed up. The competition drew dancers from most states in the Union and almost every Indian tribe.

The straight war dance, a traditional performance, finally evolved into a contest among five men, including Gus. There were ten judges, two of whom were Chief Bacon Rind of the Osages and Two Gun White Calf of the Yellowstone. Five songs later it was Gus in the finals with Blaine Fawfaw, an Otoe on an Oklahoma reservation near Red Rock. Gus was named the winner with nine out of ten votes and received a large trophy.

The Fancy War Dancing contest was the finale of the big event and was held to pacify various claimants of "best dancers." With the title would go the right of the winner's tribe to sponsor all future championship contests.

"I hadn't planned to enter," Gus said. "I told McKinley Eagle to win this one for the Poncas. But everyone insisted, so I began dancing."

Gus saw his friend McKinley eliminated at 15th place, leaving him and two other dancers. Told to step aside after the next dance, Gus assumed he had placed third. He watched the two remaining dancers fight it out.

"But it was for second and third. I had won. I had won for the Poncas."

Gus died January 1, 1974.

Life in Dakota Territory

(Continued from page 16)

they started to warm up their horses. As they came down the track to about where we were, Old Boots seemed to get sort of nervous. He would stomp and fight the bit when I pulled him down.

At last the race was on! Down the track they came, six or seven of them, though I couldn't look much as Boots was occupying all my attention and more strength than I had. When that last horse went past, Boots took the bit in his teeth with a plunge that yanked the sulky right from under Harry and would have unseated me, too, if I hadn't been pulling on the reins as hard as I could. Boots hit right down the inside of the track and, though they had a big lead, the first thing I knew we were passing one horse, then the other. I was trying my best to stop him or guide him off the track, but that horse had his own idea of where he was going.

We got up to third position about halfway between the last quarter and the half-mile. The two horses in front of us were hugging the inside and driving to win. I had about lost my desire to get out of the race, for Boots was doing the running *and* the driving! He began to lead out to the right, breathing down the neck of the second place driver, and when we got to the last quarter we were neck and neck with the second horse.

The finish line wasn't far in front and the crowd was hollering and waving. Boots seemed to say, "Well, this is it." He started to pour on the speed. We were past the second horse and closing in on the lead horse. Old Boots with his hea straight out was sure throwing gravel. We were a few rods from the finish an neck and neck with the lead horse. The other driver was using his long oats or his horse and plenty. I was still holdin the lines but just to keep my own balance and when we crossed the finish line Boot won by a head.

The crowd sure put through a cheer fo that horse. He slacked his pace, went few rods and swung around and starte back to the crowd. We were met by m dad. He had a kind of funny look, no exactly mad but not happy. He said, "I'l take the horse now." Boots was steamin wet. Dad put a blanket on him and walke him home, the crowd still yelling. In th barn I got my first lesson in rubbin down a horse after a race. Dad was o one side; I, on the other. We rubbed hi with old cloths, at first under the blanke from his nose to his tail and up and dow his legs until he was perfectly dry. Afte we had finished Dad said, "Well, I su pose you know I can't get a race wit anyone in this part of the country now.

Somehow I knew then that Dad ha bought Old Boots with the idea that he' wait till the right time to show some gu his wasn't the fastest harness horse in those parts. Of course, it would cost the other fellow a few dollars. But Dad knew that after that exhibition Boots' racing days in our territory were over, and he sold him.

SUMMERS on the prairie were very hot and the wind blew a lot. You couldn't get a chunk of ice to make cold drinks with unless you had it shipped in and hauled from the nearest railroad. So anytime the church announced it would have an ice cream social it was an event to look forward to.

I remember one time especially when the church was filled to capacity. The kids sang their songs (off-key as usual) and everyone clapped and smiled and other kids spoke funny "pieces" with the help (two or three times) of their teacher. Everyone clapped and pounded the floor some more. Meanwhile, there was but a single thought in the whole room, that beautiful cold delicious dessert sitting just out in the entry in big tubs of ice. The women of the church, with willing help from the kids (ice cream freezers always had dashers), had spent the afternoon creating this delicacy. The program seemed endless but finally it was finished, and the committee hurried back to serve refreshments. The tubs of ice were just where they had left them but were empty f freezers! The looks of surprise were oon replaced with very dark anger and, ike a female army, they marched to the ront of the church and announced, 'Someone stole the ice cream."

Paul Revere riding through the streets houting, "The British are coming!" was low motion beside the speed displayed by he men as they left the church in search f the thief. A thorough search was conucted but not one single clue was unovered. Finally a disappointed crowd eft for their homes.

Dad had been one of the searchers and e was real quiet all the way home. When ve got in the house he said, "Say, did any f you see what became of the boys from he ranch? They were there at the beginning of the program." We all remembered eeing them in the back row but no one ould recall seeing them toward the end of he program and they most certainly adn't been part of the searching rowd. "You know, it is kind of funny," ad said. "I know that Bill, Ben, Shorty —and especially Jim Glass—were planing on that ice cream."

Next morning as we were finishing reakfast, an excited neighbor stopped by nd asked if we had heard the news. It eems that a few hours before when some f the ladies had gone to clean the church, e first thing they saw when they opened e door were the freezers and a note, rt of ice-cream smudged, that read, We all thank you ladies for the ice ream. P.S. Hope we didn't put you out o much." And there was a nice crisp 10 bill in each freezer.

Mother and the neighbor agreed that was much more than they would have ade selling it by the dish, but they were ill upset over the mean trick of depriving everyone of the ice cream and ruining e social.

Dad didn't say a word but after the eighbor left, he made ready to leave, too. Mother asked him where he was going and he answered, "Just thought I'd ride out and see how the boys are getting along."

When Dad arrived at the ranch, Bill Harvey was the only one he could see around the place and he wasn't looking too healthy. Upon inquiry he was told that Jim, Jack and Shorty had taken the herd out on the range and that Ben was around "someplace." Dad went over to the shack that was a bunkhouse on one end and a kitchen on the other. The table was piled with dirty dishes, some of them containing what looked suspiciously like melted ice cream.

Dad returned to where Bill Harvey was still sitting on a pile of hay and said, "Well, Bill, what is the story?"

"It's this way, I.H.," (Dad was always called by his initials) "we didn't intend to take that ice cream—that is, we hadn't planned to before we went to the social, but sitting there listening to all them songs and pieces it got so hot that just before that last little girl sang we sorta thought we should have some air.

"We eased ourselves out, and Jim Glass was in the lead. As we passed by those freezers one of the handles got caught in Jim's hand. Well, Chuck Simpson was right behind Jim. Oh, yes, the Simpson boys were all there, and the Harrows, too. Well, anyway, Chuck got mixed up with another freezer; and Shorty didn't want anyone to think he couldn't carry a ten-gallon freezer, so he took one too. That left just one, and Ben thought how everyone would be fightin' over it so he picked up the freezer and when we got outside there really wasn't no place to go except here. Harrows had their rig over by the store and there wasn't any sense staying around. Some of those fellows in church could of been a mite unreasonable.

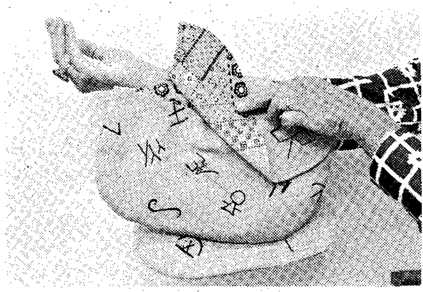
"By the time we got here there was twenty-one of us. After we et the second freezer we got to thinkin' that maybe that wasn't just the thing to do; we all felt pretty bad so someone suggested we take the other two freezers back. Jim and Chet Harrow didn't like the idea much, but the majority ruled and we took them back.

"You know, I.H., when we got to the church there wasn't a soul around! Ben even looked under the seats and around the pulpit. Chuck said, 'Well, what are we goin' to do with all this? We can't just let it set here.' Most everyone agreed the only way we could keep it from goin' to waste was to eat it. We got pretty sick. I gotta admit I took my turn holdin' up the corner of the barn.

"By three o'clock the pains began to leave most of the boys and around five the Simpsons and the Harrows felt strong enough to start for home. But I think Ben must have spoiled a ton of hay."

Dad got on his horse and came home and he didn't say a word about the missing ice cream for a long time but Mother put two and two together and got darned near the right answer.

I remember another church "doing" equally well. About ten o'clock that night, after it was over, Kate Stimpson decided to ride back home to her dad's ranch some fifteen miles from town. Now Kate, who was seventeen or eighteen years old, wouldn't have a horse that any



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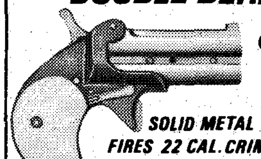

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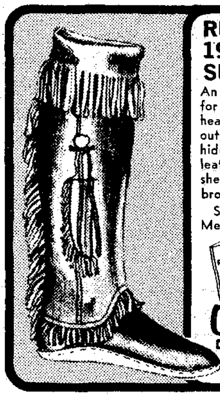

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other girl or half the men around could ride. She always broke her own horse.

The Stimpsons and my folks were great friends and every summer I would go out to their ranch for ten days or two weeks and live the life of a real cowboy. I had chaps, spurs, hat and all, just mine. I slept in the bunkhouse with the rest of the punchers and was out with the herd all day.

On the night I mention, Kate was riding a big dun-colored bronc that wasn't half broke; it was snorty and wild. Kate asked me if I wanted to go home with her and, of course, I did. This meant riding double and also, since I was only seven or eight, it meant asking permission from my folks. Mother didn't think I ought to go on that wild horse Kate had, but Dad said it was all right. After lots of coaxing from me and Kate, Mother gave in.

With the help of a couple of men holding the bronc, another fellow picked me up and set me on behind Kate. We were off at a fast gallop, with Kate hollering to me to hold on. And hold on I did—with my arms around Kate's waist as tight as I could get them! Kate didn't try to slow down that half-wild horse for three or four miles. Then she slackened him a bit and said to me, "Now you mustn't go to sleep and fall off because you know that there isn't any way we could get you back on this crazy cayuse. It would be a long walk back, so hang on good and tight."

When that bronc wasn't on the run that took all of Kate's attention she would say, "Let's sing" or anything else to keep me awake. It didn't take long to make that fifteen miles and in about an hour and a half we rode up to the Stimpson corral. Kate helped me slide to the ground. Her brother Steve came from the bunkhouse and helped me to my bunk. I just fell in and I guess I was asleep before I landed. Steve took off my outside clothes and shoes and I never heard the boys get up at daylight to take the herd out on the range. I believe I would have been asleep yet if it hadn't been for Mary. Mary was the youngest Stimpson; she was six. The nearest to her in age was Tom who was sixteen; then Kate; Steve twenty; Fred twenty-two; and Chet, the oldest, who was twenty-four.

Mary sure was a tomboy. There wasn't a thing that her brothers did that she didn't think she could do and she was pretty near right. Not having anyone her own age to play with, when I was there she used to tag me every place I went. That was mostly following Steve around. She being a girl and only six, I didn't much like the idea of her hanging around. But mostly, I guess, I didn't like the idea of her "showing" me, and she could.

Steve always called me "Pardner" so Mary got to calling me "Pardner," too. It sure burned me up, but it tickled Steve and the rest of the family.

After being out on the range with the boys tending herd all day I looked forward to us bringing the cattle in to the corral at night. Every night when we were bringing in the herd and were about a mile from the corral, here would come Mary on her little bay "Injun" pony—no saddle, no blanket and if she couldn't find her bridle, all she would have on that horse was a piece of rope around his neck. She always made straight for me and yelled, "Hi Pardner," and did I hate it.

Mary would ride alongside of me and talk and talk until we got to where the trail led around a thicket. Then she would yell, "I'll beat you home, Pardner." There was a single track that wound among the trees through the brush, but it was seldom used because of the wild plum thorns.

I had a black pony named Sammy. He was bigger than her bay she called Babe and, of course, I couldn't refuse a dare given by any little old girl. So we would start, Mary pounding Babe with the end of her rope. I kept to the regular trail but not Mary. She headed Babe into that briar-patch trail that was right in line with the ranch house and the last thing I would hear was Mary yelling, "Come on Babe!"

Well, it was lots farther to go around on the regular trail but a darn sight more comfortable. I'd encourage Sammy a little with my spurs and he was real cooperative but every night it was the same story. When I'd get to the ranch house there would sit Mary, and when I go within yelling distance, she'd sing out "I beat you, didn't I, Pardner?"

This was really getting my goat and finally Steve said, "Now the next time you beat her to it. Get to the path firs and Miss Muffet (the family nickname

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for Mary) will have to follow you because in that thicket she can't get around you and you can beat her home." It took all my nerve to head Sammy into that patch of thorns but I did, and Babe and Miss Muffet had to follow.

The longer I was at the ranch the more of each day was spent with Miss Muffet. She was such a good sport—didn't ask any odds no matter what we were doing. I forgot most of the time that she was a girl and only six years old.

We used to snare gophers and Mr. Stimpson would give us a penny each for them. We took a string thirty or forty feet long with a slip noose in one end, went out a-ways on the prairie, and watched for a gopher. When we saw one we would chase it into its hole, put the slip noose around the top of the hole, and go back to the other end of our string. Lying flat on the ground, we would be very quiet and in a few minutes up would pop a head. The one holding the string would give a quick yank and you would usually have Mr. Gopher. The other one would grab the stick carried for this purpose, run like a flash and finish him off. The last step was to unloose the string and put the gopher in our sack. Mary was equally adept at either end of the string and equally willing.

There was only one thing on the ranch that Miss Muffet avoided. At the other end of the lake, just outside the cattle corral, Mrs. Stimpson kept two geese and a gander. They would raise fifteen or so young every year.

One day I didn't go out with the boys and we had run out of things to do. Mary said, "Let's go up to the goose pen and have a fight with the old gander." This was a new one for me; I hadn't met the geese, but I was game. Mary led me to the woodpile, selected a strong stick, and instructed me to do the same. I did as she said and we made for the end of the lake where the geese were. When we got there the two mother geese were walking with their young. Old man gander was walking up and down between us and his family with his long neck stretched toward us and hissing to beat the duece.

Mary said, "We will go out toward him and when he comes at us, we will hit him with our sticks."

Well, that was my first time to go into battle with a gander and it looked as if we two with heavy sticks sure had the advantage. Yet Mary was kind of hanging back, so this seemed the time for me to show her that I was a big boy.

Out toward our enemy I went. When I got within two rods, I swung my stick at him and hollered. To my surprise it didn't scare him a bit; he just kept coming.

"Look out!" Mary yelled. "Give him a good whack on the head!"

I guess I got a little scared or excited, for I missed and that darned gander had me by the leg of my pants and took about a pound of leg with it. I let out a howl and he got me with both wings. It seemed ike he had broken my other leg and one arm. I was flailing away as fast and as hard as I could with my stick but I was ure losing the battle when Mary landed n the fight.

She was trying to hit him and yelling all the time for me to swing. Finally she got in a blow that was almost fatal for the old gander. He went down in a heap. I was scared we had killed him, but not Miss Muffet. She just laughed and said, "We fixed him that time, didn't we, Pardner?"

About that time the gander stretched that long neck and stirred, and Mary said, "Let's get out of here." I was willing and we went back a few yards and watched. He wobbled to his feet, hissed at us, and headed toward his family.

It came time for me to go home; I rode with Mr. and Mrs. Stimpson in their buckboard. Mary and I sat in back on a couple of boxes. Mother had a fine dinner for all of us and when they had to leave I sure hated to say goodbye—most of all to Miss Muffet. I missed her; she was a real pardner even if she was a girl and only six years old, and I, a boy and eight.

The White-Eyed Albino

(Continued from page 44)

gear. I think Buttermilk bucked about as hard as he ever had done in his life.

When I pulled my reins my hand flew above my head with my bridle in the air. He had chewed that strap in the middle—and did I ever take a ride! He had nothing at all on his head. After eight or ten high buck-jumps he found he couldn't get enough speed that way, so he ran east for a few rods groaning like a pig. Buttermilk made the same speed toward the west, then north, all the time sounding as though he were frightened to death. Finally, he turned to the south and ran down the ridge we had just come over, with the speed of his aristocratic ancestors.

We were flying along at breakneck pace, with me holding my bridle in my hand, when instead of staying on the ridge Buttermilk veered off to the west and went down into another coulee. I could see a patch of buckbrush in front of me that would be full of badger holes. I watched that ground mighty close.

I saw the holes, and I saw where the horse stepped. The ground was soft enough in early May for a cave-in of a badger hole. I also saw Buttermilk's white head strike the ground. At the terrific speed we were traveling, I flew another twenty feet on down the hill with my bridle under me. I hit my nose so hard when I fell that I was sure it must be half cut off, but I wasn't knocked unconscious.

The momentum we had when my horse went down, kept him rolling on downhill and he landed across my back! With my feet uphill and my head down, I didn't have time to realize what had really happened.

As my brain cleared a little and I saw the pony's front feet beside my head and his back feet on the opposite side of me, my first thought was to rescue myself. If he tried to struggle to his feet he would surely strike my head with his hoofs. Immediately I clasped both of his front feet with my right arm. I really do not know how long I lay on my stomach with that horse across my back. He didn't move a muscle or try to get off me. I was not knocked out, but I think that horse must have been.

It was plain that if Buttermilk didn't

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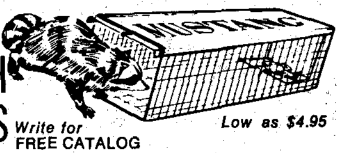

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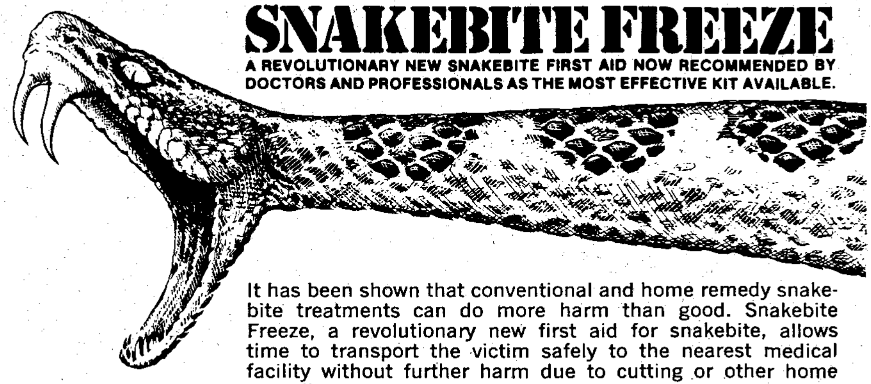

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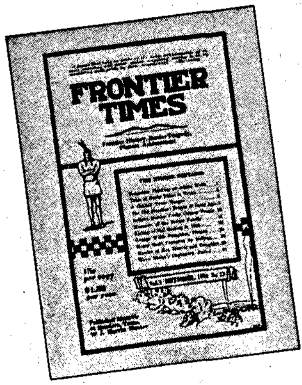

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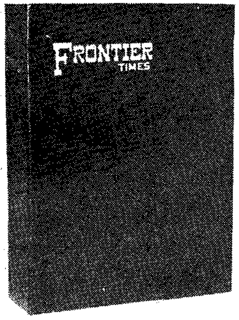

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get off me soon, I would have to get out from underneath him somehow. I was in such an awkward position, too, with feet up and head down, but I commenced to roll him all I could. Horses do not roll easily when they have a saddle on their back! I lifted and twisted, rolled and groaned underneath him, and began to believe he was dead. I used power I didn't know I possessed, and finally was able to pull one leg free. My riding boot had protected my leg some, but it got badly bruised as it came clear. Before my other foot was freed I had that horse nearly on his back. That horse had put a brand on both my legs for the rest of my life.

WHEN I got on my feet, I let his front feet loose. As they dropped to the ground, Buttermilk was on his feet immediately, and took off down the coulee at full speed! I watched for a few seconds in utter amazement. He crossed the coulee, passed the spring and water trough, and went up the other side like he was jet-propelled. Then he went out of sight toward home.

I picked up my bridle and looked toward home, too. There were some nasty pains around the region of my heart, and I thought I must have strained some muscles. (That my ribs were broken didn't occur to me until I was home and my wife discovered they were caved ir where my elbow had been beneath me.)

After I slowly climbed the hill on the south side of the coulee I could see Buttermilk standing about half a mile ahead When that horse saw me coming towarc him, he raised his head very high anc snorted similar to an antelope. Then he whirled and took off again.

I tried to keep on fairly high ground knowing the only trail in this part of th ranch was a mile east of where I was. A the speed Buttermilk was traveling, h must have got to the home corral lon ago, so I trudged along, straight acros the prairie.

We had some fenced farmland insid the ranch for growing winter feed. climbed through that fence, still watchin the trail in the far distance for someon out looking for me, but no one showe up. Later I learned that instead of goin directly home Buttermilk had stopped t graze in places out of sight from me. Th last place he stopped was about a mil north of the house, on a high ridge.

My wife always had a habit of watch ing for my return if I was riding th range, and she happened to see no ride Jack had just come around to the en of the field near the buildings, and sh called to him. "I can see Dad's horse u there, but I don't see him. We'd bette go and find out what has happened."

Jack turned for a better look towar the north, and saw my pony standin broadside to him. Then, as if on signa Buttermilk started to buck with th empty saddle. After going about ten bucl jumps toward the west, he turned towar home and came down that ridge as fa as he could run. The horse didn't noti the barbwire gate until he got right to i but with an extra bound he jumped ov the gate and ran into the corral besi the stable.

I had walked half a mile across th piece of farmland and was crawlir through the fence on the south side when they located me. It was not a pretty sight. When I had cut my nose in that tumble with my horse the blood had even run down my neck. I also had scraped my left cheek all the way up to my hair line and it had bled enough to look a great deal worse than it really was. I was still carrying my broken bridle in my hand, and my wife seemed to be happy that I was traveling on my own power.

I didn't change Buttermilk's name after that incident, but I began to feel that all the cream hadn't been taken after all. Jack said, "Dad, that white horse has got to be taught some manners before you ride alone with him again. I know he doesn't like me, but I'm going to ride him anyway."

Well, each time Jack rode Buttermilk that spring he had trouble. It was mostly at a gate while trying to mount up again. However, Buttermilk's and my relations improved. I never did abuse him in any way, and he was never run hard unless he was doing fast work among the cattle or horses. He was always a good mover. For awhile he was desperately afraid of a rope, whether it be above him or trailing on the ground, but is wasn't very long until I could use a rope off his back to my satisfaction.

He was a stout little horse and could easily pull a barrel of water on a stoneboat over bare ground with my lariat snubbed to the saddlehorn. He became an expert dodger in separating cattle or horses. He could make many miles in a days work, and never gave up trying to be a top saddle horse.

For more proof that Buttermilk was a fair kind of pony, he made his home at our ranch until he was past the twenty-year mark, a good age for a horse. The last few years of that albino's life were lived like a "gentleman."

When I began to get too many years on me, my wife and I retired from the ranching game and moved to Ponteix. Jack and his wife Irene took over the ranch. My old pony lived in the pasture with no work to do. During the summers, at branding time, I would go out for the day, saddle up that old white horse and help move the cows to the corral. On occasion I would drag in a few calves to be branded. Then Buttermilk would go back in the hills and I'd go back to town.

The albino was well worth the time spent to educate him. With his muscling and the extra fat he'd put on, at twenty years of age he weighed in the neighborhood of 1300 pounds. I will always remember him. Instead of me ever branding *him*, he branded *me*—that day on the side of the coulee when I had my head downhill and my feet uphill. That was the only tumble we ever took together.

I have fond memories of many horses that I used to ride. May their bones rest, wherever they may be.

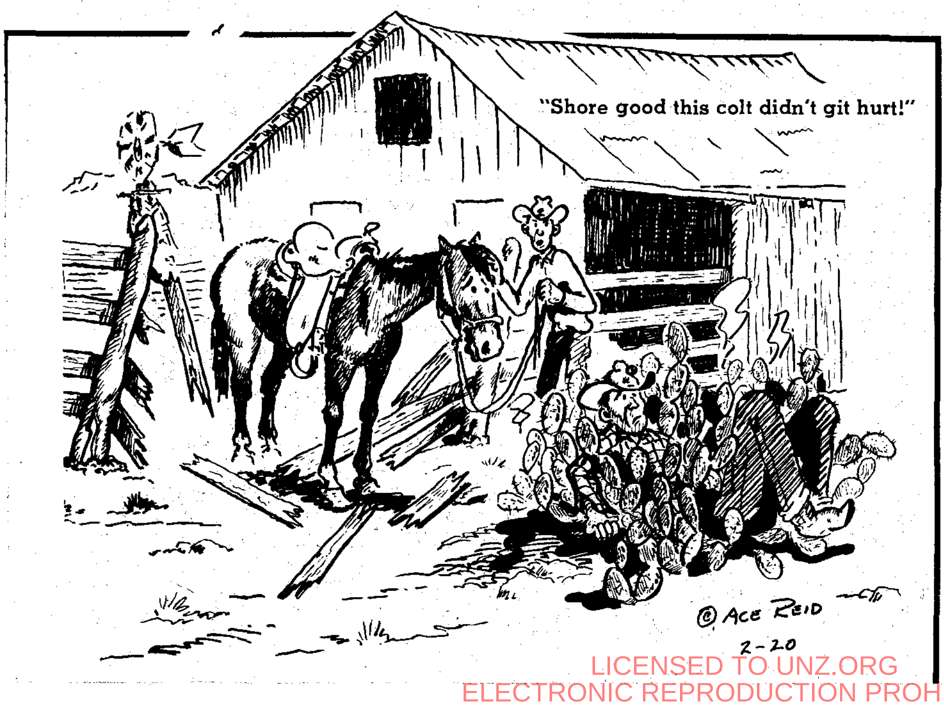
Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 7)

of books on sailing craft will want to add this one to their libraries.

HOSSES

The Arco Publishing Company should draw high marks for republishing the 1967 first printing of *Horse and Horseman* assembled by Peter Vischer, a unique editor of classic horse literature. The new book sells for $14.95. It is an anthology of articles and illustrations from America's most prestigious horse magazine, *Horse and Horseman,* which began under the name of *Polo* in 1927. Written originally for the social eclat of the equine kingdom, it has class and distinction that will appeal to a new generation of horse sportsmen today. This book is packed with several dozen articles on various phases of sport horsemanship by experts who wrote exceedingly well. It could be classed as an English text based on horses. Each of the ten chapters have from six to over a dozen articles written by men of distinction in their categories. Chapters cover horsemanship, polo, fox hunting, racing, steeplechasing, horses in harness, shows and competitions, Western horses and rodeos. One chapter covers miscellaneous features, including an article on Justin Morgan and the people who have made horse history. The pictures of horses and people are of a quality that add class to the fine articles. Highly recommended.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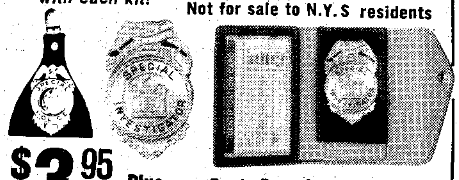

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Ward—Reid

My Great-great-aunt Matt (Martha) Wean ran away from her home in Virginia at the age of fifteen to marry a cowboy, Left or Less Ward, from Porcupine, Montana. They had been pen pals, but never met until she arrived in Montana. They lived on a ranch and had at least one child, a daughter, Pearl Ward.

Does anyone remember Matt, Left, or Pearl? Matt and Left's marriage took place in the 1880s. Matt had a sister, Mary, who married Claude Reid. They had four children who lived: Annie, Nina, Maud and Joseph. Annie married U. Ashbury; Maud married Richard Showalter; Nina married Don Sheets; and Joseph's wife's name was Mary, last name unknown.—Madge Frazier, 5936 Johnnycake Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21207

Pink Simms

Pink Simms, old-time lawman and authority on gunmen of the Old West, often quoted by writers of a generation ago, was last known to live in Montana in about 1935. He is believed to have died within the decade following. I would like any information on him, but particularly his birthdate and birthplace, his date of death and place of death, and the names and addresses of any survivors.—Dan L. Thrapp, 4970 N. Camino Antonio, Tucson, Arizona 85718.

Jameson-Swinney

My father, John Rosser Jameson (often pronounced Jimerson or Jimison) was the only child of Reverend William and Francis Justina Roper Jameson (married 1851, Panola County, Texas). William was a Methodist minister. He died in 1853 in Red River County, Texas. His widow (Justina) removed to Missouri and later remarried William H. Swinney of Fayette, Missouri. Justina died in 1858 in Fayette, Missouri. Would appreciate hearing from descendants of William H. Swinney.

After his mother's death, John R. was placed in the household of a relative where he remained until about 1870. It is believed he went to Texas about 1870 and remained there until about 1890, and was perhaps a teamster. John R. came to Louisiana about 1890 and died in 1923.

Any information of a John R. Jameson will be greatly appreciated and all postage will be refunded.—Russell Jameson, Route 1, Box 168B, Deville, Louisiana 71328

Price-Ford

Would like to hear from descendants of Mollie Price-Ford. Am seeking information on my great-grandparents, Reece Price and Caroline Scott Price. Where were they born, when did they die, etc. They lived in or close to Alma, Arkansas during the Civil War, I believe. My great-grandfather, Reece Price, had been home on furlough shortly before the end of the war. He was a soldier on the Confederate side. I understand that he became ill on his way home at the end of the war, and never reached there. He was probably buried in an unmarked grave somewhere in Texas.

I have no information whatsoever on my great-grandmother, Caroline Scott-Price; but there were four children that I know about: my grandmother, Mattie M. Price; and Mollie Price who later married a William Ford and had three sons, Ed, Reece and Lee; two daughters, Bertha and Cora. Mollie Price-Ford died about 1906, I believe.

My great-grandparents had two sons that I know about—Reece Price who died in his early teens, and Joseph Isaac Price, who died in 1932. Joseph had two sons, both now deceased.

Would like to hear from any descendants of Mollie Price-Ford and Bill Ford.—Mrs. Irene B. Cooper, 121 West Cherry Street, Winslow, Arizona 86047

Charly Chambliss

My brother and I are looking for our father, Charly Chambliss, a champion calf roper and top stockman. We would like to hear from anyone who can help us contact him or knows his whereabouts.—Jim Chambliss, 3436 4th Street, Riverside, California 92501

Boyd

My great-grandfather, Jacob Lorenzo Boyd, was born February 18, 1846 in Nebraska Teritory near Florence. His father, a scout for wagontrains, was killed by Indians sometime before 1850. Jacob was raised by Luana Beebe Rockwell, wife of Porter Rockwell. Jacob married Augusta Peterson and lived in Otter Tail County, Minnesota for many years. Can anyone tell me his parents' names? All information will be appreciated and promptly answered—R. M. Korth, 12529 Catalpa Pl., Chino California 91710

James

My grandfather Robert Francis James was born 1839 and died in 1893. In 1873 he married Elizabeth Umphrey, or maybe Humphreys, born 1853 and died 1941. Their children were: Robert Edward, 1873-1882; John Morlin, born 1876; Warren, 1880-1948; Harriet Elizabeth, 1883-1883; Margaret Francis, 1885-1887; Mary Elinor, 1887-1908; Samuel Levi, my father 1889-1954; Emma Rose, born 1893; and Anna Belle.

My father always said he was a relative of Jesse and Frank James but never would say more than that. He was born in Fort Scott, Kansas. I have a picture of him as a boy at the old homestead farmhouse with several older people in Kato, Kansas. Another of him at about eighteen or twenty is with another young man.

We think Ruth Hoffman, daughter of Anna, may bein Holly, Colorado. My father left Kansas as a young man, got into some trouble and went to Ohio. I would like to hear from anyone who could tell me anything about the family and if my grandfather was a brother to Jesse and Frank.—Virginia James Buttrey, 5533 W. 6th, Route 2, West Branch, Michigan 48661

Mowbery-Langton-Williams

A Bible has come to me from a friend who recently died. He had asked me to try to trace some of the people recorded in the Bible so it could be turned over to relatives. The first entry is Thomas Mowbery who came from Hampshire, England and married a Langton from Lempshire, England. There are no given names or dates of birth or marriage. It states that "Grandpa Langton" died in 1899. Streater Williams and Mary Mowbery, 1919, Bay Bain, are the last entries.

The Bible was found in an old trunk in Colorado, Utah or Idaho. The person who found it said it had come from a house that appeared to have burned. A trunk had fallen into the basement and was overlooked for years. Only one corner was visible when he found it. It looked to him as if wedding clothes had been wrapped around the Bible to protect it. Any member of the family who has an interest in the Bible can call me at 602-758-2264.—Mrs. Hattie Cooper, 2027 E. Mohave Drive, River Route #1, Bullhead City, Arizona 86430

David Cross Johnson

I am interested in anything about my grandfather, David Cross Johnson, his first wife (name unknown), their son Himmes, David's brother, whose name is unknown; and his son, Willis; and David's sister Lydia. David's second wife was Nettie Morton.

Willis was from Glen Elder, Kansas and died in California. I believe he had some brothers and sisters but I haven't been able to locate them. Lydia lived in Portland, Oregon when last heard from.

I have been told that David Johnson chopped down Dick Wooten's toll gate on Raton Pass. Can anyone tell me anything about this?—Nettie Smith, P. O. Box 823, Leoti, Kansas 67861

John Gunn

I wonder if any of your Arizona readers have any information concerning John Gunn, a small rancher in that state in the late 1880s and early 1900s. I believe John ran cattle as I understand tha my dad, Clinton Prescott, punched cow

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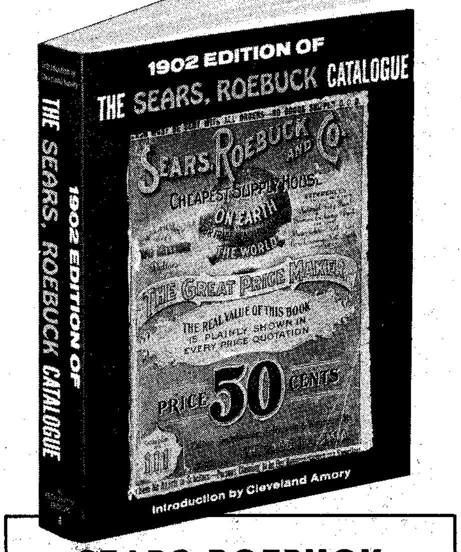
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for him about 1892 or later. Gunn must have been located somewhere in the Flagstaff area. I was born in Bellemont in a 'dobe house on July 4, 1899, and as I was named for him, Gunn came to see his namesake shortly after my birth. He surely lived somewhere nearby. He is long dead by this time, I suppose, and when we moved away I was too young to remember him. Who his relatives were I never knew, and perhaps he never married. My folks have all passed on, so unless someone sees and answers this appeal, I'll probably never know any more about this early-day Arizona rancher.—John Gunn Prescott, P. O. Box 355, Durham, California 95938

Cossman

The last known address for John and Lizzy Cossman was South Mansfield, Louisiana about 1923. Their children were Mable, Lizzy, Florence, August, and another son whose name I don't know. I would certainly like any news of them.—Mrs. Frank Parr, Box 417, Rankin, Texas 79778

Hill

I am trying to find ancestors of Thomas Greenleaf Hill, born 1849 near Wheeling, West Virginia. He had at least one sister, Sarah; however, he was reared in a foster home. Mr. Edwin P. Hill of 3448 W. 16th Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46222 believes that a Levi Hill, born 1800, married to Mary Townsend Greenleaf in 1826 at Templeton, Massachusetts, might be an ancestor, either father or grandfather, because of the Greenleaf middle name.

Levi and Mary Townsend Greenleaf Hill had Sarah Ann, born 1831, married Samuel Kendal; Adeline, born 1833, married Heber Jackson; Charles P., born 1842 married Ellen Safford.

Another Hill I am trying to get information about is Sarah Ann Hill, born March 21, 1847, Ohio County, Virginia. She married Lemuel Wagy. Was this Sarah Ann a sister of Thomas Greenleaf Hill? It seems so because the dates and places of birth coincide.

I also want information and the present address of Richard (Robert) Hill, son of Georgia Schaler (or Shraler) and Leslie Brian Hill. Brian was drowned in the Sacramento River June 7, 1924. Georgia is believed to have married a Pierce or Pearson after Brian Hill's death.—William E. Hill, R. R. 2, Box 70, Osawatomie, Kansas 66064

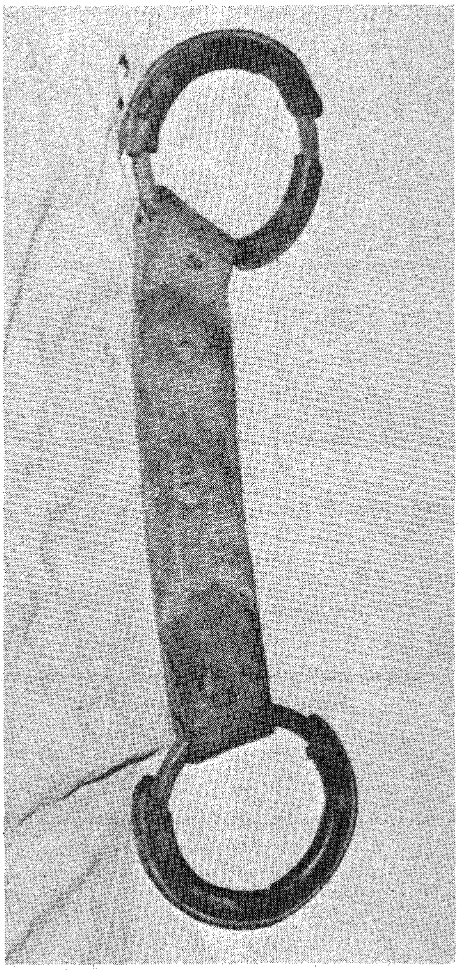
Suiter

George R. Suiter was born at Chillicothe, Ohio around the year 1800 and went West about 1819. Agnes Suiter married Daniel Freeman in 1865. He was the first homesteader in Nebraska and she may have been one of George's children. I'd like to hear from anyone in the Midwest with the surname Suiter.—L. E. G. Suiter, 134 Lexington Avenue, New Port Richey, Florida 33552

Tools of the Blacksmith

(*Continued from page 40*)

was possible. The alternative was to place two rings connected by a heavy leather strap over the neck. A rope was run through the rings, the hind foot caught in a loop, and lifted off the ground. The horse then could only stand and suffer the indignity of having his hoof trimmed and shod.



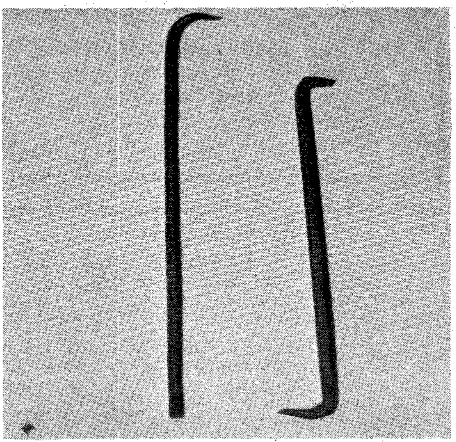
Above: Strap used to shoe the hind feet of an unruly horse, $10. Right: Small bars for changing the packing in water or steam valves, $8.

A tracing wheel served several needs. It measured the inside and outside of a wheel or tire, or the felloes when put together before the rim was placed around them, or for measuring the entire wheel for any purpose. It was also an instant measuring device for making buckets, pots of various sizes, for boiler work, and so on.

The crow bar, or wrecking bar, was made from octagon iron when available. The long, sharply pointed bar, with an upper end rounded to a point, was made for gouging into rock ledges, lifting out horizontal layers, and for general use otherwise. The two curved jaws of the post hole digger, complete with opening mechanism, were produced by the blacksmith.

Sickles, hay-cutting knives, scythes, pitchforks, sad irons, straps to surface grind edges of wooden sled runners or stone boats, barrel hoops, wagon rods, the reaches on wagons, parts of the fifth wheel, cowboy spurs, and bridle bits were produced by the old blacksmith. Indeed, there was nothing for which iron was used that they could not produce. They made their own calliphers and dividers, with markings of both degrees and inches and tenths of inches.

About all that remains today of the old blacksmiths' profession is horseshoeing, which is accomplished with modern machine tools. Already fitted shoes in the necessary sizes come in kegs ready for application. They are "cold" shoes. The hot shoe and the specially made ones (except for race horses and these shoes too are manufactured) are items of the vanished past.



Frontier Post

(*Continued from page 5*)

quick and easy identification of windmills.

Most wooden windmills seen from car windows have lost one major identifying characteristic—the color. Manufacturers chose a rainbow of colors in bright combinations which were as much their own as farm implement colors belong to manufacturers today.

The paint is gone now, and if they've been repainted the color is different from the original. Occasionally close inspection reveals a little of the original color, but this can't be seen from any distance.

Wooden windmills have fallen into such disrepair that good pictures have become impossible for many types. These will be illustrated by engravings.

There is a sentimental interest in windmills, and I would welcome printed material from anyone having information on the subject.—T. Lindsay Baker, Texas Tech University, Dept. of History, P. O. Box 4640, Lubbock, Texas 79409

Photo Correction

I was saddened to learn of the death of Sam "Bud" King in the story, "Memories Of Gilmore, Idaho" (November '75 issue). I went to school with the King children in Idaho Falls, Idaho. I knew them personally and also Wayne Henrie of whom Bud spoke in his papers to his sister, Mrs. Lynn Waters. I also knew Bud's father, Sam, Sr. and mother Edna. You made an error in the picture of the three King children on page 21 The girl on the right is Mildred, no Lynn. Lynn is Mildred's husband's name I knew him too. Although I haven't seen any of the family since the '40s or '50 I remember them well. Mrs. Lynn (Mil dred) Waters used to entertain at partie and church socials by playing the guita and singing, and Bud too was always a happy-go-lucky kid.—Delbert Caughie 10060 Old Katy Road #705, Houston Texas 77055

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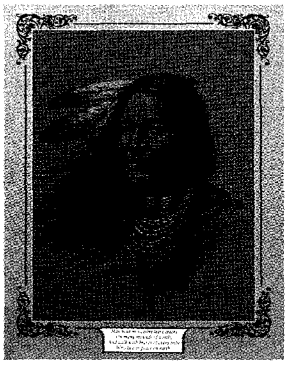
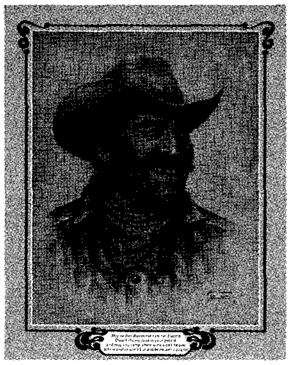


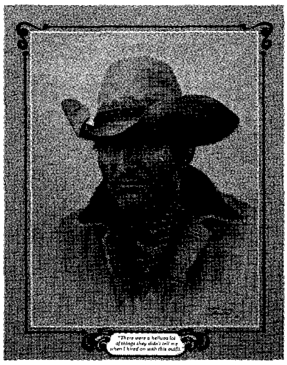
SKP510

May your moccasins leave tracks
On many mounds of worth,
And walk with braves of every tribe
Who live in peace on earth.



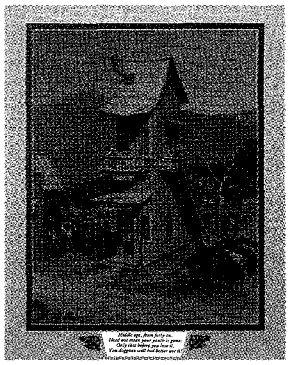
SKP501

May neither drouth nor rain nor blizzard
Disturb the joy-juice in your gizzard.
And may you camp where wind won't hit you,
Where snakes won't bite and bears won't git you!



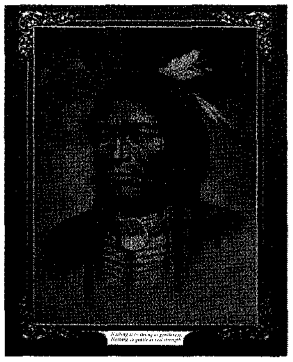
SKP504

"There were a helluva lot
of things they didn't tell me
when I hired on with this outfit."



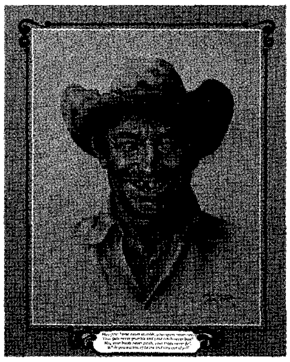
SKP516

Middle age, from forty on,
Need not mean your youth is gone;
Only that before you lose it,
You doggone well had better use it!



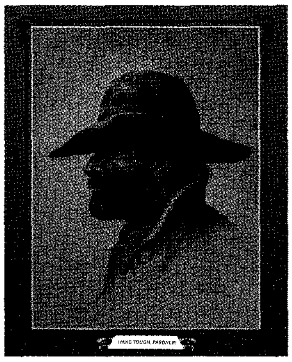
SKP509

Nothing is so strong as gentleness,
Nothing so gentle as real strength.



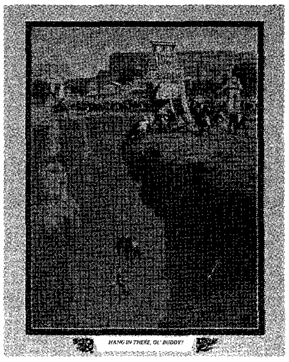
SKP502

May your horse never stumble, your spurs never rust,
Your guts never grumble and your cinch never bust!
May your boots never pinch, your crops never fail,
While you eat lots of beans and stay out of jail!



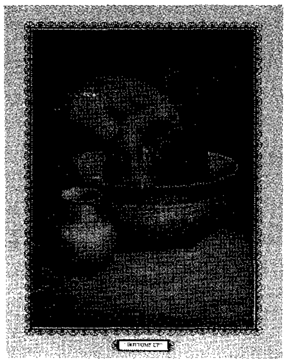
SKP503

HANG TOUGH, PARDNER!



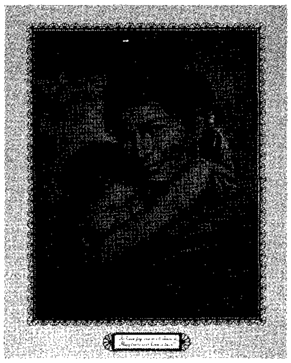
SKP515

HANG IN THERE, OL' BUDDY!



SKP506

"BOTTOMS UP"



SKP508

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Happiness was born a twin."

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SKP501		SKP506		SKP515		Total Cost at $4.00 Each	$
SKP502		SKP508		SKP516		Postage and Handling Fee	$
SKP503		SKP509		CHECK HERE FOR FREE CATALOG ☐		Colo. Res. Add 3% Sales Tax Calif. Res. Add 6% Use Tax	$
SKP504		SKP510				Remit Total with Order NO C.O.D.	$

Postage and Handling: Orders to $8.00 **add 70¢**; $8.01 to $18.00 **add 90¢**; $18.01 and up **add $1.00**

SEND TO:

Name ____________________

Address ____________________ R-JT19

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________